

# Oracles

Previous postings from the Wm. Thomas Sherman Info Page 2014.



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## TENETS

\*If we ever experienced a problem anywhere, it came about, in some degree, due to certain wrong assumptions, either co-present with, or just prior to the given problem's actually taking place.

\* Unless you believe in God, the One, and or the infinite, every assumption is contingent.

\* PROCESS (or if you prefer spirit, or activity) PRECEDES IMAGE. Image may, to some extent, (and sometimes almost perfectly) represent process. But process is always superior to and always more real than image. If process precedes image this might suggest also that mind precedes matter and energy.

\* Everything we believe, or say we know, is based on a *factual* or *value* judgment. Both kinds of judgment always entail the other to some extent, and nothing can be known or exists for us without them.

\* No fact or purported fact is true or false without someone to assert and believe it to be such. If an assertion or claim is deemed true or false then, and we are thorough, we should ask who is it that says so (or has said so), and what criteria are (were) they using? There is no such thing as "faceless" truth or reality -- at least none we are capable of knowing.

\* You can't escape reason. If you aren't rational yourself, someone else will be rational for you; nor do their intentions toward you need to be friendly or benevolent.

\* *Every* point of view and opinion has its truth to it -- even the most abhorrent and unacceptable to us. This said, we are naturally inclined to assume that some opinions have much greater truth to them than others. Even so, what little truth there is in any point of view must, at least at some juncture, and certainly with respect to issues of heated controversy, be justly and reasonably respected. Why? Because we would not be honest (and therefore not truthful) if we didn't.

\* *Ultimately*, and when all is said and done, thought without heart is nothing.

\* Most, if not all, of society's very worst problems arise from (certain) spirit people and those who listen to them -- whether the former comes in the shape of "God," angel, devil or what have you. It is these people who are most the source and cause of real unhappiness. If then you chance to have contact with such, while having (one assumes) overcome their lures, deceptions, and pretenses of benevolence and higher knowledge, I recommend that this (i.e., "unhappiness" or "unhappiness itself") is what you call them. Blame them for (most) everything wrong; for it is they who have been and are the ruin of everyone and everything (that is, if anyone is or could be said to be so.)

### Mottos:

*"When you can face me, I'll consider taking you seriously."*

*"Millions for defense; not one cent for tribute!"*

*"The whole of the city is at the mercy of a gang of criminals, led by a man who calls himself the Kid. And I'm the only one who can find him for you."*

*Note.* The "oracles" are given, top to the bottom of the text, in order from the most recent to the very earliest entry (just as originally presented at gunjones.com); the very first you see below then is the last entered at the website, while the very first entered for the year is given as the last item in this text.

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A quite incredible story, whether or not his claim proves to be correct. In any case, certainly his facial features and striking resemblance to the mother make his assertions all the more credible.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZOX8XdxmNv4>

["Charles Lindbergh Jr. Lives.....Amazing!"]

Here's some further on the same:

<http://articles.latimes.com/2004/oct/03/magazine/tm-lindbergh40>

<http://www.examiner.com/article/man-claiming-to-be-lindbergh-baby-appears-on-coast-to-coast-am>

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*My (U.S.) Man in Space collection; with Liberty Bell 7 on the left.*

*For the Record...*

Since wooden ship models are too expensive for me in terms of time, space, and equipment necessary to build them, my new hobby this past year has been plastic models. It is nice to note that when I inadvertently lost the "United States" decal for my Apollo command module, Revell models obligingly supplied me with a replacement free of charge. Wow, it was just like the old days when businesses all over were as a matter of course customer friendly (unlike say Microsoft in the past 5 years.)

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After only a few years using it, my Kindle for no apparent reason whatsoever "cracked-screen" on me. Is this pre-planned obsolescence (with, not inconceivably, mischievous as usual magician and "the speelburg" helping amazon out in this?) Hmmm, I wonder. Now when Kindles are put out for sale, and I hadn't encountered this previously, they recommend you purchase a 1 to 3 year warrantee. In any event, I intend on waiting a while before buying a new one.

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There's a bin at the local grocery store for collecting food donations for pets of the needy; with a sign on the bin reading "Tough Times Are Hard On Them Too." Then about the same time I found out to my utter dismay and disgust that the state of Washington has a sales tax on pet food! Now that to me, honestly, is practically satanic. What on earth is the sense of such a tax?

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Does or will the beatific vision, or the idea of what is most beautiful, dispense with the moral law?

If there is anything like a basic and objective standard, or standards, of beauty, and I personally do, the answer must be no. For one, if there are no basic standards for what is beautiful, then anything is or may be equally beautiful; in which case and if so, there is no point demarcating or distinguishing anything as beautiful, or especially beautiful, to begin with. Furthermore, there are certain dispositions that hate what is beautiful, say out of envy or jealousy, and it is easy to see how those possessing or afflicted with such might adopt such a negative and self-defeating (or beauty defeating) view as a means of attacking it.

Some, for instance, prefer material greed far above true and higher standards or beauty; indeed, they will frankly sell their soul to the devil for lucre. As a result, they may attack or disparage true beauty as something inferior to the acquisition of exorbitant and not strictly necessary material wealth or luxury. We might see this, for example, in someone who cuts down an ancient forest or who sells a family into slavery (to give just two illustrations) for purposes of selfish profit. If asked why did they do this, they might respond, intentionally or by implication that the selfish material gain to them is of more value than any respect for the environment or, in the second instance, any respect for rudimentary justice and fairness. Here the pressure of greed works to efface an appreciation for what conscientious persons would see as more beautiful; namely a consideration for nature or fundamental human compassion; as opposed and in contrast to the advantage of increasing excess material riches.

True, there may be mitigating circumstances which might palliate if not wholly excuse the hatefulness of a grossly immoral act. Nonetheless, it is not hard to see how the individual, all too prone and ready to dispense with morals, gradually over time grows at odds with and in opposition to what is beautiful -- till they reach a point where they think little or nothing of beauty if it competes or interferes with the pursuit of material selfishness or a craven nature. In addition to the vice of greed, inveterate cowardice might have a similar effect; as in the coward rejects or makes light of the noble deed as being beautiful or of higher worth; simply because the deed is one he himself would absolutely refuse to do under any circumstances.

In this, it is easy to see how it is quite possible for a materially poor person to, in a certain sense, be far richer than a materially wealthy one; that is, because he or she possesses an infinitely superior sense of beauty. The rich man may be able to buy beautiful things. Yet the poor person with an inborn, intuitive, and or trained aesthetic sense knows better what actually is beautiful.

If we grant the above it then becomes readily apparent why in recent years the movies, television, music, and other popular arts and media have by and large gone to the junk, and that is because the people in charge of producing and making them in the mass media are so obsessed with material acquisition that they have lost virtually all sense of real beauty. Films, music, etc. then become merely venues to show your solidarity with the money hoarding powers that be, and if you want money you will need to evince your support of their shows. What follows in turn is that the arts and music start losing all real meaning, and become mere prescriptions for party validation (i.e., the party of persons who want in on money, privilege, including basic legal rights). The culture at large in turn becomes crass and degraded; such that the public is debased and corrupted to a frightening extent. And so we come to witness an escalation of violence (for instance, domestic violence and school shootings) and general anarchic and irresponsible behavior everywhere.

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It came as no little surprise of late to learn that Admiral Dewey's flagship, the USS Olympia and from the battle of Manila Bay May 1898, is still, albeit barely, afloat and docked in Philadelphia where she can be visited. The oldest steel warship in the world today and, as might be expected, much in need of continued maintenance and repair, donations are regularly solicited for her preservation. If interested in helping, see:

<http://www.mareislandmuseum.org/about/ships/uss-olympia/>

Meantime, here's a little video explaining how the ship got its name.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SaDR6RjysI>

["How The USS OLYMPIA got Its Name"]

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VIII. And when Infinity is considered from two points of view, beginning and end (for that which is beyond these and not limited by them is Infinity), when the mind looks to the depth above, not having where to stand, and leans upon phenomena to form an idea of God, it calls the Infinite and Unapproachable which it finds there by the name of Unoriginate. And when it looks into the depths below, and at the future, it calls Him Undying and Imperishable. And when it draws a conclusion from the whole it calls Him Eternal. For Eternity is neither time nor part of time; for it cannot be measured. But what time, measured by the course of the sun, is to us, that Eternity is to the Everlasting, namely, a sort of time-like movement and interval co-extensive with their existence. This, however, is all I must now say about God; for the present is not a suitable time, as my present subject is not the doctrine of God, but that of the

Incarnation. But when I say God, I mean Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. For Godhead is neither diffused beyond these, so as to bring in a mob of gods; nor yet is it bounded by a smaller compass than these, so as to condemn us for a poverty-stricken conception of Deity; either Judaizing to save the Monarchia, or falling into heathenism by the multitude of our gods. For the evil on either side is the same, though found in contrary directions. This then is the Holy of Holies, which is hidden even from the Seraphim, and is glorified with a thrice repeated Holy, meeting in one ascription of the Title Lord and God, as one of our predecessors has most beautifully and loftily pointed out.

IX. But since this movement of self-contemplation alone could not satisfy Goodness, but Good must be poured out and go forth beyond Itself to multiply the objects of Its beneficence, for this was essential to the highest Goodness, He first conceived the Heavenly and Angelic Powers. And this conception was a work fulfilled by His Word, and perfected by His Spirit. And so the secondary Splendours came into being, as the Ministers of the Primary Splendour; whether we are to conceive of them as intelligent Spirits, or as Fire of an immaterial and incorruptible kind, or as some other nature approaching this as near as may be. I should like to say that they were incapable of movement in the direction of evil, and susceptible only of the movement of good, as being about God, and illumined with the first rays from God—for earthly beings have but the second illumination; but I am obliged to stop short of saying that, and to conceive and speak of them only as difficult to move because of him, who for his splendour was called Lucifer, but became and is called Darkness through his pride; and the apostate hosts who are subject to him, creators of evil by their revolt against good and our inciters.

X. Thus, then, and for these reasons, He gave being to the world of thought, as far as I can reason upon these matters, and estimate great things in my own poor language. Then when His first creation was in good order, He conceives a second world, material and visible; and this a system and compound of earth and sky, and all that is in the midst of them—an admirable creation indeed, when we look at the fair form of every part, but yet more worthy of admiration when we consider the harmony and the unison of the whole, and how each part fits in with every other, in fair order, and all with the whole, tending to the perfect completion of the world as a Unit. This was to show that He could call into being, not only a Nature akin to Himself, but also one altogether alien to Himself. For akin to Deity are those natures which are intellectual, and only to be comprehended by mind; but all of which sense can take cognisance are utterly alien to It; and of these the furthest removed are all those which are entirely destitute of soul and of power of motion. But perhaps some one of those who are too festive and impetuous may say, What has all this to do with us? Spur your horse to the goal. Talk to us about the Festival, and the reasons for our being here today. Yes, this is what I am about to do, although I have begun at a somewhat previous point, being compelled to do so by love, and by the needs of my argument.

~ Gregory Nazianzen (c.330-c.390 A.D.), *On the Theophany, or Birthday of Christ*, Oration 38.

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A far cry from the days when he was playing Clement Attlee, Sejanus, or Lenin. But then what else, ahem, do you expect *these* days...

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8SHNP0n0O1U>

["Sweet Hat Bro" -- Patrick Stewart being "crowned" with a Christmas hat that lights up and plays music.]

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With the International Space Station now making regular appearances above us and around the globe, you get the sense that perhaps a new era is upon us, and that it may yet be possible for humanity to transcend and put behind us the all too oafish, backward and sordid phase we've been forced to slog through intellectually and spiritually these past two decades. Have a look at their website, check out some of the videos, and, last but not least, sign up on the mailing to find out when the ISS will be overhead within your view.

<http://spotthestation.nasa.gov/>

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### *On Faith*

Safe, secure. But for how long?  
Our life is ever moving;  
Not least than when unseen.  
And with so much unknown,  
What mind can justify  
Its scorning pride alone?

A life all too brief. And so,  
In retrospect, what of it?  
Is any dark so pitch  
There is no longer light

Enough to illumine  
And draw it from the night?

The pageantry of ages  
Of queens, kings, knights, and sages,  
Where now is all that gone?  
Where now are all their homes?  
Under cypress shadows,  
Beneath majestic domes?

All doomed to die. Yet surely,  
Somewhere, there is a spirit,  
A power, to honor  
Beauty all times and years.  
And if less than heaven's,  
Enough for heaven's tears.

Well said prayers bring forth and down  
Treasures glowing like rare jewels;  
While memories of deeds  
Of daring and virtue  
Will ever taste as fresh  
As welkin falling dew.

Patience is a holy gem  
That vanquishes every sin.  
And the end of sin brings  
Liberty, trust, and peace.  
Oh, that we'd sin no more  
That joys would never cease!

What reason to despair of  
The might of justice and of right?  
Joined e'er in faith and love,  
Will we not at last be free;  
When we see others  
Not as they seem,  
But what they can,  
Indeed, will one day be?

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From Joseph Addison in [\*The Spectator\*, no. 86, June 8, 1711.](#)

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*Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!*  
Ovid.

There are several Arts which all Men are in some measure Masters of, without having been at the Pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a Grammarian and a Logician, tho' he may be wholly unacquainted with the Rules of Grammar or Logick, as they are delivered in Books and Systems. In the same Manner, every one is in some Degree a Master of that Art which is generally distinguished by the Name of Physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the Character or Fortune of a Stranger, from the Features and Lineaments of his Face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the Idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured Man; and upon our first going into a Company of Strangers, our Benevolence or Aversion, Awe or Contempt, rises naturally towards several particular Persons before we have heard them speak a single Word, or so much as know who they are.

Every Passion gives a particular Cast to the Countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some Feature or other. I have seen an Eye curse for half an Hour together, and an Eye-brow call a Man Scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for Lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die in dumb Show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a Notion of every Man's Humour or Circumstances by his Looks, that I have sometimes employed my self from *Charing-Cross* to the *Royal-Exchange* in drawing the Characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a Man with a sour rivell'd Face, I cannot forbear pitying his Wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous Countenance, think on the Happiness of his Friends, his Family, and Relations.

I cannot recollect the Author of a famous Saying to a Stranger who stood silent in his Company, *Speak that I may see thee*: But, with Submission, I think we may be better known by our Looks than by our Words; and that a Man's Speech is much more easily disguised than his Countenance. In this Case, however, I think the Air of the whole Face is much more expressive than the Lines of it: The Truth of it is, the Air is generally nothing else but the inward Disposition of the Mind made visible.

Those who have established Physiognomy into an Art, and laid down Rules of judging Mens Tempers by their Faces, have regarded the Features much more than the Air. *Martial* has a pretty Epigram on this Subject:

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine laesus:  
Rem magnam praestas, Zoile, si bonus es.  
(*Epig.* 54, l. 12)

Thy Beard and Head are of a different Dye;  
Short of one Foot, distorted in an Eye:  
With all these Tokens of a Knave compleat,  
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish Cheat.

I have seen a very ingenious Author on this Subject, who founds his Speculations on the Supposition, That as a Man hath in the Mould of his Face a remote Likeness to that of an Ox, a Sheep, a Lion, an Hog, or any other Creature; he hath the same Resemblance in the Frame of his Mind, and is subject to those Passions which are predominant in the Creature that appears in his Countenance<sup>6</sup>. Accordingly he gives the Prints of several Faces that are of a different Mould, and by a little overcharging the Likeness, discovers the Figures of these several Kinds of brutal Faces in human Features. I remember, in the Life of the famous Prince of *Conde* the Writer observes, the Face of that Prince was like the Face of an Eagle, and that the Prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this Case therefore we may be sure, that he had in his Mind some general implicit Notion of this Art of Physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his Courtiers told him his Face was made like an Eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his Looks which shewed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal Descent. Whether or no the different Motions of the Animal Spirits, in different Passions, may have any Effect on the Mould of the Face when the Lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of Souls require the same kind of Habitations, I shall leave to the Consideration of the Curious. In the mean Time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a Man to give the Lie to his Face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured Man, in spite of all those Marks and Signatures which Nature seems to have set upon him for the Contrary. This very often happens among those, who, instead of being exasperated by their own Looks, or envying the Looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their Minds, and getting those Beauties which are more lasting and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable Piece of Deformity; and have observed a certain Chearfulness in as bad a System of Features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming Charms of an insolent Beauty. There is a double Praise due to Virtue, when it is lodged in a Body that seems to have been prepared for the Reception of Vice; in many such Cases the Soul and the Body do not seem to be Fellows.

*Socrates* was an extraordinary Instance of this Nature. There chanced to be a great Physiognomist in his Time at Athens, who had made strange Discoveries of Mens Tempers and Inclinations by their outward Appearances. *Socrates*'s Disciples, that they might put this Artist to the Trial, carried him to their Master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a short Examination of his Face, the Physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old Fellow that he had ever met with in his whole Life. Upon which the Disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the Falshood and Vanity of his Art. But *Socrates* told them, that the Principles of his Art might be very true, notwithstanding his present Mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular Vices which the Physiognomist had discovered in his Countenance, but that he had conquered the strong Dispositions he was born with by the Dictates of Philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient Author, that *Socrates* very much resembled *Silenus* in his Face; which we find to have been very rightly observed from the Statues and Busts of both, that are still extant; as well as on several antique Seals and precious Stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the Cabinets of the Curious. But however Observations of this Nature may sometimes hold, a wise Man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a Man's outward Appearance. It is an irreparable Injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the Looks and Features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive Hatred against a Person of Worth, or fancy a Man to be proud and ill-natured by his Aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real Character? *Dr. Moore*, in his admirable System of Ethicks, reckons this particular Inclination to take a Prejudice against a Man for his Looks, among the smaller Vices in Morality, and, if I remember, gives it the Name of a *Prosopolepsia*.

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How strange it is that at certain times we feel sorry for ourselves when others endure something much and far worse -- yet who aren't even aware that they so suffer at all!

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If evil is, by definition, the lack of existence (or good) and there is no evil without good preceding it (as such as Aquinas argue), then will all things at last and ultimately return to evil? Speaking for myself, it hardly seems likely.

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I. Christ is born, glorify Him. Christ from heaven, go out to meet Him. Christ on earth; be ye exalted. Sing unto the Lord all the whole earth; and that I may join both in one word, Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad, for Him Who is of heaven and then of earth. Christ in the flesh, rejoice with trembling and with joy; with trembling because of your sins, with joy because of your hope. Christ of a Virgin; O you Matrons live as Virgins, that you may be Mothers of Christ. Who does not worship Him That is from the beginning? Who does not glorify Him That is the Last?

II. Again the darkness is past; again Light is made; again Egypt is punished with darkness; again Israel is enlightened by a pillar. [Exodus 14:20] The people that sat in the darkness of ignorance, let it see the Great Light of full knowledge. [Isaiah 9:6] Old things are passed away, behold all things have become new. [1 Corinthians 5:17] The letter gives way, the Spirit comes to the front. The shadows flee away, the Truth comes in upon them. Melchisedec is concluded. He that was without Mother becomes without Father (without Mother of His former state, without Father of His second). The laws of nature are upset; the world above must be filled. Christ commands it, let us not set ourselves against Him. O clap your hands together all you people, because unto us a Child is born, and a Son given unto us, Whose Government is upon His shoulder (for with the Cross it is raised up), and His Name is called The Angel of the Great Counsel of the Father. [Isaiah 9:6] Let John cry, Prepare ye the way of the Lord: [Matthew 3:3] I too will cry the power of this Day. He Who is not carnal is Incarnate; the Son of God becomes the Son of Man, Jesus Christ the Same yesterday, and today, and for ever. [Hebrews 13:8] Let the Jews be offended, let the Greeks deride; [1 Corinthians 1:23] let heretics talk till their tongues ache. Then shall they believe, when they see Him ascending up into heaven; and if not then, yet when they see Him coming out of heaven and sitting as Judge...

IV. This is our present Festival; it is this which we are celebrating today, the Coming of God to Man, that we might go forth, or rather (for this is the more proper expression) that we might go back to God—that putting off the old man, we might put on the New; and that as we died in Adam, so we might live in Christ, [1 Corinthians 15:22] being born with Christ and crucified with Him and buried with Him and rising with Him. [Colossians 2:11] For I must undergo the beautiful conversion, and as the painful succeeded the more blissful, so must the more blissful come out of the painful. For where sin abounded Grace did much more abound; [Romans 5:20] and if a taste condemned us, how much more does the Passion of Christ justify us? Therefore let us keep the Feast, not after the manner of a heathen festival, but after a godly sort; not after the way of the world, but in a fashion above the world; not as our own but as belonging to Him Who is ours, or rather as our Master's; not as of weakness, but as of healing; not as of creation, but of re-creation.

V. And how shall this be? Let us not adorn our porches, nor arrange dances, nor decorate the streets; let us not feast the eye, nor enchant the ear with music, nor enervate the nostrils with perfume, nor prostitute the taste, nor indulge the touch, those roads that are so prone to evil and entrances for sin; let us not be effeminate in clothing soft and flowing, whose beauty consists in its uselessness, nor with the glittering of gems or the sheen of gold [Romans 13:13] or the tricks of colour, belying the beauty of nature, and invented to do despite unto the image of God; Not in rioting and drunkenness, with which are mingled, I know well, chambering and wantonness, since the lessons which evil teachers give are evil; or rather the harvests of worthless seeds are worthless. Let us not set up high beds of leaves, making tabernacles for the belly of what belongs to debauchery. Let us not appraise the bouquet of wines, the kickshaws of cooks, the great expense of ointments. Let not sea and land bring us as a gift their precious dung, for it is thus that I have learned to estimate luxury; and let us not strive to outdo each other in intemperance (for to my mind every superfluity is intemperance, and all which is beyond absolute need)—and this while others are hungry and in want, who are made of the same clay and in the same manner.

VI. Let us leave all these to the Greeks and to the pomps and festivals of the Greeks, who call by the name of gods beings who rejoice in the reek of sacrifices, and who consistently worship with their belly; evil inventors and worshippers of evil demons. But we, the Object of whose adoration is the Word, if we must in some way have luxury, let us seek it in word, and in the Divine Law, and in histories; especially such as are the origin of this Feast; that our luxury may be akin to and not far removed from Him Who has called us together. Or do you desire (for today I am your entertainer) that I should set before you, my good Guests, the story of these things as abundantly and as nobly as I can, that you may know how a foreigner can feed the natives of the land, and a rustic the people of the town, and one who cares not for luxury those who delight in it, and one who is poor and homeless those who are eminent for wealth? We will begin from this point; and let me ask of you who delight in such matters to cleanse your mind and your ears and your thoughts, since our discourse is to be of God and Divine; that when you depart, you may have had the enjoyment of delights that really fade not away. And this same discourse shall be at once both very full and very concise, that you may neither be displeased at its deficiencies, nor find it unpleasant through satiety.

~ Gregory Nazianzen (c.330-c.390 A.D.), [\*On the Theophany, or Birthday of Christ., Oration 38.\*](#)

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For us and in our relation to him (and though he pretend successfully to be God), the Devil is and can never be any greater than the world in which he inhabits. Humans, on the other hand, can be far greater than this. When, that is, they are one with God; and we are one with God when we are faithful, devoted, and innocent -- and if not innocent, then honest, rational, patient, humble will do.

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IHetPXcuBVE>

["Bing Crosby - It's Beginning To Look A Lot Like Christmas"]

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Highly recommended by the Bearstone tribe. (Actually, you can't beat these two albums for superior background music when tasking or otherwise working at something. Some will naturally prefer the unadorned first of the pair, but the second is good also.)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=47eEevgvGYE>

["Nakai: Earth Spirit - (Native American Music)"]

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-w\\_TnYO4nSo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-w_TnYO4nSo)

["Billy Whitefox & Sacred Journey - Native American Flute and Drums Full"]

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It is a curious fact that (more often than not) the perceived enemy of religion in pre-Christian times was not atheism, that was fairly uncommon and unconventional, but the worship of idols and statues. To us it seems fairly ludicrous that someone would deify a sculpture; unless and perhaps, that is, we factor in the possibility that such statues were used as motionless puppets of sorts by means of and through which criminal and manipulative spirit people might, using certain kinds of telepathy, communicate to the given worshipper. Be this as it may, it otherwise remains an extraordinary mystery how idols and statues could have had such a spell and hold on peoples religious minds; so much so that there is this remarkable tract at the end of the book of Baruch, ascribed to the prophet Jeremiah, that emphatically enjoins us -- do not believe in statues!

[Baruch, chapter 6](#)

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8pcaA5Ow9HM>

["The Roaring 20's Yes, We Have No Bananas" -- The Charleston City All Stars, Enoch Light]

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"Erudition benefits greatly and hurts greatly him who possesses it; it helps him who is worthy, and injures him who utters readily every word, and before the whole people. It is necessary to know the measure of time. For this is the end of wisdom. And those who sing at the doors, even if they sing skillfully, are not reckoned wise, but have the reputation of folly."

~ Anaxarchus of Abdera (c.380-c.320 B.C.) -- as quoted by Clement of Alexandria in the *Stromata*, Book 1, ch. 6.

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XII. But, he says, who in ancient or modern times ever worshipped the Spirit? Who ever prayed to Him? Where is it written that we ought to worship Him, or to pray to Him, and whence have you derived this tenet of yours? We will give the more perfect reason hereafter, when we discuss the question of the unwritten; for the present it will suffice to say that it is the Spirit in Whom we worship, and in Whom we pray. For Scripture says, God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth. And again, -- We know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit Himself makes intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered; and I will pray with the Spirit and I will pray with the understanding also; -- that is, in the mind and in the Spirit. Therefore to adore or to pray to the Spirit seems to me to be simply Himself offering prayer or adoration to Himself. And what godly or learned man would disapprove of this, because in fact the adoration of One is the adoration of the Three, because of the equality of honour and Deity between the Three? So I will not be frightened by the argument that all things are said to have been made by the Son; as if the Holy Spirit also were one of these things...

~ Gregory Nazianzen (c.330-c.390 A.D.), [Fifth Theological Oration, Oration 31](#).

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O.K., so after all this, what are we finding? What can be educed from facts? Namely and I think it fair to say that the more and to the degree an artist or artists are tied in or compromise themselves with crime (including organized crime), the more quality of their work -- whether in film and television, drama, music, visual arts, literature, or what have you -- diminishes correspondingly. Now based on



the general quality of mass media culture in the last twenty years, what else can be concluded but that we are living in a period of one of the greatest crime waves in all of modern history?

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### *The Real Blow-Up*

"Bet it will fetch a bundle on Antiques Roadshow."

By means of their ties to crime they have the money and are granted the wherewithal; while any and all potential competition is ousted, persecuted or tortured for *true* non-conformity and not taking protection. Then, so positioned, they say this is celebrity, this is talent, this is sexy, this is success, etc. But it mostly and really isn't talent (at least not super great talent as claimed and assumed), etc., because they are cowards, frauds, hypocrites. At some point they are forced to come to realize this; as a result they will at last preach it is not what you did or can do -- it is who you are that matters or makes you a celebrity. And it is only to be expected that they are lead in this direction seeing how, in sum and largely, they can't actually do anything or that much of anything and what is touted as so much greatness is to an alarming degree merely a lot of hype, titillation, and manipulation. This is not to say that so and so could never have been *truly* talented or beautiful; rather it is to say they are or weren't because they had surrendered and sold out; and to demean themselves all the more, consider themselves clever for doing so.

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"Though you carry the body, let the bird within you soar."

(I thought I had come across this saying in Ambrose -- and he I recollect was drawing on Augustine, but try as I might I can't seem to find where it came from. Oh well, regardless of who said it, you get the idea.)

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GnZSTkycovg>

["Dog versus Deer ORIGINAL" -- home-made video of a large back dog and a young deer paying together outside someone's house.]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r2fE8TBZ48U>

["Never Say Goodbye" -- Bob Dylan studio version]

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I had initially intended to post a YouTube link to this documentary on the Delfonics, but unfortunately it no longer *is on* YouTube. As a result the only other place I know of online where you can see "Unsung: The Delfonics" is at:

<http://www.soulhead.com/2013/11/21/delfonics-unsung-full-tv-one-documentary-video-mrdelfonics%E2%80%8E-nelsongeorge-adrianayoung/>

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XI. And besides all this, there is the absolutely impossible and inadmissible, as that which we are now examining. For as we assert that it is impossible for God to be evil, or not to exist-for this would be indicative of weakness in God rather than of strength-or for the non-existent to exist, or for two and two to make both four and ten, so it is impossible and inconceivable that the Son should do anything that the Father does not. For all things that the Father has are the Son's; and on the other hand, all that belongs to the Son is the Father's. Nothing then is peculiar, because all things are in common. For Their Being itself is common and equal, even though the Son receive it from the Father. It is in respect of this that it is said I live by the Father; not as though His Life and Being were kept together by the Father, but because He has His Being from Him beyond all time, and beyond all cause. But how does He see the Father doing, and do likewise? Is it like those who copy pictures and letters, because they cannot attain the truth unless by looking at the original, and being led by the hand by it? But how shall Wisdom stand in need of a teacher, or be incapable of acting unless taught? And in what sense does the Father "Do" in the present or in the past? Did He make another world before this one, or is He going to make a world to come? And did the Son look at that and make this? Or will He look at the other, and make one like it? According to this argument there must be Four worlds, two made by the Father, and two by the Son. What an absurdity! He cleanses lepers, and delivers men from evil spirits, and diseases, and quickens the dead, and walks upon the sea, and does all His other works;

but in what case, or when did the Father do these acts before Him? Is it not clear that the Father impressed the ideas of these same actions, and the Word brings them to pass, yet not in slavish or unskilful fashion, but with full knowledge and in a masterly way, or, to speak more properly, like the Father? For in this sense I understand the words that whatsoever is done by the Father, these things does the Son likewise; not, that is, because of the likeness of the things done, but in respect of the Authority. This might well also be the meaning of the passage which says that the Father works hitherto and the Son also; and not only so but it refers also to the government and preservation of the things which He has made; as is shown by the passage which says that He makes His Angels Spirits, and that the earth is founded upon its steadfastness (though once for all these things were fixed and made) and that the thunder is made firm and the wind created. Of all these things the Word was given once, but the Action is continuous even now.

~ Gregory Nazianzen (c.330-c.390 A.D.), [\*Fourth Theological Oration, Oration 30.\*](#)

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wTawhtCi7Fs>

["SCTV, 1/20/79 - "THE SAMMY MAUDLIN SHOW" ("ON THE WATERFRONT, AGAIN")"]

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(Here's another shanty.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x5ClqRoUSfs>

["Songs & Sounds of the Sea - Rio Grande" -- From the 1973 National Geographic LP, 'Songs & Sounds of the Sea']

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See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u6NUiV-X\\_h4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u6NUiV-X_h4)

["Frank Chacksfield and His Orchestra ~ My Foolish Heart" -- from the movie soundtrack to the 1957 Samuel Goldwyn film starring Susan Hayward]

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Observe how so many well known celebrities, once widely admired and respected and now getting on in their retirement years, are suddenly, as it were, made subject of a kinds of scandal and or embarrassment. Rest assured those who are the target of such attacks, despite all their real or exaggerated failings, are actually among the truly good people. Meantime the real slime balls and professional criminals, you will never even hear criticized -- ever -- not even once; protected as they are by Satan and hell -- whose province it is to both bring about scandal and have such scandal chastised. No lack of people who talk and blame, and yet how many actually value candid, impartial, and honest truth?

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"By my soul itself will I mount up unto Him. I will soar beyond that power of mine whereby I cling to the body, and fill the whole structure of it with life."

~ Augustine, *Confessions*, Book X, ch. 7, 11.

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The strange and, in its way, exotic history and mystery of Byzantium remains an intriguing one for many of us to attempt to penetrate and have further revealed to us; that we might be able to recreate in our mind and imaginations that for us very peculiar and far off cultural universe and that is our link between the ancient and the modern world. So naturally authoritative and well written books and articles on the subject continue by me to be most welcome. One example of the latter I happened to come across (and, not surprisingly after reading Gibbon) the other day was:

"Imperial ideology in middle Byzantine court culture: the evidence of Constantine [VII] porphyrogenitus's de ceremoniis" by Woodrow, Zoe Antonia (2001)

-- Durham theses, Durham University; and available at Durham E-Theses Online (in .pdf) at:

<http://etheses.dur.ac.uk/3969/>

To quote one small portion, she relates:

"The founder of the Macedonian dynasty, Basil I, had himself come from humble origins. Arriving in Constantinople, he had been taken into service as a groom in the household of a member of the Empress's family, thereby gaining peripheral access to the court. Exactly how he first attracted the attention of the Emperor, Michael III, is unclear, though from two accounts we hear that it was by virtue of his physical strength. What is undeniable is the swiftness with which he consolidated his position within the court and the ruthlessness with which he appropriated the imperial title. Having entered the palace he became a favourite of the Emperor and when, on the insistence of the Caesar, Bardas, the position of grand chamberlain (parakoimomenos) became vacant Basil received the appointment. Later, en route to Crete with an expeditionary force, responding to orders from the Emperor, Basil murdered Bardas amongst rumours of a plot by the Caesar and on their return to Constantinople was himself appointed co-emperor. In 867 he had Michael murdered and took the reigns of government for himself."

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38. It is necessary neither to be so devoted to the Father, as to rob Him of His Fatherhood, for whose Father would He be, if the Son were separated and estranged from Him, by being ranked with the creation, (for an alien being, or one which is combined and confounded with his father, and, for the sense is the same, throws him into confusion, is not a son); nor to be so devoted to Christ, as to neglect to preserve both His Sonship, (for whose son would He be, if His origin were not referred to the Father?) and the rank of the Father as origin, inasmuch as He is the Father and Generator; for He would be the origin of petty and unworthy beings, or rather the term would be used in a petty and unworthy sense, if He were not the origin of Godhead and goodness, which are contemplated in the Son and the Spirit: the former being the Son and the Word, the latter the proceeding and indissoluble Spirit. For both the Unity of the Godhead must be preserved, and the Trinity of Persons confessed, each with His own property.

39. A suitable and worthy comprehension and exposition of this subject demands a discussion of greater length than the present occasion, or even our life, as I suppose, allows, and, what is more, both now and at all times, the aid of the Spirit, by Whom alone we are able to perceive, to expound, or to embrace, the truth in regard to God. For the pure alone can grasp Him Who is pure and of the same disposition as himself; and I have now briefly dwelt upon the subject, to show how difficult it is to discuss such important questions, especially before a large audience, composed of every age and condition, and needing like an instrument of many strings, to be played upon in various ways; or to find any form of words able to edify them all, and illuminate them with the light of knowledge. For it is not only that there are three sources from which danger springs, understanding, speech, and hearing, so that failure in one, if not in all, is infallibly certain; for either the mind is not illuminated, or the language is feeble, or the hearing, not having been cleansed, fails to comprehend, and accordingly, in one or all respects, the truth must be maimed: but further, what makes the instruction of those who profess to teach any other subject so easy and acceptable— viz. the piety of the audience— on this subject involves difficulty and danger.

69. Why need I speak of the things of ancient days? Who can test himself by the rules and standards which Paul laid down for bishops and presbyters, that they are to be temperate, soberminded, not given to wine, no strikers, apt to teach, blameless in all things, and beyond the reach of the wicked, without finding considerable deflection from the straight line of the rules? What of the regulations of Jesus for his disciples, when He sends them to preach? The main object of these is— not to enter into particulars — that they should be of such virtue, so simple and modest, and in a word, so heavenly, that the gospel should make its way, no less by their character than by their preaching.

~ Gregory Nazianzen (c.330-c.390 A.D.), *Oration 2: In Defence of His Flight to Pontus, etc.*

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ScvOHS2cuqo>

["Baroque Trumpet & Organ; Henry Purcell & John Stanley; played by Edward Tarr, et al."]

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Two more, and in this instance out of the way, viewing recommendations of late are Disney's "Babes in Toyland" (1961) starring "Annette," Tommy Sands, and Ray Bolger; based on the Victor Herbert musical, and the second is another movie rendering of J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" in this case from 1957 starring Kenneth Moore and Sally Ann Howes. "Babes" is on DVD and or pay per view on YouTube, and "Crichton" you can see free on YouTube at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8yNVp8qCf04>

Both seem to start out as fairly predictable films, and granted you may want to fast forward on some parts, but actually, and also "in parts," they have a lot to recommend them and that surprises when you would have thought you wouldn't be surprised.

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*I Heard It in An Asylum*

"You call *that* minding his own business?!"

"It's the torturer! The torturer! Oh, run for your lives. Run for your lives! Oh, why won't you run for your lives?"

"I hope for his sake it is only a case of craziness; since crazy is better than stupid."

"Oh, I wouldn't exactly say there was nothing going on. Why look-ee here, here's an interview on the BBC with Dustin Hoffman."

"You do these things, but you don't want to take responsibility for what you are doing. That *shows* you are insane."

"If I can convince them that Johnny Depp is credible, then it must follow that I am credible. Why you ask? Because I own Johnny Depp!"

"God hates me."

"Wait a minute, now wait a minute...come to think of it, you *are* causing too many problems."

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How can someone be right who has little desire to be actually honest and truthful? So you see we didn't suffer these horrible and inhuman things because we thought he was from heaven. Far from it. Rather we suffered these things in order to help rescue animals and children put in danger of Satanic cruelty and evil, and all this because originally he wanted to make his good "buddy" a billionaire; in order that the latter could bully and push people around, feel sorry for himself; while pursuing the career of entertainment mogul and unrelenting advertising executive.

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j8JJ6du3Vio>

["Marianne Faithfull - As Tears Go By. 1964 HD Video + Stereo Sound"]

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28. He stretched out His hands on the Cross, that He might embrace the ends of the world; for this Golgotha is the very centre of the earth. It is not my word, but it is a prophet who has said, You have wrought salvation in the midst of the earth. He stretched forth human hands, who by His spiritual hands had established the heaven; and they were fastened with nails, that His manhood, which here the sins of men, having been nailed to the tree, and having died, sin might die with it, and we might rise again in righteousness. For since by one man came death, by One Man came also life; by One Man, the Saviour, dying of His own accord: for remember what He said, I have power to lay down My life, and I have power to take it again [John 10:18].

33. These things the Saviour endured, and made peace through the Blood of His Cross, for things in heaven, and things in earth. [Colossians 1:20] For we were enemies of God through sin, and God had appointed the sinner to die. There must needs therefore have happened one of two things; either that God, in His truth, should destroy all men, or that in His loving-kindness He should cancel the sentence. But behold the wisdom of God; He preserved both the truth of His sentence, and the exercise of His loving-kindness. Christ took our sins in His body on the tree, that we by His death might die to sin, and live unto righteousness. [1 Peter 2:24] Of no small account was He who died for us; He was not a literal sheep; He was not a mere man; He was more than an Angel; He was God made man. The transgression of sinners was not so great as the righteousness of Him who died for them; the sin which we committed was not so great as the righteousness which He wrought who laid down His life for us—who laid it down when He pleased, and took it again when He pleased. And would you know that He laid not down His life by violence, nor yielded up the ghost against His will? He cried to the Father, saying, Father, into Your hands I commend My spirit [Luke 23:46]; I commend it, that I may take it again. And having said these things, He gave up the ghost [Matthew 27:50]; but not for any long time, for He quickly rose again from the dead.

34. The Sun was darkened, because of the Sun of Righteousness [Malachi 4:2]. Rocks were rent, because of the spiritual Rock. Tombs were opened, and the dead arose, because of Him who was free among the dead; He sent forth His prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water [Zechariah 9:11]. Be not then ashamed of the Crucified, but be also bold to say, He bears our sins, and endures grief for us, and with His stripes we are healed. [Isaiah 53:4-5] Let us not be unthankful to our Benefactor. And again; for the transgression of my people was He led to death; and I will give the wicked for His burial, and the rich for His death. Therefore Paul says plainly, that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He has risen again the third day according to the Scriptures [1 Corinthians 15:3-4].

~ Cyril of Jerusalem (c.313–386), [\*Catechetical Lecture, no. 13\*](#)

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LD6zC0aqCQ>

["Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem Shoals of Herring, Late Late"]

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Sometime in 1778, when the British received news of the formal intervention of France on behalf of the American revolutionaries, Pennsylvania born Benjamin West residing in England took the occasion (and or was commissioned) to do a painting of the naval battle of La Hogue, 1-4 June 1692; in which the combined English and Dutch fleets decisively defeated the effort of Louis XIV to invade England and set James II back on the throne; in a naval engagement Winston Churchill later described as "the Trafalgar of the seventeenth century." West, of course, was a huge influence on John Trumbull's famous American Revolutionary War event canvases; as one is so often reminded when one looks at the former's historical pictures. Although most are familiar with West's Death of Gen. Wolfe at Quebec, the epic (and in dramatic meticulousness Homer-like) La Hogue painting, by comparison, is fairly unknown. Yet it is, nonetheless, a most striking and curious picture. Indeed, like the Death of Wolfe, it is actually a collection of several vignettes melded into one painting, and in its dream-like, vaporous and light-stretching portions, wildly arranged, calls to mind the subsequent work of J. M. William Turner.

For an ultra close-up enlargement, see: [http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/3/3a/Benjamin\\_West\\_-\\_The\\_Battle\\_of\\_La\\_Hogue\\_-\\_Google\\_Art\\_Project.jpg](http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/3/3a/Benjamin_West_-_The_Battle_of_La_Hogue_-_Google_Art_Project.jpg)

One example of the many paintings within the painting.



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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MsfJvRQuSGk>

["The Roaring 20's Volume 1 Side 2 Button Up Your Overcoat" - Tracy Sargarman and the Charleston City All Stars]

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This cannot be our or the only life, since if it were, how on earth would anyone have enough time to ever finally get around to learning how to spend their money wisely?

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sZxXtYkjKdc>

["Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem Haul Away Joe Late Late Show"]

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"...one will not be permitted to love even life more than God."

~ Tertullian, [\*Scorpiace\*](#), ch. xiv.

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34. But let us all by God's grace run the race of chastity, young men and maidens, old men and children; not going after wantonness, but praising the name of Christ. Let us not be ignorant of the glory of chastity: for its crown is angelic, and its excellence above man. Let us be chary of our bodies which are to shine as the sun: let us not for short pleasure defile so great, so noble a body: for short and momentary is the sin, but the shame for many years and for ever. Angels walking upon earth are they who practise chastity: the Virgins have their portion with Mary the Virgin. Let all vain ornament be banished, and every hurtful glance, and all wanton gait, and every flowing robe, and perfume enticing to pleasure. But in all for perfume let there be the prayer of sweet odour, and the practice of good works, and the sanctification of our bodies: that the Virgin-born Lord may say even of us, both men who live in chastity and women who wear the crown, I will dwell in them; and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be My people. [2 Corinthians 6:16] To whom be the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

~ Cyril of Jerusalem (c.313–386), [\*Catechetical Lecture, no. 12\*](#)

*Note.* To which we might add, for those who cannot and find such injunctions too demanding, at least, and as a general rule, one ought to defer in matters of moral authority to those who can.

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Is it possible Safeway knows something we don't?

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As a follow-up to my earlier article on the US brig Somers mutiny of late 1842 (regarding which see:

<http://www.gunjones.com/A-Proposed-Solution-to-the-Somers-Mutiny.pdf>

~or~

<https://www.scribd.com/doc/109460094/A-Proposed-Solution-to-the-Somers-Mutiny-Tragedy> )

I uploaded this on YouTube and which some may also possibly find of interest.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RvFyVUiewCs>

["US Brig Somers Mutiny of 1842 documentary"]

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Ch. V. While these occurrences were passing, Artaxerxes, reflecting from how important a war, and to how inconsiderable an enterprise, he had sent the best of his generals, blamed himself for what he had done, and sent a messenger to the troops at Ace (not supposing that Datames had yet set out), to tell him not to quit the army. But before this messenger arrived at the place to which he was sent, he met upon the road the party that were leading Aspis. Though Datames, by this celerity, gained great favour from the king, he incurred no less dislike on the part of the courtiers, because they saw that he alone was more valued than all of them; and on this account they all conspired to ruin him. Pandates, the keeper of the king's treasury, a friend to Datames, sent him an account of this state of things in writing, in which he told him that "he would be in great peril if any ill-success should fall out while he commanded in Egypt, for such was the practice of kings, that they attributed adverse occurrences to other men, but prosperous ones to their own good fortune; and hence it happened that they were easily inclined

to the ruin of those under whose conduct affairs were said to have been ill-managed; and that he would be in so much the greater danger as he had those for his bitterest enemies to whom the king chiefly gave ear." Datames, having read this letter, after he had arrived at the army at Ace, resolved, as he was aware that what was written was true, to leave the king's service. He did nothing, however, that was unworthy of his honour; for he appointed Mandrocles of Magnesia to command the army, while he himself went off with his adherents into Cappadocia, and took possession of Paphlagonia, that bordered upon it, concealing what his feelings were towards the king. He then privately made a league with Ariobarzanes, raised a force, and assigned the fortified towns to be defended by his own troops.

Ch. VI. But these proceedings, from its being winter, went on with but little success. He heard that the Pisidians were raising some forces to oppose him, and sent his son Aridacus with a detachment against them. The young man fell in battle, and the father marched away to the scene of his death with but a small number of followers, concealing how great a loss he had sustained, for he wished to reach the enemy before the report of his ill-success should become known to his men, lest the spirits of the soldiers should be depressed by hearing of the death of his son. He arrived at the spot to which he had directed his course, and pitched his camp in such a position that he could neither be surrounded by the superior number of the enemy, nor be hindered from keeping his forces always ready to engage. There was with him Mithrobarzanes, his father-in-law, commander of the cavalry, who, despairing of the state of his son-in-law's affairs, went over to the enemy. When Datames heard this, he was sensible that if it should go abroad among the multitude that he was deserted by a man so intimately connected with him, it would happen that others would follow his example. He therefore spread a report throughout the camp that "Mithrobarzanes had gone off as a deserter by his direction, in order that, being received as such, he might the more easily spread destruction among the enemy. It was not right therefore," he added, "that he should be left unsupported, but that they ought all to follow without delay, and, if they did so with spirit, the consequence would be that their foes would be unable to resist, as they would be cut to pieces within their ramparts and without." This exhortation being well received, he led forth his troops, pursued Mithrobarzanes, and, almost at the moment that the latter was joining the enemy, gave orders for an attack. The Pisidians, surprised by this new movement, were led to believe that the deserters were acting with bad faith, and by arrangement with Datames, in order that, when received into the camp, they might do them the greater mischief; they therefore attacked them first. The deserters, as they knew not what was in agitation, or why it took place, were compelled to fight with those to whom they had deserted, and to act on the side of those whom they had quitted; and, as neither party spared them, they were quickly cut to pieces. Datames then set upon the rest of the Pisidians who offered resistance, repelled them at the first onset, pursued them as they fled, killed a great number of them, and captured their camp. By this stratagem he at once both cut off the traitors, and overthrew the enemy, and turned to his preservation what had been contrived for his destruction. We have nowhere read, on the part of any commander, any device more ingeniously conceived than this, or more promptly executed.

~ Cornelius Nepos (c.100-25 B.C.), [Biography of Datames](#), *Lives of Eminent Commanders*, translated by the John Selby Watson

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Naturally I was sorry to see yet another one of our favorite restaurants close. But then in recent years it had already been taken over by *them*; so that it was not nearly as good as it once was anyway. Such is the predictable result of mixing necromancy with the culinary arts!

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LvwUDU3ems>

["The Great Battle on the Volga (1962) - Stalingrad documentary"]

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He is safe, he is secure. But for how long?  
Life is ever moving; not least than when unseen.  
And with so much one will never know,  
What mind can justify its own pride?

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12. For my part, I have ever wondered at the curiosity of the bold men, who by their imagined reverence fall into impiety. For though they know nothing of Thrones, and Dominions, and Principalities, and Powers, the workmanship of Christ, they attempt to scrutinise their Creator Himself. Tell me first, O most daring man, wherein does Throne differ from Dominion, and then scrutinise what pertains to Christ. Tell me what is a Principality, and what a Power, and what a Virtue, and what an Angel: and then search out their Creator, for all things were made by Him. [John 1:3] But you will not, or you can not ask Thrones or Dominions. What else is there that knows the deep things of God [1 Corinthians 2:10-11], save only the Holy Ghost, who spoke the Divine Scriptures? But not even the Holy Ghost Himself has spoken in the Scriptures concerning the generation of the Son from the Father. Why then do you busy yourself about things which not even the Holy Ghost has written in the Scriptures? Thou that know not the things which are written, busiest you yourself about the things which are not written? There are many questions in the Divine Scriptures; what is written we comprehend not, why do we busy ourselves about what is not written? It is sufficient for us to know that God has begotten One Only

Son.

~ Cyril of Jerusalem (c.313–386), [\*Catechetical Lecture, no. 11\*](#)

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How much devil *is* tolerable? At best and to any self-respecting person, my guess would be only faint and trace amounts, and even that much to be regretted and only because we are less than perfect. Anything more is selling yourself into slavery; which, needless to say, is bound to prove a bad deal.

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"Well," as Leo Gorcey (in character) might say, "look whoose got his-self a new goil friend!"

But, of course, that's not all. For you see, when you are a rich, big executive type, you are in a position to impress the ladies like no others.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vXfugRQdyhs>

["2015 Ford Mustang - Performance & Eye-Catching Style"]

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Devils and (real life as opposed to movie) organized crime, like diseases, flourish in a dirty environment, and it is a candid sign of their presence that you see such a plethora of worse than crassness and vulgarity so often in the media and on the internet. Yesterday, I did a search on YouTube for anything on 18th century puppet shows (having learned of the great popularity of them in that era from reading some Spectator papers of Joseph Addison.) Among the results I came up with was all sorts of nastiness that had nothing remotely to do with what I was looking for. Disgusted, I went then to see if there wasn't some feature on YouTube that would filter out all that was most gross, sordid, and depraved. Fortunately, there is such a feature, at the very bottom of a YouTube page marked "Safety" and switch on or off; and which you rest assured I readily availed myself of.

Meantime, we are seeing what in recent years has become the annual attack on Thanksgiving in the way of ads for "Black Friday" deals. Unless you are or anything just short of utter slime, I recommend you boycott those businesses that go that route and use that approach.

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If there is anything wrong to the doctrine of Mary, it could only be because either there is too much or too little is made of her. Consequently, the true doctrine must be one that makes neither too much nor too little of her. We can only pray then that God guide us in this way.

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Whenever *he* looks in the mirror, he sees a torturer, gang rapist, and serial murderer. But at least (in society's eyes) he's respectable.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Doctor, strangely, enough, are a lot like actors in that, although they may be financially very wealthy, they usually have much less actual independence and say in what goes on than we customarily infer or attribute to them.

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WaFMf8f6PnM>

["Mark Lindsay - Arizona"]

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1. They who have been taught to believe In One God the Father Almighty, ought also to believe in His Only-begotten Son. For he that denies the Son, the same has not the Father. [1 John 2:23] I am the Door, says Jesus; no one comes unto the Father but through Me.



For if you deny the Door, the knowledge concerning the Father is shut off from you. No man knows the father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son shall reveal Him. [Matthew 11:27] For if you deny Him who reveals, you remain in ignorance. There is a sentence in the Gospels, saying, He that believes not on the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abides on him. [John 3:36] For the Father has indignation when the Only-begotten Son is set at nought. For it is grievous to a king that merely his soldier should be dishonoured; and when one of his nobler officers or friends is dishonoured, then his anger is greatly increased: but if any should do despite to the king's only-begotten son himself, who shall appease the father's indignation on behalf of his only-begotten son?

5. But the Saviour comes in various forms to each man for his profit. For to those who have need of gladness He becomes a Vine; and to those who want to enter in He stands as a Door; and to those who need to offer up their prayers He stands a mediating High Priest. Again, to those who have sins He becomes a Sheep, that He may be sacrificed for them. He is made all things to all men [1 Corinthians 9:22], remaining in His own nature what He is. For so remaining, and holding the dignity of His Sonship in reality unchangeable, He adapts Himself to our infirmities, just as some excellent physician or compassionate teacher; though He is Very Lord, and received not the Lordship by advancement, but has the dignity of His Lordship from nature, and is not called Lord improperly, as we are, but is so in verity, since by the Father's bidding He is Lord of His own works. For our lordship is over men of equal rights and like passions, nay often over our elders, and often a young master rules over aged servants. But in the case of our Lord Jesus Christ the Lordship is not so: but He is first Maker, then Lord: first He made all things by the Father's will, then, He is Lord of the things which were made by Him.

~ Cyril of Jerusalem (c.313–386), [\*Catechetical Lecture, no. 10\*](#)

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*Ilion*

Many years since have sped,  
And still the siege goes on:  
Some fights won, some fights lost;  
E'en so, we've yet to be undone.

But how long can it last?  
How much more strain endure?  
Age takes its silent toll,  
And we no longer are as pure.

Even old friends we blame;  
See fault where once we praised;  
Wishing ill whom we loved;  
Fretting with fear future days.

Doubt starts to cloud the mind.  
Whatever was the prize?  
Youths now are not so hale.  
New waters of illusion rise.

Would shame were burnt away;  
All cankers of assumption.  
Would we were wise as grey;  
Not weighted with past presumption.

"They've left! they're gone!," it's cried.  
It seems we've won the war --  
While from a turret's seen  
A wooden steed left at the door.

Can such gift be trusted?  
Yes, most seem to agree:  
There is no foe in sight;  
The enemy's put out to sea.

Some doubt, but they're ignored.  
Who can reject relief?  
Who succor can despise?  
No more then of this woe and grief!

And yet tho' the citadel  
Still yet fall,  
Go let them tell it  
Wide the world.  
The body's but a shell.  
Only if, please Heaven,  
A soul may live,  
*That* no man need tell.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uE4TMXHeSs>

["Giuseppe Torelli - Concerto in D maggiore - Silviu Albei (Piccolo Trumpet) - ROMANIA"]

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=902St2UAmfA>

["Trumpet Concerto in E-flat major - Johann Nepomuk Hummel - Robert Frear—trumpet"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3fhEF-FuRvM>

["Maurice Andre Vivaldi Concerto for Trumpet Violin and Strings B flat major"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If there is *real* debate and *real* discussion they will lose. So what then do they say?

No debate, no discussion.

This, my friends and I submit, is sheer childishness. And if there is any out there who doubts the truth of what I state or what I claim, I invite you to debate me, and by doing take the opportunity of proving me wrong. So far, after over a decade of having this website, there are and have been no takers. Indeed, not a single one. Undoubtedly no small reason for this is that my email is regularly interfered with and there is and has been this continued effort to prohibit any and all serious discussion with me. Among other things then, I am inclined to think that this implies I win the various arguments by default. Even so, and naturally, I prefer to win by actual debate. But alas and alack, and as we've said, no debate and discussion is allowed.

So often I go to YouTube to hear what people have to say, and among those who I find I have serious disagreement with none of them I find can or could seriously refute me. You might say that that is just a result of my stilted opinion and wishful thinking, but how can I prove to you otherwise if no serious discussion with me is attempted or allowed? It is violence that is being used to shut me up, not better arguments. And if this is not so try contacting me, including coming personally to my house (my address is given in practically all my writings.)

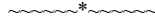
Meanwhile, and while I regret being prevented from participation, I can and do not live my life worrying about what other people think as such. Only I make these remarks when I see and hear others allowed to go on and on speaking from their various media pulpits who talk such nonsense, and yet whom such as myself am not permitted to answer or debate. The other day, to give you one example, I was listening to Clay Jenkinson's Thomas Jefferson hour, and really he often times talks such rubbish, or least speaks such things that require material correction, qualification, and amendment. I have, and politely, written his program two or three times, but got no response. Is it because he doesn't get my mail or because he can't or won't respond?

I don't know, but in his and other cases, my only consolation can be that *I tried, I tried, I tried*.

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See: <http://vimeo.com/10334410>

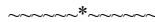
["Paul McCartney "Ebony and Ivory"" – original video for "Ebony and Ivory" on Vimeo]



3. Would you learn that to comprehend the nature of God is impossible? The Three Children in the furnace of fire, as they hymn the praises of God, say Blessed are you that beholdest the depths, and sittest upon the Cherubim. Tell me what is the nature of the Cherubim, and then look upon Him who sits upon them. And yet Ezekiel the Prophet even made a description of them, as far as was possible, saying that every one has four faces, one of a man, another of a lion, another of an eagle, and another of a calf; and that each one had six wings, and they had eyes on all sides; and that under each one was a wheel of four sides. Nevertheless though the Prophet makes the explanation, we cannot yet understand it even as we read. But if we cannot understand the throne, which he has described, how shall we be able to comprehend Him who sits thereon, the Invisible and Ineffable God? To scrutinise then the nature of God is impossible: but it is in our power to send up praises of His glory for His works that are seen.

4. These things I say to you because of the following context of the Creed, and because we say, We Believe in One God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and of All Things Visible and Invisible; in order that we may remember that the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the same as He that made the heaven and the earth, and that we may make ourselves safe against the wrong paths of the godless heretics, who have dared to speak evil of the All wise Artificer of all this world, men who see with eyes of flesh, but have the eyes of their understanding blinded.

~ Cyril of Jerusalem (c.313–386), [\*Catechetical Lecture, no. 9\*](#)



*Gravitas*

*"...not hospitality heaped for Polymedes  
but empty earth on the parched Dryopian fields."*

Despite all the good,  
despite all the bad,  
neither stops the days;  
time proceeds  
without them.

And we joy and grumble  
along the way.

As much a tragedy,  
as much a celebration,  
life is a journey  
we must go on.  
It isn't worth living.  
It is worth living.  
Yet whether or no,  
you must go on

and go on.

Mind chained in darkness,  
body bound by time,  
how much anyone  
is embarrassed by the past;  
how much anyone  
has some shame.

If you died, then lived again,  
how now would you live?  
War less and learn more;  
for if you learn,  
onward and upward you go  
if not, then further down.

If God's kingdom  
is not of this world,  
what is this beauty here?  
What is beauty  
in a world that rejects truth?

*"Whoever hates me  
also hates my Father."*

If you knew better  
(and perhaps you do),  
Beauty doesn't need the world.

Comets and stars are above  
they are right outside my door  
but they are also in my heart,  
they are also in my mind --

In a safe haven  
away from the sea,  
on a still shore  
of a soul yearning,  
but not fully filled  
with wisdom.

We all judge,  
but Who finally judges?

Who placed the earth?  
Chance?  
Or if not, did He chose  
the exact location,  
the exact coordinates  
of each view of the heavens  
as seen from every land?

Wherever it is rare,  
take me there,  
take me there.

Where diamonds are framed  
on translucent air,  
tell me where,  
tell me where?

Where one place  
is everywhere,  
where all are freed  
from heavy care,

teach me there.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

They have and possess considerable wealth, power, followers, and position, and to some extent authority -- of a kind. But none of them is the great man *really*.

The great man rather is someone who said, "I will hide, lie in darkness, connive, deceive, terrorize, manipulate and intimidate, and by these means persuade others that I am the greatest of all."

And this he did this, it is true, but at the cost of turning himself into a (real-life) monster man.

Even so and nevertheless, he is still the great man: the one to whom all the others must acquiesce to, accommodate and oblige; at least those who don't want to be ostracized, tortured, or murdered.

If then you go to the seemingly great others and you say, why will you not speak candidly? Why will you not take responsibility? Why will you not be fully accountable? They will and can reply honestly that the reason they can do none of these things is that *they* are not the great man. And they themselves must answer to him.

"All right then," I said. "Great man, ghost or whatever you are, reveal yourself! Tell us who you are. Tell us what your purpose is!"

But of course he wouldn't, he couldn't do that. For if he did, he would no longer be the great man (or "great" whatever he is.)

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*Bob Steele, years before he became "Duffy" on "F-Troop."*

Overall, I've come to think of the 1930's and late 1920's as the true golden age of sound films. My reasons for this are that they are in the greater majority of instances reliably moral (and therefore not obnoxious, pretentious, or offensive) and likeable, while at the same time, and no matter even how bad in a given instance the movie, always entertaining to view for one reason or other.

For some time now I have been watching Mill Creek Entertainment's "Guns of the West," 100 Pack, and its "Cowboys & Bandits," 50 Pack; two super bargain DVD sets that contain "B" (really to my mind "A") Westerns from the 30s and 40s; starring among others Tim McCoy, Bob Steele, Ken Maynard, Buster Crabbe, Charles King, Hoot Gibson, Harry Carey, Dave O'Brien, Randolph Scott -- just to name some of my particular favorites. Truly (and along with Mill Creek's "Warriors" 50 pack with Steve Reeves, et al.) there is no better DVD deal better anywhere when it comes to both price and enjoyable movies. One would think such old westerns films would be repetitious. Yet far more surprising and remarkable is how different and diverse in details and variations they actually are, and one gets the distinction impression that the makers of these films had as much great fun making these as we and others, then and now, had and have of seeing them.

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Here's something different. Someone is accused of plagiarizing a riff off a hoax album made decades after the alleged plagiarist claimed he composed his. Is such a thing possible? Well, let's put it this way. Were it true, I for one would not be in the least surprised.

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*RE The Siege of Fort Joseph Skatey*

Since it has been some time since I gave one here, would you perchance like or be interested in an update of my situation? Well, and briefly for those who might, I can tell you that after over 20 years now, I am still being subject to round the clock brain torture radios and periodic "dream productions" (both of these mentioned and discussed in my "[Narrative](#)" [pdf].); accompanied by "goomer ghost" (a stand in for the magician) regularly following me around. As well, this past year we've been given a good work out combating a combined rat and ant invasions and infestations (such were never a problem here until within the last five years), as well as being subject to various other vandalisms; including to my car, home (other assaults and break-ins), and computer. Meanwhile, despite all my writings and claims not a single response from any one to either inquire into my story or even write just casually to try to find out

about what I have reported. After over 13 years now of this website, I have received roughly no more than 12 emails (no regular/postal mails at all, save one some years back), and my grand total take in soliciting donations is still at \$25.00, and which money happened to come from an old high school chum.

On the positive side, my spirits are, despite some occasional and understandable rage and despondency, still good and I have after all put up a good single-handed fight against these people otherwise; while having the consolation of knowing that while others childishly have given in and surrendered to these criminals and or made deals with them, I, for one, have never "taken protection."

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Though we take it to be outdated and false to speak of the earth as being at the center of the solar system, let alone the galaxy, let alone the universe, yet the soul and the spirit as we know them may be rightly said at the center of all; inasmuch as it is *only* possible (at least insofar as we are aware) to know ALL, and the all of the merely physical world, by means of the mind and in turn the soul. To illustrate, we are overwhelmed by the notion of a cosmos; the expanse of which, outside of mathematics, is fairly incomprehensible. Its size would seem to indicate that we are sheer nothing by comparison to it. Physically, yes, this is true; we are. But let us posit that there is no mind outside of our own (or, granted, some hitherto unknown space aliens as well and in addition if you like.) Then what is all that vast expanse of matter and energy by comparison to our mind but so much gleaming and colorful shell, dross, dress or excrescence? If this is so, we, or at least those of us with mind, and aside of course from God, *are* at the center of the universe. For if this is not so, and again outside of God, where and what else is of greater significance?

The materialists meanwhile who argue that mind is nothing more than merely brain, and therefore matter, contend something that is irrational and incapable of substantiation; because by definition they reject reason; since reason itself has no material embodiment and yet is the supposed standard of what is true and false. True, it may be fairly said that mind and reason require matter. Yet how can correct and mature judgments be formed outside of reason and logic -- which are immaterial and incorporeal?

Observe as well in passing that despite the colossal power of quasars, pulsars, nebulae, and black holes these mean far less to us and are far less frequent topics of our thoughts and meditations and dialogues than persons and personalities. And a humble lamb led to slaughter moves us more and more deeply than even the mighty sun; whether as matter of sorrow or of glee.

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6. Riches, and gold, and silver are not, as some think, the devil's: for the whole world of riches is for the faithful man, but for the faithless not even a penny. Now nothing is more faithless than the devil; and God says plainly by the Prophet, The gold is Mine, and the silver is Mine, and to whomsoever I will I give it. Do thou but use it well, and there is no fault to be found with money: but whenever you have made a bad use of that which is good, then being unwilling to blame your own management, thou impiously throwest back the blame upon the Creator. A man may even be justified by money: I was hungry, and you gave Me meat [Matthew 25:35-36]: that certainly was from money. I was naked, and you clothed Me: that certainly was by money. And would you learn that money may become a door of the kingdom of heaven? Sell, says He, that you have, and give to the poor, and you shall have treasure in heaven.

7. Now I have made these remarks because of those heretics who count possessions, and money, and men's bodies accursed. For I neither wish you to be a slave of money, nor to treat as enemies the things which God has given you for use. Never say then that riches are the devil's: for though he say, All these will I give you, for they are delivered unto me, one may indeed even reject his assertion; for we need not believe the liar: and yet perhaps he spoke the truth, being compelled by the power of His presence: for he said not, All these will I give you, for they are mine, but, for they are delivered unto me. He grasped not the dominion of them, but confessed that he had been entrusted with them, and was for a time dispensing them. But at a proper time interpreters should inquire whether his statement is false or true.

~ Cyril of Jerusalem (c.313–386), [\*Catechetical Lecture, no. 8\*](#)

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In previous posts, I've made mention of the Schick Sunn Classics films of days gone by. Well, just yesterday I uploaded to my YouTube channel two of these, namely "The Last of the Mohicans" (1977) and "The Deerslayer" (1978); both starring Steve Forrest and Ned Romero.

If interested, see:

[THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS \(1977\)](#)

[THE DEERSLAYER \(1978\)](#)

*Later Note.* At the "Lee's Legion" page on Face Book, I had about this same time remarked: "For fun, I uploaded on my YouTube channel the 1977 Schick Sunn Classics version of James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*, starring Steve Forrest, Ned Romero, and Don Shanks (Nakoma from "Grizzly Adams")."

"While the BBC teleplay of 1971, with the late Philip Madoc as an especially memorable Magua, was in some ways much better, the 1977 has its own advantages; including that it was done all with 'great-outdoors' exterior shots; all (or most) of the Indians are real Native Americans; Forrest, Romero, and Shanks make a good Hawkeye, Chingachgook, and Uncas respectively -- plus there are some pretty good, if larger than life, action and battle scenes. It does, on the other hand, suffer the inexplicable aberration of having the film's NARRATOR (David Gamut, the psalmist) being killed mid-way through the film!"

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See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EHq\\_LbEZ\\_0Y](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EHq_LbEZ_0Y)

["Video Game High School: Season 3 Trailer"]

Where's the place to bring your guns, violence, and malicious abuse of others?

*Why to high school, of course.*

Meanwhile and for sometime now, the marketing of masked super heroes has reached a point of disturbing dementia. On more than one occasion in recent my own bank and Pay Pal alone have sported advertisements with young children dressed as masked super heroes. Nothing has been seen like this since the days of Jurassic park; when dinosaurs were to be seen everywhere you looked. Dinosaur this, dinosaur that. In this decade then it's super hero this, super hero that; with, as to be expected, a pronounced emphasis on realistic brutal violence.

Is all this a result of meeting a public demand or need? And why are virtually all movie trailers of the past ten years accompanied by the slam, trash, smash editing technique; as if every thing centers around and must be tied in with excessive violence.

Violence, violence, violence, and more violence.

My question and frankly is -- who after all are the producers of these films and tv, and why are they not under criminal investigation respecting their mass media monopolies and (ahem) possible ties to organized crime? Where, for instance, are they getting all the money to put out all this endless and relentless movie, tv, and video-game junk? Why the need for them to waste huge amounts of money on what ever amounts to the same old thing -- fantasy, pyrotechnics, bolt-action assault weapons, punching people in the face, etc.? And what has been come of the countless films and shows they have already made? Does any one ever go back to watching them? And yet how much was spent making them? Other need money just for basics; others could do far more wise and beneficial things had they that sort of money. How is it then these mass media hooligans can go on like this, continually spewing forth such unbridled arrogance and senseless aggression? What then are honor, privilege, and exorbitant wealth worth if they are so regularly and casually squandered and thrown away on good for nothings and worse than good for nothings?

It is truly a wonder to me, what with the beauty of nature, music, literature, real drama and other meaningful arts not to mention any number of worthwhile humanitarian, human rights, and social causes, how some of those with enormous wealth are so obsessed and preoccupied with thrash violence, gas guzzling cars and auto racing (in a time when global warming is a concern), gambling, sleazy sex, fantasy worlds where mutants dwell, and other forms of spiritual and mental degradation -- while telling society that that is what it is interested in; that is what it wants.

Ah, but then you know how it is. It's those terrorists in the Middle East causing all these problems and troubles we are having.

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See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NX\\_djeGbP2c](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NX_djeGbP2c)

["Maurice Andre Marcello Trumpet Concerto" - tv program from 1993]

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*Great What-Ifs of History --*

Did you know that if Abraham had not ultimately had a son in Isaac, he as likely as no would have left everything to his steward -- *Damascus Eliezer*?! (See Genesis 15:1-4).

Believe it or not!

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8. There have been many imaginations by many persons, and all have failed. Some have thought that God is fire; others that He is, as it were, a man with wings, because of a true text ill understood, You shall hide me under the shadow of Your wings. They forgot that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Only-begotten, speaks in like manner concerning Himself to Jerusalem, How often would I have gathered your children together even as a hen does gather her chickens under her wings, and you would not. [Matthew 23:37] For whereas God's protecting power was conceived as wings, they failing to understand this sank down to the level of things human, and supposed that the Unsearchable exists in the likeness of man. Some again dared to say that He has seven eyes, because it is written, seven eyes of the Lord looking upon the whole earth. [Zechariah 4:10] For if He has but seven eyes surrounding Him in part, His seeing is therefore partial and not perfect: but to say this of God is blasphemous; for we must believe that God is in all things perfect, according to our Saviour's word, which says, Your Father in heaven is perfect [Matthew 5:48]: perfect in sight, perfect in power, perfect in greatness, perfect in foreknowledge, perfect in goodness, perfect in justice, perfect in loving-kindness: not circumscribed in any space, but the Creator of all space, existing in all, and circumscribed by none. Heaven is His throne, but higher is He that sits thereon: and earth is His footstool [Isaiah 66:1], but His power reaches unto things under the earth.

9. One He is, everywhere present, beholding all things, perceiving all things, creating all things through Christ: For all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made. [John 1:3] A fountain of every good, abundant and unfailing, a river of blessings, an eternal light of never-failing splendour, an insuperable power condescending to our infirmities: whose very Name we dare not hear. Will you find a footstep of the Lord? says Job, or have you attained unto the least things which the Almighty has made? If the least of His works are incomprehensible, shall He be comprehended who made them all? Eye has not seen, and ear has not heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that love Him. [1 Corinthians 2:9] If the things which God has prepared are incomprehensible to our thoughts, how can we comprehend with our mind Himself who has prepared them? O the depth of the riches, and wisdom, and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out [Romans 11:33]! says the Apostle. If His judgments and His ways are incomprehensible, can He Himself be comprehended?

~ Cyril of Jerusalem (c.313–386), *Catechetical Lecture, no. 6*

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### *On Identity*

So often the main thrust or trend of modernism is a materialism that intentionally or by implication views and transforms people into insects or mere machines pursuing the fulfillment of carnal appetite. These insects, in turn, we come to have it later and here in our own time explained to us, must be ruled by an entrenched billionaire technocracy, backed by mindless masses who watch the movies and television programs they produce. Not uncharacteristically, despite all appeals to putative science, criminal spirit people, no small players in the great game of things, are consciously or unconsciously ignored altogether. Conventional and traditional religion, on the other hand, while it does not usually address the question of criminal spirit persons all that intelligently or rationally, at least as the advantage of acknowledging their real or possible existence.

Both cognitive materialism versus the heart and spirit perspectives both begin somewhere: each has its genesis and its God (of one sort or another) -- that is, they have their source and authority. All life, as materialism typically sees it, begins from a quantum energy, atom, or germ. But why assume this? What was before the quantum energy, atom, or germ? Since then the energy, the atom, or germ, has no traceable authority, it might as well be a scientific expert, or supposed scientific, expert among us.

Spirituality says that creation (that is, the materialists world of matter and energy) has an authority that is a person, and that person brought us into the world by way of fathers and mothers; part of whose purpose is to create and nurture a loving and happy family of some kind. By happiness I mean trust, comradery, tradition, a love of peace and justice, compassion for the innocent and helpless, humor, upright character, and sportsman-like endeavor and fair competition. According to this view, happiness does not come from atoms, cells, micro-organisms, neurological synapses but from already and fully developed minds and personalities. Those who insist on atoms and cells, etc. before personhood, by contrast, necessarily degrade happiness. For as materialism tells us, people and animals are after all only things -- for who has the authority to assert they are anything more than this?

True happiness, further, means and implies everyone is made happy that resides in the realm ruled by God, and who is understood by way of truth, compassionate morals, and right reason. Such happiness must encompass all who are part of the community else it is not true happiness. This conception (or something like it) of course is what the idea of paradise and morally based heaven stems from. Such conception has absolutely no place in modernism -- which instead argues that the world as we know it exists ultimately and exclusively for the greater empowerment of the greatest liars, slavers and murderers; which is to say the fittest or most fit to live.

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*nemo est bonum nisi sapientum – fide et religione aut non.*



"The morals [of the colony] decayed as religion obtained its false directions. Self-righteousness, the inseparable companion of the quarrels of sects, took the place of humility, and thus became prevalent that most dangerous condition of the soul of man, when he imagines that he sanctifies what he does; a frame of mind, by the way, that is by no means strange to very many who ought to be conscious of their unworthiness. With the morals of the colony, its prosperity, even in worldly interests, began to lose ground."  
~ James Fenimore Cooper, *The Crater* (1847), ch. XXX.

The embracing of religion does not guarantee that a person will necessarily have or be of a good moral character. And yet experience shows that a person of good moral character more likely than not tends to be of a religious disposition. What is important to bear in mind is that religion, like science, can be misunderstood, misused and be adopted and invoked for all the wrong motives. The means therefore by which we tell sincere religion -- or sincere science -- from that which is false is honesty, right (or more correct and consistent) reason, and a willingness to suspend judgment; with careful distinctions being made being that which is subjective versus objective knowledge (or belief), *and* possible and likely truth versus more possible and more likely versus, and in turn, all these versus necessary truth, such as can be claimed of or found in analytic judgments. In view of which, we can as a practical matter conclude that those who are incapable of grasping and making these kinds of straightforward epistemic distinctions are either frauds, liars, delusional, and or else intellectual incompetents, and whose opinion on higher matters is not to be taken all that seriously.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

July 21st 1961. (Some of the footage leaves something to be desired, and there is better to be found on YouTube; but it is the audio that is the main thing here.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zybhDAkAzls>

["Liberty Bell 7 - Full Mission" -- The full launch and flight of Mercury-Redstone 4 (Liberty Bell 7) with astronaut Gus Grissom aboard. July 21st 1961.]

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*"Jer-ry! Jer-ry! Jer-ry!...(etc.)"*

(From the unforgettable quotes file. I posted this many years ago, and was reminded of it just last night. But upon checking all my old Oracles I could not, for some strange reason, seem to find it there or anywhere. Lest then it be lost to history, I thought I would interject this here formally as a non sequitur.)

*"Oh, so you're right and we're wrong."*  
~ Jerry Springer

~~~~~\*~~~~~

No doubt you just can't wait for the very timely World War 2 film, starring Brad Pitt, entitled "Fury" (per chance named after the sergeant of comic book fame?) to be opening later this month.

The wonder of it is -- where do they continue to get the money to make these things? In the meantime, let's round up a posse, call out the Navy Seals assassination unit, and see if we can't find some terrorist or other on the reverse side of the globe.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Further, says Tertullian (in his *Treatise on the Soul*, ch. 43), in sleep it is the body only that rests as such; the soul itself never actually sleeps and is constantly in motion. Likewise, in death the soul does not actually die, only the body dies.

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1. It has been a subject of wide-spread and frequent discussion what monk was the first to give a signal example of the hermit life. For some going back too far have found a beginning in those holy men Elias and John, of whom the former seems to have been more than a monk and the latter to have begun to prophesy before his birth. Others, and their opinion is that commonly received, maintain that Antony was the originator of this mode of life, which view is partly true. Partly I say, for the fact is not so much that he preceded the rest as that they all derived from him the necessary stimulus. But it is asserted even at the present day by Amathas and Macarius, two of Antony's disciples, the former of whom laid his master in the grave, that a certain Paul of Thebes was the leader in the movement, though not the first to bear the name, and this opinion has my approval also. Some as they think fit circulate stories such as this— that he was a man living in an underground cave with flowing hair down to his feet, and invent many incredible tales which it would be useless to detail. Nor does the opinion of men who lie without any sense of shame seem worthy of refutation. So then inasmuch as

both Greek and Roman writers have handed down careful accounts of Antony, I have determined to write a short history of Paul's early and latter days, more because the thing has been passed over than from confidence in my own ability. What his middle life was like, and what snares of Satan he experienced, no man, it is thought, has yet discovered.

2. During the persecutions of Decius and Valerian, when Cornelius at Rome and Cyprian at Carthage shed their blood in blessed martyrdom, many churches in Egypt and the Thebaid were laid waste by the fury of the storm. At that time the Christians would often pray that they might be smitten with the sword for the name of Christ. But the desire of the crafty foe was to slay the soul, not the body; and this he did by searching diligently for slow but deadly tortures. In the words of Cyprian himself who suffered at his hands: they who wished to die were not suffered to be slain. We give two illustrations, both as specially noteworthy and to make the cruelty of the enemy better known.

17. I may be permitted at the end of this little treatise to ask those who do not know the extent of their possessions, who adorn their homes with marble, who string house to house and field to field, what did this old man in his nakedness ever lack? Your drinking vessels are of precious stones; he satisfied his thirst with the hollow of his hand. Your tunics are of wrought gold; he had not the raiment of the meanest of your slaves. But on the other hand, poor though he was, Paradise is open to him; you with all your gold will be received into Gehenna. He though naked yet kept the robe of Christ; you, clad in your silks, have lost the vesture of Christ. Paul lies covered with worthless dust, but will rise again to glory; over you are raised costly tombs, but both you and your wealth are doomed to the burning. Have a care, I pray you, at least have a care for the riches you love. Why are even the grave-clothes of your dead made of gold? Why does not your vaunting cease even amid mourning and tears? Cannot the carcasses of rich men decay except in silk?

18. I beseech you, reader, whoever you may be, to remember Jerome the sinner. He, if God would give him his choice, would much sooner take Paul's tunic with his merits, than the purple of kings with their punishment.

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [\*The Life of Paulus the First Hermit\* \(c.374 A.D\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0qF47rQ\\_uVk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0qF47rQ_uVk)

["G.F. Handel, Sonata for violin, D maj. (c.1749), HWV 371, Gyorgy Pauk, et al."]

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Detail from the movie poster for Dreamworks' "Chicken Run" (2000)

The laughs don't let up, and life imitates art, as we learned in this morning's headlines "'Psychopath' Kills 920 Chickens With Golf Club At Foster Farms Plant In Fresno" (October 1, 2014). Among my first thoughts was that this insane and demented act reminded me of something only "speelburg" and the magician, or someone like them and using someone else as a puppet or dupe, would desire to have happen. And certainly in recent years, we have seen all kinds of cracks in the mass media ridiculing and mocking the fate of poor chickens; as well as the latest "craze" of raising chickens -- ahem, for eggs -- in urban and semi-urban neighborhoods.

All seem cruel and Satanic, or a tad bit cruel and Satanic? You can bet your boots and at bottom it is. But then, that is where all the really big money is.



~~~~~\*~~~~~

(You have to love this.)

*From Jeremiah 5:25-31:*

25 Your crimes have prevented these things,  
your sins have turned these blessings away from you.

26 For criminals lurk among my people;  
like fowlers they set traps,  
but it is human beings they catch.

27 Their houses are as full of treachery  
as a bird-cage is of birds;  
Therefore they grow powerful and rich,

28 fat and sleek.  
They pass over wicked deeds;  
justice they do not defend  
By advancing the claim of the orphan  
or judging the cause of the poor.

29 Shall I not punish these things?—oracle of the LORD;  
on a nation such as this shall I not take vengeance?

30 Something shocking and horrible  
has happened in the land:

31 The prophets prophesy falsely,  
and the priests teach on their own authority;  
*Yet my people like it this way;*  
what will you do when the end comes?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

In his [\*Treatise on the Soul\*](#), (and that I was re-perusing this past weekend), Tertullian makes some interesting statements, particularly in chapter XV, and which I find I fully agree with. Among other things he states that mind or intelligence is a faculty of the soul, is not the soul itself, and also that the soul is corporeal. Against then some Platonists he argues, like an empiricist, that there is no intelligence or ideas without the senses; that the senses, of themselves, can never deceive, but only the mind that interprets them. The heart, he further asserts, is the seat of the soul and its capacity to understand, and that spirit is the breath of the soul; just as air is (as it were) the breath of the body and heart.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*"You are HERE."*

Now you can finally see for yourself, what all the big fuss is about.

Click on image to see an enlarged view and map of the seeable and known physical universe. (*We*, of course, are located somewhere in the Milky Way; aligned here across the center of the spectral map.)

See: <http://www.gunjones.com/known-universe.jpg>

~~~~~\*~~~~~

1...Christians are not born but made. For all its gilding the Capitol is beginning to look dingy [i.e., in 404 A.D.] Every temple in Rome is covered with soot and cobwebs. The city is stirred to its depths and the people pour past their half-ruined shrines to visit the tombs of the martyrs. The belief which has not been accorded to conviction may come to be extorted by very shame.  
~ Jerome (c.347-420), [\*Letter: 107\*](#)

3...A girl should associate only with girls, she should know nothing of boys and should dread even playing with them. She should never hear an unclean word, and if amid the bustle of the household she should chance to hear one, she should not understand it. Her mother's nod should be to her as much a command as a spoken injunction. She should love her as her parent, obey her as her mistress, and reverence her as her teacher. She is now a child without teeth and without ideas, but, as soon as she is seven years old, a blushing

girl knowing what she ought not to say and hesitating as to what she ought, she should until she is grown up commit to memory the psalter and the books of Solomon; the gospels, the apostles and the prophets should be the treasure of her heart. She should not appear in public too freely or too frequently attend crowded churches. All her pleasure should be in her chamber. She must never look at young men or turn her eyes upon curled fops; and the wanton songs of sweet voiced girls which wound the soul through the ears must be kept from her. The more freedom of access such persons possess, the harder is it to avoid them when they come; and what they have once learned themselves they will secretly teach her and will thus contaminate our secluded Danaë; by the talk of the crowd. Give her for guardian and companion a mistress and a governess, one not given to much wine or in the apostle's words idle and a tattler, but sober, grave, industrious in spinning wool and one whose words will form her childish mind to the practice of virtue. For, as water follows a finger drawn through the sand, so one of soft and tender years is pliable for good or evil; she can be drawn in whatever direction you choose to guide her. Moreover spruce and gay young men often seek access for themselves by paying court to nurses or dependants or even by bribing them, and when they have thus gently effected their approach they blow up the first spark of passion until it bursts into flame and little by little advance to the most shameless requests. And it is quite impossible to check them then, for the verse is proved true in their case: "It is ill rebuking what you have once allowed to become ingrained." I am ashamed to say it and yet I must; high born ladies who have rejected more high born suitors cohabit with men of the lowest grade and even with slaves. Sometimes in the name of religion and under the cloak of a desire for celibacy they actually desert their husbands in favour of such paramours. You may often see a Helen following her Paris without the smallest dread of Menelaus. Such persons we see and mourn for but we cannot punish, for the multitude of sinners procures tolerance for the sin.

4. The world sinks into ruin: yes! But shameful to say our sins still live and flourish. The renowned city, the capital of the Roman Empire, is swallowed up in one tremendous fire; and there is no part of the earth where Romans are not in exile. Churches once held sacred are now but heaps of dust and ashes; and yet we have our minds set on the desire of gain. We live as though we are going to die tomorrow; yet we build as though we are going to live always in this world. Our walls shine with gold, our ceilings also and the capitals of our pillars; yet Christ dies before our doors naked and hungry in the persons of His poor. The pontiff Aaron, we read, faced the raging flames, and by putting fire in his censer checked the wrath of God. The High Priest stood between the dead and the living, and the fire dared not pass his feet. On another occasion God said to Moses, "Let me alone....that I may consume this people," [Exodus 32:10] showing by the words "let me alone" that he can be withheld from doing what he threatens. The prayers of His servant hindered His power. Who, think you, is there now under heaven able to stay God's wrath, to face the flame of His judgment, and to say with the apostle, "I could wish that I myself were accursed for my brethren"? [Romans 9:3] Flocks and shepherds perish together, because as it is with the people, so is it with the priest. [Isaiah 24:2] Of old it was not so...  
~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 128](#)

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*Did you know...?*

[The planet] Mercury revolves around the sun very quickly, but rotates around its axis very, very slowly. *One day* on Mercury (sunrise to sunrise) is *longer* than *one year* on Mercury (one orbit around the Sun).

Venus rotates in the *opposite direction* of the Earth (and the other planets, except possibly Uranus). Looking from the north, Venus rotates clockwise, while the other planets rotate counterclockwise. From Venus, the Sun would seem to rise in the west and set in the east (the opposite of Earth). No one knows why Venus has this unusual rotation.

*(The above quoted from and courtesy of <http://www.enchantedlearning.com>)*

~~~~~\*~~~~~

(Someone else posted this on Face Book, and as it is not without its humor, thought you might also enjoy it here.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kq2gsQ9ApBs>

["Fool - Elvis Presley"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*"Teach a man to fish..."*

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8rZQJFfVTUE>

["How to start fishing" -- with Caleb Rowell]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Childish, irrational, and cowardly people too are convinced and have a firm belief that the world is *such*, must be *so*, and in *such and such a way*.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

He believes people are *supposed to* like recent and the latest movies and television, and "big-shot" movies and television generally (as if they had no choice.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"Ladies and gentlemen, Jim Carrey..."

(Though I preferred him in "Dumb and Dumber," I especially appreciated this; because it presents a candid view and more informed idea of how those in charge and power in the mass megalomedia *really* think.)

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uJD5-R\\_HPCc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uJD5-R_HPCc)

["Jim Carrey's Secret of Life - Inspiring Message"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

(Smart alec kid!)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5HqtRLtAnYs>

["Saturn V Rocket Toy & Landing on the Moon" -- JuniorBit10 channel]

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2. You ask me at the close of your letter why it is that sometimes in my writings I quote examples from secular literature and thus defile the whiteness of the church with the foulness of heathenism. I will now briefly answer your question. You would never have asked it, had not your mind been wholly taken up with Tully; you would never have asked it had you made it a practice instead of studying Volcatius to read the holy scriptures and the commentators upon them. For who is there who does not know that both in Moses and in the prophets there are passages cited from Gentile books and that Solomon proposed questions to the philosophers of Tyre and answered others put to him by them. In the commencement of the book of Proverbs he charges us to understand prudent maxims and shrewd adages, parables and obscure discourse, the words of the wise and their dark sayings; [Proverbs 1:1-6] all of which belong by right to the sphere of the dialectician and the philosopher. The Apostle Paul also, in writing to Titus, has used a line of the poet Epimenides: "The Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." [Titus 1:12] Half of which line was afterwards adopted by Callimachus. It is not surprising that a literal rendering of the words into Latin should fail to preserve the metre, seeing that Homer when translated into the same language is scarcely intelligible even in prose. In another epistle Paul quotes a line of Menander: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." And when he is arguing with the Athenians upon the Areopagus he calls Aratus as a witness citing from him the words "For we are also his offspring;" [Acts 17:28]...the close of a heroic verse. And as if this were not enough, that leader of the Christian army, that unvanquished pleader for the cause of Christ, skilfully turns a chance inscription into a proof of the faith. [Acts 17:22] For he had learned from the true David to wrench the sword of the enemy out of his hand and with his own blade to cut off the head of the arrogant Goliath. He had read in Deuteronomy the command given by the voice of the Lord that when a captive woman had had her head shaved, her eyebrows and all her hair cut off, and her nails pared, she might then be taken to wife. [Deuteronomy 21:10-13] Is it surprising that I too, admiring the fairness of her form and the grace of her eloquence, desire to make that secular wisdom which is my captive and my handmaid, a matron of the true Israel? Or that shaving off and cutting away all in her that is dead whether this be idolatry, pleasure, error, or lust, I take her to myself clean and pure and beget by her servants for the Lord of Sabaoth? My efforts promote the advantage of Christ's family, my so-called defilement with an alien increases the number of my fellow-servants. Hosea took a wife of whoredoms, Gomer the daughter of Diblaim, and this harlot bore him a son called Jezreel or the seed of God. [Hosea 1:2-4] Isaiah speaks of a sharp razor which shaves "the head of sinners and the hair of their feet;" [Isaiah 7:20] and Ezekiel shaves his head as a type of that Jerusalem which has been an harlot, [Ezekiel 5:1-5] in sign that whatever in her is devoid of sense and life must be removed.

5. I will pass on to Latin writers. Can anything be more learned or more pointed than the style of Tertullian? His Apology and his books Against the Gentiles contain all the wisdom of the world. Minucius Felix a pleader in the Roman courts has ransacked all heathen literature to adorn the pages of his Octavius and of his treatise Against the astrologers (unless indeed this latter is falsely ascribed to him). Arnobius has published seven books against the Gentiles, and his pupil Lactantius as many, besides two volumes, one on Anger and the other on the creative activity of God. If you read any of these you will find in them an epitome of Cicero's dialogues. The Martyr Victorinus though as a writer deficient in learning is not deficient in the wish to use what learning he has. Then there is Cyprian. With what terseness, with what knowledge of all history, with what splendid rhetoric and argument has he touched the theme that idols are no Gods! Hilary too, a confessor and bishop of my own day, has imitated Quintilian's twelve books both in

number and in style, and has also shown his ability as a writer in his short treatise against Dioscorus the physician. In the reign of Constantine the presbyter Juvencus set forth in verse the story of our Lord and Saviour, and did not shrink from forcing into metre the majestic phrases of the Gospel. Of other writers dead and living I say nothing. Their aim and their ability are evident to all who read them.

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 70](#)

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"Giant oaf gives us power! Giant oaf gives us security!" And what do they get really? Seeming power. Seeming security. And when they and others out of fear and/or cupidity have made their deal with giant oaf, then all the world becomes angry or depressed whenever giant oaf becomes angry or depressed.

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*You're* the law? Oh, is *that* who you are? (You'll have to pardon me for not recognizing you; since, for many, many years now, you hadn't made this at all clear.)

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Imagine if you had never seen an animal before. If when and then you did, would you not think any (or almost any) given one of them a treasure to cherish and marvel over? But then comes continued familiarity, numbing materialism, increased multiplicity, and gradually or of a sudden what was among the most delightful and amusing of wonders lapses and recedes before the onset of selfish desire and indifference.

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Both of these are pretty good, but between the two, I think I like the second better. (Even so, nothing as yet, imo, beats the Noel Harrison b&w tv version from 1969.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wdovT7t3nZY>

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gJd4AnyEtBQ>

["Tina Arena - Les moulins de mon cœur/The Windmills of Your Mind (Live)"] and ["swing out sister - windmills of your mind"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

(Since the earlier time this was uploaded to YT, it was taken down a year or so back. *But just* a couple weeks ago someone reloaded it -- thank goodness!)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kyO8GE41RG4>

["Suzanne Vega - Penitent (live in Montreux 2004)"]

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1...Were any of the kings holier than Josiah? Yet he was slain by the sword of the Egyptians. [2 Kings 23:29] Were there ever loftier saints than Peter and Paul? Yet their blood stained the blade of Nero. And to say no more of men, did not the Son of God endure the shame of the cross? And yet you fancy those blessed who enjoy in this world happiness and pleasure? God's hottest anger against sinners is when he shows no anger. Wherefore in Ezekiel he says to Jerusalem: "My jealousy will depart from you and I will be quiet and will be no more angry." For "whom the Lord loves He chastens, and scourges every son whom He receives." [Hebrews 12:6] The father does not instruct his son unless he loves him. The master does not correct his disciple unless he sees in him signs of promise. When once the doctor gives over caring for the patient, it is a sign that he despairs. You should answer thus: "as Lazarus in his lifetime [Luke 16:25] received evil things so will I now gladly suffer torments that future glory may be laid up for me." For "affliction shall not rise up the second time." If Job, a man holy and spotless and righteous in his generation, suffered terrible afflictions, his own book explains the reason why.

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 68](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

...God knows all things whatsoever that in any way are. Now it is possible that things that are not absolutely, should be in a certain sense. For things absolutely are which are actual; whereas things which are not actual, are in the power either of God Himself or of a creature, whether in active power, or passive; whether in power of thought or of imagination, or of any other manner of meaning whatsoever. Whatever therefore can be made, or thought, or said by the creature, as also whatever He Himself can do, all are known to God, although they are not actual. And in so far it can be said that He has knowledge even of things that are not.

...Whoever knows a thing perfectly, must know all that can be accidental to it. Now there are some good things to which corruption by evil may be accidental. Hence God would not know good things perfectly, unless He also knew evil things. Now a thing is knowable in the degree in which it is; hence since this is the essence of evil that it is the privation of good, by the fact that God knows good things, He knows evil things also; as by light is known darkness. Hence [Pseudo] Dionysius says (Div. Nom. vii): "God through Himself receives the vision of darkness, not otherwise seeing darkness except through light."  
~ Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, Treatise on the One God, Ques. 14: Of God's Knowledge.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

(It's amusing how someone like Neil Armstrong could be seen in the minds of some not too bright people as someone dated and out of fashion.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t57KgcnQQaQ>

["Neil Armstrong - A rare interview 2011 English"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

There's no shame in a person minding their own business. Why people mind their own business all the time. Don't sweat it.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

A couple days ago, I came across the headline "Gene Simmons: 'Rock Is Finally Dead'"

I assume that means "dead" along with movies, television, technological innovation, scientific progress, the criminal justice system, rational public discourse, democracy, human rights, etc., etc.

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fgn7VrztBXU>

[""Limelight" Theme -- Charles Chaplin"]

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3. To You, O Saviour Christ, do we Your creatures offer thanks that, when You were slain, You slew our mighty adversary. Before Your coming was there any being more miserable than man who cowering at the dread prospect of eternal death did but receive life that he might perish! For "death reigned from Adam to Moses even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression." [Romans 5:14] If Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob be in hell, who can be in the kingdom of heaven? If Your friends— even those who had not sinned themselves— were yet for the sins of another liable to the punishment of offending Adam, what must we think of those who have said in their hearts "There is no God;" who "are corrupt and abominable" in their self-will, and of whom it is said "they are gone out of the way, they have become unprofitable; there is none that does good, no not one"? [Romans 3:12] Even if Lazarus is seen in Abraham's bosom and in a place of refreshment, still the lower regions cannot be compared with the kingdom of heaven. Before Christ's coming Abraham is in the lower regions: after Christ's coming the robber is in paradise. And therefore at His rising again "many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and were seen in the heavenly Jerusalem." [Matthew 27:52-53] Then was fulfilled the saying: "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give you light." [Ephesians 5:14]...

4. Moreover before the resurrection of Christ God was "known in Judah" only and "His name was great in Israel" alone. And they who knew Him were despite their knowledge dragged down to hell. Where in those days were the inhabitants of the globe from India to Britain, from the frozen zone of the North to the burning heat of the Atlantic ocean? Where were the countless peoples of the world? Where the great multitudes?

*Unlike in tongue, unlike in dress and arms?*

They were crushed like fishes and locusts, like flies and gnats. For apart from knowledge of his Creator every man is but a brute. But now the voices and writings of all nations proclaim the passion and the resurrection of Christ. I say nothing of the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, peoples which the Lord has dedicated to His faith by the title written on His cross. [Luke 23:38] The immortality of the soul and its continuance after the dissolution of the body— truths of which Pythagoras dreamed, which Democritus refused to believe, and which Socrates discussed in prison to console himself for the sentence passed upon him— are now the familiar themes of Indian and of Persian, of Goth and of Egyptian. The fierce Bessians and the throng of skinclad savages who used to offer human sacrifices in honour of the dead have broken out of their harsh discord into the sweet music of the cross and Christ is the one cry of the

whole world.

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 60](#)

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*A Sonnet*

If banned had been the world  
When hearts were ever moved,  
Then despair had never been  
In a world not made for love.  
Yet even if this world is vain,  
Is love vain and useless too?  
Not if it o'er leaps the world  
And beats for good and true.  
For even if the world thrives,  
Hearts still yet can give.  
Even tho' you succumb and die,  
Yet beauty still will live.  
Your beauty then e'er maintain;  
That dying love may live again.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

They are the self-appointed scarring, tattoo, and commercial advertisement in your life. For you see it is their business, as they see it, to take over and ruin whatever it is they take over. All then there is left for you now is to suffer or else try and get away from them as best you can.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Now here's one I was thinking of getting and building myself. Something like this I thought might help cheer them up (as a way of reminding them of home.)



~~~~~\*~~~~~

There are those, loving, courageous and faithful, who live for truth and happiness, and those, cowardly, threatening, and doubting, who live for self-pity and fooling others (as means of advancing their selfish interests.) Therefore, they who reject honest truth and present happiness (based in justice and charity) cannot qualify as spokesmen for or representatives of either freedom or salvation.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If one make "peace" with the devil, they can never have or know real and lasting happiness; because professional criminal spirit people see happiness as something illegal, forbidden, taboo. Some pleasure and even happiness, for purposes of throwing you a bone, they will permit. But not whole or true happiness; for true happiness necessarily implies peace and the power to summon it when you want; while these, as a matter of fundamental doctrine and belief, are committed to endless war.

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You'll never guess what I am getting "Speelburg" and the magician (as) presents for this Christmas.





~~~~~\*~~~~~

An ordinary, human mistake and a stubborn, chronic delusion are by no means equally pardonable.

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6. In quoting my own writings [including Jerome's Vulgate translation of the Bible] my only object has been to prove that from my youth up I at least have always aimed at rendering sense not words, but if such authority as they supply is deemed insufficient, read and consider the short preface dealing with this matter which occurs in a book narrating the life of the blessed Antony [of Egypt]. "A literal translation from one language into another obscures the sense; the exuberance of the growth lessens the yield. For while one's diction is enslaved to cases and metaphors, it has to explain by tedious circumlocutions what a few words would otherwise have sufficed to make plain. I have tried to avoid this error in the translation which at your request I have made of the story of the blessed Antony. My version always preserves the sense although it does not invariably keep the words of the original. Leave others to catch at syllables and letters, do you for your part look for the meaning." Time would fail me were I to unfold the testimonies of all who have translated only according to the sense. It is sufficient for the present to name Hilary the confessor who has turned some homilies on Job and several treatises on the Psalms from Greek into Latin; yet has not bound himself to the drowsiness of the letter or fettered himself by the stale literalism of inadequate culture. Like a conqueror he has led away captive into his own tongue the meaning of his originals.

7. That secular and church writers should have adopted this line need not surprise us when we consider that the translators of the Septuagint, the evangelists, and the apostles, have done the same in dealing with the sacred writings. We read in Mark [Mark 5:41] of the Lord saying Talitha cumi and it is immediately added "which is interpreted, Damsel, I say unto you, arise." The evangelist may be charged with falsehood for having added the words "I say unto you" for the Hebrew is only "Damsel arise." To emphasize this and to give the impression of one calling and commanding he has added "I say unto you"...

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 57](#)

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Can certain spirit people actually predict the future? Remembering as we ask that it was common belief among the ancients that gods, seers and prophets had the power to do such; in turn owing in part to the notion that events were decreed by the Fates.

My own thought is that certain spirit people can foretell the future, but only insofar and similarly to how meteorological bureaus and pundits can predict the weather. The practice consist not of actually knowing the future, but being able to gauge and deduce it based on past events; combined with a familiarity with long standing patterns of phenomena; patterns occurring over such a broad and wide span of time that they escape (or have escaped) the knowledge and awareness of mere "mortals;" who only live a lifetime and whose records of history are markedly flawed. And when such guess work happens to prove correct, then of course it seems divine or magical to the unthinking and irrational.

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This is the type of song you would hear in the background of some hippie or biker B-movie from the late 60s or early 70s. (Remember when?)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hBbmD20FuSE>

["Poppy Family - Which Way You Goin' Billy (1969 - HD - 720p)"]

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Unbelievable but true. And, like some others, though I have searched over the internet for a plausible explanation for this phenomena (and which I have seen in my own front yard; with one web-cable spanning something like 10 feet long, over 4 feet high and across empty, uninterrupted space), I haven't found one yet.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fPPOFH7M-1M>

["Spider Web Mystery"]

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For someone supposedly so all powerful, it is a wonder he should need to cheat, bully, and hide as much as he does.

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I don't say *he* is playing with a full deck. On the contrary, I never did.

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What? Don't you even know yet who ruined life for everyone? Not even yet?

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=flAaKHd7z8>

["Ocean - Put Your Hand In The Hand (1971 - HQ) (Original Live Audio)"]

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9...Physicians and others who have written on the nature of the human body, and particularly Galen in his books entitled On matters of health, say that the bodies of boys and of young men and of full grown men and women glow with an interior heat and consequently that for persons of these ages all food is injurious which tends to promote this heat: while on the other hand it is highly conducive to health in eating and in drinking to take things cold and cooling. Contrariwise they tell us that warm food and old wine are good for the old who suffer from humours and from chilliness. Hence it is that the Saviour says "Take heed to yourselves lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life." [Luke 21:34] So too speaks the apostle: "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." [Ephesians 5:18] No wonder that the potter spoke thus of the vessel which He had made when even the comic poet whose only object is to know and to describe the ways of men tells us that

Where Ceres fails and Liber, Venus droops.

10. In the first place then, till you have passed the years of early womanhood, take only water to drink, for this is by nature of all drinks the most cooling. This, if your stomach is strong enough to bear it; but if your digestion is weak, hear what the apostle says to Timothy: "use a little wine for your stomach's sake and your frequent infirmities." [1 Timothy 5:23] Then as regards your food you must avoid all heating dishes. I do not speak of flesh dishes only (although of these the chosen vessel declares his mind thus: "it is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine" [Romans 14:21]) but of vegetables as well. Everything provocative or indigestible is to be refused. Be assured that nothing is so good for young Christians as the eating of herbs. Accordingly in another place he says: "another who is weak eats herbs." [Romans 14:2] Thus the heat of the body must be tempered with cold food. Daniel and the three children lived on pulse. [Daniel 1:16] They were still boys and had not come yet to that frying-pan on which the King of Babylon fried the elders who were judges. Moreover, by an express privilege of God's own giving their bodily condition was improved by their regimen. We do not expect that it will be so with us, but we look for increased vigour of soul which becomes stronger as the flesh grows weaker. Some persons who aspire to the life of chastity fall midway in their journey from supposing that they need only abstain from flesh. They load their stomachs with vegetables which are only harmless when taken sparingly and in moderation. If I am to say what I think, there is nothing which so much heats the body and inflames the passions as undigested food and breathing broken with hiccoughs. As for you, my daughter, I would rather wound your modesty than endanger my case by understatement. Regard everything as poison which bears within it the seeds of sensual pleasure. A meagre diet which leaves the appetite always unsatisfied is to be preferred to fasts three days long. It is much better to take a little every day than some days to abstain wholly and on others to surfeit oneself. That rain is best which falls slowly to the ground. Showers that come down suddenly and with violence wash away the soil.

11. When you eat your meals, reflect that you must immediately afterwards pray and read. Have a fixed number of lines of holy scripture, and render it as your task to your Lord. On no account resign yourself to sleep until you have filled the basket of your breast with a woof of this weaving. After the holy scriptures you should read the writings of learned men; of those at any rate whose faith is well known. You need not go into the mire to seek for gold; you have many pearls, buy the one pearl with these. [Matthew 13:45-46] Stand, as Jeremiah says, in more ways than one that so you may come on the true way that leads to the Father. Exchange your love of necklaces and of gems and of silk dresses for earnestness in studying the scriptures. Enter the land of promise that flows with milk and honey. [Exodus 33:3] Eat fine flour and oil. Let your clothing be, like Joseph's, of many colors. [Genesis 37:23] Let your ears like

those of Jerusalem [Ezekiel 16:12] be pierced by the word of God that the precious grains of new grain may hang from them. In that reverend man Exuperius you have a man of tried years and faith ready to give you constant support with his advice.  
~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 54](#)

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His point, in short, is that he can't have his way unless he can use criminal spirit people; and to forbid his employment of them, in effect, makes him unduly weak and feeble (for purposes of serving and fulfilling averred benevolent ends.)

Our response then is (and regardless of who he is and or says he is), he cannot have his way (and claim being right in doing so), and that what he proposes and claims for himself as a right in this way, we thoroughly reject and deem completely unacceptable.

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To the extent cheating is allowed, there is no honor to winning. And while there are those who care nothing for real honor or truth, but everything for material acquisition and mere appearances, all we ask, who are cheated, is to be spared their presence in our private and personal lives -- and they can keep the rest.

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Folly, madness, hypocrisy, fraud, and insincerity know no race, color, nationality, party affiliation, or creed. The only thing that allows you therefore to tell true from false (or more true from more false) is fundamental honesty and right reason. Yet who is it that consistently and most all the time loves and adheres to fundamental honesty or right reason? Such are relatively few. Blame not then race, color, nationality, party affiliation, or creed; for the devil or criminal spirit people, in a given instance, can have his way with any one of these -- and in spite of all good intention. Indeed if you knew the truth, many owe their success and prosperity more to the devil than they realize; though never for a moment could we have doubted that their intentions were benevolent, or at least harmless. Yet if they err or make a mistake, what will be blamed as often as not? Race, color, nationality, party affiliation, and or creed.

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v9X7XBVB2DE>

["My Audition As Book Narrator (Dr.Ruehl)"]

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Why? Because someone screwed up. Someone dropped the ball. Just hope that, when all is said and done, it wasn't you.

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Here are two aphorisms I picked up at Rod McKuen's website the other day, particularly fitting for some pondering or reflection.

"It takes centuries to produce a saint, seconds to make a sinner."

"The way from off a mountaintop is swift."

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Just this year -- and for the very first time *ever* -- a volume has been published of the *complete* short stories of New England-New York City poet William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878). As a story writer, Bryant falls far short of his talent and greatness as a composer of verse. Often times both the characters of his fiction and his plots are thin or else devoid of dramatic verve. In the case of the humorous stories, his efforts to emulate Washington Irving simply fail in any attempt at being funny. The morals of his tales are commendable -- and still timely; being usually conservationist pleas for a return to traditional virtues and a love and appreciation of the natural environment. Even so, such "moral law within me; starry sky above me" preachings are not enough by themselves to make up for a lack of full-bodied characters and an effective and well-told story.

And yet despite his undeniable weaknesses, there is nevertheless something much to love here; including some moving and beautiful descriptions of nature (such as you would expect of him), and also lively and touching depictions of life, particularly rural life, in pre- and post-Revolutionary America. In his earliest tales and as an apprentice constructor of fiction, he is naive but no less charming and amusing for it, because we know he means well; not unlike a child putting on a show that is meant to impress or entertain us. If you want to want to know what it was really like in the old-fashioned and "good old" days, you won't find a better or purer well to draw and drink from on these than Bryant's short stories.

And so with Autumn upon us in only a little over a month, this volume, at least as far as its aforesaid pluses go, gives convincing indications of being excellent reading for that usually cozy and contemplative time of year.

<http://www.amazon.com/Complete-Stories-William-Cullen-Bryant-ebook/dp/B00L5PB2SS>

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4. But perhaps we ought to call Peter and John ignorant, both of whom could say of themselves, "though I be rude in speech, yet not in knowledge." [2 Corinthians 11:6] Was John a mere fisherman, rude and untaught? If so, whence did he get the words "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God and the word was God." [John 1:1] Logos in Greek has many meanings. It signifies word and reason and reckoning and the cause of individual things by which those which are subsist. All of which things we rightly predicate of Christ. This truth Plato with all his learning did not know, of this Demosthenes with all his eloquence was ignorant. "I will destroy," it is said, "the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent." [1 Corinthians 1:19] The true wisdom must destroy the false, and, although the foolishness of preaching [1 Corinthians 1:21] is inseparable from the Cross, Paul speaks "wisdom among them that are perfect, yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world that come to nought," but he speaks "the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world." [1 Corinthians 2:6-7] God's wisdom is Christ, for Christ, we are told, is "the power of God and the wisdom of God." [1 Corinthians 1:24] He is the wisdom which is hidden in a mystery, of which also we read in the heading of the ninth psalm "for the hidden things of the son." In Him are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. He also who was hidden in a mystery is the same that was foreordained before the world. Now it was in the Law and in the Prophets that he was foreordained and prefigured. For this reason too the prophets were called seers, [1 Samuel 9:9] because they saw Him whom others did not see. Abraham saw His day and was glad. [John 8:56] The heavens which were sealed to a rebellious people were opened to Ezekiel. "Open my eyes," says David, "that I may behold wonderful things out of your Law." For "the law is spiritual" [Romans 7:14] and a revelation is needed to enable us to comprehend it and, when God uncovers His face, to behold His glory.  
~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 53](#)

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The soul that is altogether courageous and great is marked above all by two characteristics: one of these is indifference to outward circumstances; for such a person cherishes the conviction that nothing but moral goodness and propriety deserves to be either admired or wished for or striven after, and that he ought not to be subject to any man or any passion or any accident of fortune. The second characteristic is that, when the soul is disciplined in the way above mentioned, one should do deeds not only great and in the highest degree useful, but extremely arduous and laborious and fraught with danger both to life and to many things that make life worth living.  
~ Cicero, *De Officiis*, 20.66

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(Now *that's* more like it. Don't you think?)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gBDNjuazoUY>

["Mouth & MacNeal - How Do You Do (1972)"]

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And you think things *now* are bad...

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=izQB2-Kmiic>

["Zager And Evans - In The Year 2525"]

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The state of mass-media moviedom being what it is, I suppose now the obvious question is "who's next?"

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*"How can a man be so dumb... I've been waiting to laugh in your face ever since I met you. You're old and ugly and I'm sick of you! Sick, sick, sick!"*

Looking for some Margaret Lindsay films to check out, I came across "Scarlet Street" (1945) with Edward G. Robison, Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea and directed by Fritz Lang. Lindsay's part in the film is a small one; so no need to especially mention her with regard to it. Otherwise, if you haven't seen "Scarlet Street" before, this is one you definitely don't want to miss. The movie is an absolute riot and but for the murder that takes place near the end, it might almost have been made into a funny Warner Brothers cartoon or a Fatty Arbuckle comedy (with Arbuckle in the Robinson role.) Just about everyone in this film is wrong and gets it wrong, and the result highly amusing and will echo with you after watching. The performances, I might add, are perfect. The moral of the story? If (just about) all people are as dumb as this, what wonder if life ends up being ruined!

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Though both invoke the divine, all in all, the human characters of Genesis are more sane than those in Homer; not least of which because the greatest people in its story are not warring kings answering to multiple gods, but humble shepherds responsible only to one. At the same time, Genesis is also more believable and (again taken all in all) more like real history; precisely because it is all the more incredible that such people as Abraham and the Israelites could have successfully asserted such monumental greatness despite and in the face of the power of gods and kings, and these last not of one but of several nations. This said, I am not one to disparage the subsequent achievements of the Greeks; as was the case with a few misguided, albeit well intentioned, Church Fathers. Rather both the Greek and Hebrew inheritance are crucial to our happiness and survival. And yet where do the two disparate and jarring cultures meet and harmonize but in Christ? Atheist and agnostics, meanwhile, are neither Jew nor Greek, but rather "New Age."

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9. In dress avoid sombre colours as much as bright ones. Showiness and slovenliness are alike to be shunned; for the one savours of vanity and the other of pride. To go about without a linen scarf on is nothing: what is praiseworthy is to be without money to buy one. It is disgraceful and absurd to boast of having neither napkin nor handkerchief and yet to carry a well-filled purse. Some bestow a trifle on the poor to receive a larger sum themselves and under the cloak of almsgiving do but seek for riches. Such are alms-hunters rather than almsgivers. Their methods are those by which birds, beasts, and fishes are taken. A morsel of bait is put on the hook -- to land a married lady's purse! The church is committed to the bishop; let him take heed whom he appoints to be his almoner. It is better for me to have no money to give away than shamelessly to beg what I mean to hoard. It is arrogance too to wish to seem more liberal than he who is Christ's bishop. "All things are not open to us all." In the church one is the eye, another is the tongue, another the hand, another the foot, others ears, belly, and so on. Read Paul's epistle to the Corinthians and learn how the one body is made up of different members. [1 Corinthians 12:12-27] The rude and simple brother must not suppose himself a saint just because he knows nothing; and he who is educated and eloquent must not measure his saintliness merely by his fluency. Of two imperfect things holy rusticity is better than sinful eloquence.

12. Lay upon yourself only as much fasting as you can bear, and let your fasts be pure, chaste, simple, moderate, and not superstitious. What good is it to use no oil if you seek after the most troublesome and out-of-the-way kinds of food, dried figs, pepper, nuts, dates, fine flour, honey, pistachios? All the resources of gardening are strained to save us from eating household bread; and to pursue dainties we turn our backs on the kingdom of heaven. There are some, I am told, who reverse the laws of nature and the race; for they neither eat bread nor drink water but imbibe thin decoctions of crushed herbs and beet-juice -- not from a cup but from a shell. Shame on us that we have no blushes for such follies and that we feel no disgust at such superstition! To crown all, in the midst of our dainties we seek a reputation for abstinence. The strictest fast is bread and water. But because it brings with it no glory and because we all of us live on bread and water, it is reckoned no fast at all but an ordinary and common matter.

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 52](#)

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When "Rosemary's Baby" (1968) first came out, I was about 7 or 8 years old. And when shortly after I saw the advertisements and heard about it, my reaction was one of scorn and contempt. Well, out of curiosity, I thought I would at last watch it, and, using YouTube pay per view, earlier today I did so. I must say I found it a disgusting and far too drawn out film that would have done better as a half hour "Night Gallery" episode. It is interesting to observe the number of Satanic related movies that poured out subsequent to it, and in which usually the characters are ever shown as helpless at the hands of the evil one, witches, or who have you. Well, some people are helpless anyway. And they blame Charles Manson for evil! Yes, I am sure it would be frightening being a fish in a barrel shot at. But for anyone else looking on, it is still only a fish being shot at in a barrel; pretty cowardly terror tactics in other words and with predictable results. It so happened I had the magician standing by as I was watching, and when the film ended, I was completely laughing and did not need to tell the magician why. Because, you see, *they* tried to pull something somewhat like this on me, and scare *me* to death; only, unlike Rosemary, I beat those people in every way except politically; so really they are just big babies getting away with murder. So much for the great powers of Satan!

*Later Note.* Just incidentally, in case you want to see a film where there are signs that a spirit person (like the magician) was actually near or on the set -- or so at least I strongly suspect is the case -- give "And Now The Screaming Starts!" (1973) a try at:

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ot3\\_ydmuCRc](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ot3_ydmuCRc)

While "Rosemary's Baby" is accurate in capturing the manipulative character, psychological cleverness, and elaborate charades of such people, "Screaming" arguably gives one a better feel of what it is like to actually have an unclean spirit around.

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I was earlier reluctant to bring this up, and even though I at last decided to do so, there will still no doubt be some who won't "get it" or understand what I am referring to. Then, on the other hand, perhaps a few will. What then we have here is an episode, first aired on April 2nd, 1963, of "Combat!" with Vic Morrow, titled "The Battle of the Roses." Now what is of interest about this episode is how extraordinarily absurd, and also prophetic, it is; with its goulash effort to be mystical about religion, murder, romantic love, and sex, and to that extent, it to a significant degree mirrors so much of what we see to day in some of the mass media and those who control it. In other words, the psychology is, I think, remarkably similar -- and equally lunatic, irrational, and, I will venture to guess, strongly influenced by warped and molesting spirit people, and who give receptive others "ideas." Watch for yourself, and see if in this very old program you don't spot some of the same madness and preoccupation with bizarre fantasy that passes for legitimate and respectable culture in much of the movies, television and publishing of today. One question, in light of which, I think ought to be raised is -- how come these kinds of people have so much money, power and production influence? If you ask me, it all seems very strange.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=99ms55IQW9U>

["COMBAT! s.1 ep.26: "The Battle of the Roses" (1963)"]

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It has long been a question with moralists, whether or not, good and evil bring their rewards and punishments in this state of being. While it might be dangerous to infer the affirmative of this mooted point, as it would be cutting off the future and its consequences from those whose real hopes and fears ought to be mainly concentrated in the life that is to come, it would seem to be presuming to suppose that principles like these ever can be nugatory in the control even of our daily concerns. If it be true that God "visits the sins of the fathers upon the children even to the third and fourth generations of them that hate him," and that the seed of the righteous man is never seen begging his bread, there is much reason to believe that a portion of our transgressions is to meet with its punishment here on earth. We think nothing can be more apparent than the fact that, in the light of mere worldly expediency, an upright and high-principled course leads to more happiness than one that is the reverse; and if "honesty is the best policy," after all the shifts and expedients of cupidity, so does virtue lead most unerringly to happiness here, as it opens up the way to happiness hereafter.

~ James Fenimore Cooper, *The Crater* (1847), ch. 19.

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"The one slaughtering an ox, striking a man,  
sacrificing a lamb, breaking a dog's neck,  
Making an offering of pig's blood,  
burning incense, honoring an idol—  
These have chosen their own ways,  
and taken pleasure in their own abominations."  
~ Isaiah, 66:3

Even if you grant that evil is somehow more powerful and successful, both materially and financially, in this world; that its adherents and followers are more enfranchised and numerous as to have the greater say in most everything, even so I say, what could possibly be worth going along with and being like such blind and misguided people? Far better to die alone in a ditch with your soul, heart, and intellectual dignity intact than to live in a delusional or demi-paradise forever accommodating and surrendering to childish fears, nonsense, and madness. So often we forget that so much of the world is what it is, not because of fate, but because of choices people have and do make, and that things don't at all have to necessarily be as and what they are. When then things at large are going badly, take consolation in the thought that you never wished for or wanted it to be this way, and that but others, it might well else be, and or perhaps one day will be, entirely different from how and what it is.

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"...[T]his little life-boat of an Earth, with its noisy crew of a mankind, and all their troubled history, will one day have vanished; faded like a cloud-speck from the azure of the All! What then is man! What then is man! He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith from the beginning gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of Time; that triumphs over Time, and is, and will be, when Time shall be no

more."

~ Thomas Carlyle, "Death of Goethe" (1832) [essay]

It will perhaps come as a surprise, after one has had time to sound the matter, that so much of the culture of western civilization is laced and speckled with the influence of hell, not least of which and including some of the great poets like Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare,\* and Goethe. These too, like many others, are often at pains to give hell its more than fair due, and the reason for why this is that had they not done so, they might else have been crucified before being able to realize their great works and careers.

Even many religious have shared values with hell. One example of this is the idea that because the world or any of mankind is less than righteous, it or they *must* be ipso facto damned and made to suffer torture, degradation and abuse. My goodness, now that's being a little extreme isn't it? I mean not everyone is *so* bad. But here you see is a case where some religious and the Satanist can be got to think they are in agreement. The religious who might believe such are they who are too cowardly and or not sufficiently rational to contend with hell. "Satan's" motive (or such as or like him)? The explanation is obvious; since for him who is so appalling and incomprehensibly guilty, sure, he would like to have it believed that the least fault or sign of weakness is and readily should be seen as a sign of the end of all mankind and the world; or that, and in short, he himself is really no worse than anybody else and anybody else no better than he.

\* *Note.* Shakespeare's method, for example, was to find every type, and glorify and embellish it for dramatic highlighting; only this sometimes results in his being an unintentional pitchman for evil.

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Well, how do you like that? I never knew rats climbed trees. But then it was only in recent years that I ever had the opportunity to find out. (Or ever see a rat first hand to begin with.)

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9. Moreover, I have heard that certain persons have this grievance against me: When I accompanied you to the holy place called Bethel, there to join you in celebrating the Collect, after the use of the Church, I came to a villa called Anablatha and, as I was passing, saw a lamp burning there. Asking what place it was, and learning it to be a church, I went in to pray, and found there a curtain hanging on the doors of the said church, dyed and embroidered. It bore an image either of Christ or of one of the saints; I do not rightly remember whose the image was. Seeing this, and being loth that an image of a man should be hung up in Christ's church contrary to the teaching of the Scriptures, I tore it asunder and advised the custodians of the place to use it as a winding sheet for some poor person. They, however, murmured, and said that if I made up my mind to tear it, it was only fair that I should give them another curtain in its place. As soon as I heard this, I promised that I would give one, and said that I would send it at once. Since then there has been some little delay, due to the fact that I have been seeking a curtain of the best quality to give to them instead of the former one, and thought it right to send to Cyprus for one. I have now sent the best that I could find, and I beg that you will order the presbyter of the place to take the curtain which I have sent from the hands of the Reader, and that you will afterwards give directions that curtains of the other sort— opposed as they are to our religion— shall not be hung up in any church of Christ. A man of your uprightness should be careful to remove an occasion of offense unworthy alike of the Church of Christ and of those Christians who are committed to your charge. Beware of Palladius of Galatia— a man once dear to me, but who now sorely needs God's pity— for he preaches and teaches the heresy of Origen; and see to it that he does not seduce any of those who are entrusted to your keeping into the perverse ways of his erroneous doctrine. I pray that you may fare well in the Lord.

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 51](#)

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In order for there to be significant or society impacting advances and breakthroughs in science and our better understanding of history there has to be a concern and desire for truth and reality. Without that concern and desire, such advances or breakthroughs will have to be left to posterity; assuming posterity itself ever comes around to caring.

The truly pivotal question of our time is not, as some believe, one of religion versus irreligion per se. Rather it is or can be said to be a matter of two general sorts of citizens in conflict. These are:

Group A), those with a concern for justice and morality, right reason, and who possess a requisite courage to support and stand up for the former,

versus and as opposed to

Group B), those who always give in to easy money; who effectually reject the intellect and honest reasoning as authority, and who incline to cowardice. So that people can profess to religion or irreligion, and still and essentially belong to either group. This, at least for the religious, is explained in Matthew 7:21-23:



"Not everyone who says to me, 'Lord, Lord,' will enter the kingdom of heaven, but only the one who does the will of my Father in heaven. Many will say to me on that day, 'Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy in your name? Did we not drive out demons in your name? Did we not do mighty deeds in your name?' Then I will declare to them solemnly, 'I never knew you. Depart from me, you evildoers.'"

In sum, any well-meaning fool or hypocrite can profess religion and still be in the devil's hire. If we learned anything from history, this is one lesson that cannot escape an informed and intelligent person. And the same is also true of intellectuals: there are sincere, honest, reasonable educated persons, and then there are those who merely profess to be so.

"What then," some will ask, "and since the case is not strictly one of religion, what then is Group B's problem? Let's have a better world, and seek to live in a more caring, more just, and well ordered society." The matter is not so simple as it might first appear. Because it is not merely an overweening desire for riches or the gross abandonment of morals and intellect that, of themselves, make things so difficult, indeed frightening. No, there is a third group or player in all this, and that is criminal spirit people.

Since I have written on criminal spirit people at length elsewhere, it is impractical to be reintroducing the subject just here, and I else refer those who are unacquainted with spirit people as an empirical phenomena to my writings, such as my *New Treatise in Hell* and comments among my sundry *Oracles*. However, there are a few points that we can at the moment touch on. One of these is that criminal spirit people have extraordinary powers at their disposal to bribe, brainwash, manipulate, create a group think environment, scandalize and get less than perfect people into big trouble, frighten, and terrorize. The latter can even include things like literal biological, chemical and "medical" warfare. Thus our Group B is not merely or always a bunch of greedy ninnies. Instead they are people who readily or else inevitably surrender to what seem to them invincible spirit people powers, or such powers wielded by their regular (flesh and blood) henchmen. But if this weren't enough, these same criminal spirit people can masquerade, pretend and act as if they represent religion, or any higher authority, whether heavenly, diabolical or secular, to the unwary, timid, dishonest, secretive, and semi-rational.

What then is needed is to wake people up to the existence and the potential scientific understanding of spirit people criminals, and what means and measures might be adopted to combat, thwart and oust them, including using the military. Again, I have spoken else where on these sorts of things. Yet I would close here by mentioning that it must be understood that criminal spirit people have their leadership, and many spirit people themselves are relatively helpless and more or less and to a large degree innocent slaves of such masters. But what is it that drives the masters? One could wax at length on the subject, and that might include noting that such crime bosses may be simply trapped into something they cannot so easily get out of and relinquish; even if they wanted to. And yet while we don't know quite all of where their head is at *right now*, what it seems we can conclude with confidence is that what originally motivated them was an inordinate or grandiose sense of self-importance, envy, self-pity, and, subsequently, a desire for revenge.

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Here's something, which if you can't watch just now (it being almost 2 hours long), you may or will want to bookmark for later. (I learned of this, btw, through the Lesley Gore Fan Club.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IBMhWMMxRY>

["The T.A.M.I. Show (1964)"]

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See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WW36e\\_586lw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WW36e_586lw)

["Pharos of Alexandria" by Rick Wakeman"]

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If, as some have averred, a thousand years ago, say from God's perspective, is no more or older than a blink of an eye, then do death and separation, after all, have any real meaning? Or are these too, as it turns out, simply illusions of a kind?

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Without question, maudlin lyrics and some of the corniest vocals on record, yet a good melody all the same.

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j\\_-SXAzzd-I](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j_-SXAzzd-I)

["The Flying Machine Smile A Little Smile For Me (Dan's 2013 Digital Remaster)"]



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Some reject virtue and truth to obtain riches. But those who know the value of riches seek truth and virtue foremost. For to possess riches without virtue and truth, by and large and ultimately, means merely holding and enjoying such temporarily at the behest of and on the devil's (i.e., criminal spirit people's) behalf -- whose slave they are or will one day become.

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[*Edit.* Jerome writes to thank Eustochium for some presents sent to him by her on the festival of St. Peter...Written at Rome in 384 A.D., on St. Peter's Day.]

1. Doves, bracelets, and a letter are outwardly but small gifts to receive from a virgin, but the action which has prompted them enhances their value. And since honey may not be offered in sacrifice to God, [Leviticus 2:11] you have shown skill in taking off their overmuch sweetness and making them pungent— if I may so say— with a dash of pepper. For nothing that is simply pleasurable or merely sweet can please God. Everything must have in it a sharp seasoning of truth. Christ's passover must be eaten with bitter herbs. [Exodus 12:8]  
2. It is true that a festival such as the birthday of Saint Peter should be seasoned with more gladness than usual; still our merriment must not forget the limit set by Scripture, and we must not stray too far from the boundary of our wrestling-ground. Your presents, indeed, remind me of the sacred volume, for in it Ezekiel decks Jerusalem with bracelets, [Ezekiel 16:11] Baruch receives letters from Jeremiah, and the Holy Spirit descends in the form of a dove at the baptism of Christ. [Matthew 3:16] But to give you, too, a sprinkling of pepper and to remind you of my former letter, I send you today this three-fold warning. Cease not to adorn yourself with good works—the true bracelets of a Christian woman. [1 Timothy 2:10] Rend not the letter written on your heart [2 Corinthians 3:2] as the profane king cut with his penknife that delivered to him by Baruch. [Jeremiah 36:23] Let not Hosea say to you as to Ephraim, “You are like a silly dove.” [Hosea 7:11]  
My words are too harsh, you will say, and hardly suitable to a festival like the present. If so, you have provoked me to it by the nature of your own gifts. So long as you put bitter with sweet, you must expect the same from me, sharp words that is, as well as praise.  
3. However, I do not wish to make light of your gifts, least of all the basket of fine cherries, blushing with such a virgin modesty that I can fancy them freshly gathered by Lucullus himself. For it was he who first introduced the fruit at Rome after his conquest of Pontus and Armenia; and the cherry tree is so called because he brought it from Cerasus. Now as the Scriptures do not mention cherries, but do speak of a basket of figs, [Jeremiah 24:1-3] I will use these instead to point my moral. May you be made of fruits such as those which grow before God's temple and of which He says, “Behold they are good, very good.” [Jeremiah 24:3] The Saviour likes nothing that is half and half, and, while he welcomes the hot and does not shun the cold, he tells us in the Apocalypse that he will spew the lukewarm out of his mouth. [Revelation 3:15-16] Wherefore we must be careful to celebrate our holy day not so much with abundance of food as with exultation of spirit. For it is altogether unreasonable to wish to honor a martyr by excess who himself, as you know, pleased God by fasting. When you take food always recollect that eating should be followed by reading, and also by prayer. And if, by taking this course, you displease some, repeat to yourself the words of the Apostle: “If I yet pleased men I should not be the servant of Christ” [Galatians 1:10]  
~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 31](#)

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...*Tell Me About It*

"[T]hose whose whole lives are wasted in paltry and illiberal thoughts and habits cannot possibly produce any work worthy of the lasting reverence of mankind."  
~Longinus, [On the Sublime](#), X.

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I evidently did or said *something* right of late; since "they" have stepped up considerably their assaults and abuse. Who knows, perhaps they are looking at finally being prosecuted and sent to prison after all these years (and where they so long and justly should have been in the first place.)

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It's official. See:

<http://www.jedichurch.org/>

and

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jediism>

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For a relatively quick and helpful overview of the history of the mid to late Middle Ages, that is from the 9th to the 15th century, here is a convenient outline by Edward Gibbon as taken from his *Miscellaneous Works*.

[Gibbon-Outline.pdf](#)

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r5oWhc0VBzE>

["Mantovani - Born Free"]

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According to Genesis 3:16, men did not have authority over women, or else be thought to require such, until *after* the Fall; so that before then, male and female would seem to have been effectively equal in paradisaal status.

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[To Marcella]

2...Who can sufficiently eulogize our dear Lea's mode of living? So complete was her conversion to the Lord that, becoming the head of a monastery, she showed herself a true mother to the virgins in it, wore coarse sackcloth instead of soft raiment, passed sleepless nights in prayer, and instructed her companions even more by example than by precept. So great was her humility that she, who had once been the mistress of many, was accounted the servant of all; and certainly, the less she was reckoned an earthly mistress the more she became a servant of Christ. She was careless of her dress, neglected her hair, and ate only the coarsest food. Still, in all that she did, she avoided ostentation that she might not have her reward in this world. [Matthew 6:2]

3. Now, therefore, in return for her short toil, Lea enjoys everlasting felicity; she is welcomed into the choirs of the angels; she is comforted in Abraham's bosom. And, as once the beggar Lazarus saw the rich man, for all his purple, lying in torment, so does Lea see the consul, not now in his triumphal robe but clothed in mourning, and asking for a drop of water from her little finger. [Luke 16:19-24] How great a change have we here! A few days ago the highest dignitaries of the city walked before him as he ascended the ramparts of the capitol like a general celebrating a triumph; the Roman people leapt up to welcome and applaud him, and at the news of his death the whole city was moved. Now he is desolate and naked, a prisoner in the foulest darkness, and not, as his unhappy wife falsely asserts, set in the royal abode of the milky way. On the other hand Lea, who was always shut up in her one closet, who seemed poor and of little worth, and whose life was accounted madness, [Wisdom 5:4] now follows Christ and sings, "Like as we have heard, so have we seen in the city of our God."

4. And now for the moral of all this, which, with tears and groans, I conjure you to remember. While we run the way of this world, we must not clothe ourselves with two coats, that is, with a twofold faith, or burden ourselves with leathern shoes, that is, with dead works; we must not allow scrips filled with money to weigh us down, or lean upon the staff of worldly power. [Matthew 10:10] We must not seek to possess both Christ and the world. No; things eternal must take the place of things transitory; [2 Corinthians 4:18] and since, physically speaking, we daily anticipate death, if we wish for immortality we must realize that we are but mortal.

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 23](#)

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Wiser people defer joys in order to better preserve and experience them. So too for us does God, only He knows better than wise people.

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### Rat City Rollergirls join Elections voter campaign



With the help of a diverse cadre of local celebrities, King County Elections shares voting tips with the public through an eye-catching education campaign. In 2013, Rat City Rollergirls and news anchors Connie Thompson, Mark Wright and Joyce Taylor donated their time and celebrity status by joining the campaign. Ads featuring these and other celebrities emphasized the importance of returning ballots early and other tips.

Who will join the Elections' team in 2014? Keep your eyes open.

"Local celebrities," all of whom rest assured work for the same billionaire and mass media crime syndicate, come forth to aid the "get out the vote" effort; such that the recent King County Elections voters guide and pamphlet comes with pictures of *your* favorite stars, plus fun games like crossword puzzles. I only wish I, or someone else without as such any money, got to be the one to pick the celebrities and games. "Oh, what's the fuss?" someone responds. "Democratic government these days is all a big joke anyway." Maybe, maybe not. In any event, can someone otherwise please tell me what city "rat city" is supposed to refer to?

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Only when and to the extent it is distant from truth, does *it* lose value or risk becoming wholly false. So that *of itself*, it is not necessarily either so good or so bad a thing; though granted it may be made to *seem* so.

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His doing things wrong or wickedly was for him the best idea he could conceive or come up with; which, if you think about it, is after all rather laughable. Nor does his being far more guilty than most prevent him from shaming and blaming others all the time. Even so, even so, countless are the know- and think-nothings in his servitude and thrall. So that now and by this hour we find ourselves so surrounded by such innumerable dumbbells and deceived persons that for some it might make little difference if they chose the solitary life of a forest hermit and abandoned society to live with pillars of living wood and blocks of stone; that is to say, instead of with people of that description.

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"...tell truth and shame the devil."  
~ Henry IV, part 1, act III, scn. 1.

There is no true freedom, real dignity, or brotherhood among liars, cowards, habitual keepers of secrets, and the casually irrational. All are fellow slaves to one great master; no matter how much money they have; no matter how highly placed in society they are; no matter what concerns of and for philanthropy and the common welfare they express. "What," someone might object, "who are *you* to assert this?" To which I answer, I am such a one that such people, as I describe, cannot face. Hence, the need of a select some of them to gang up on, physically abuse, and effectively black ball, and isolate me from others for over two decades now. For if what I have said wasn't or isn't true, why then the need that such brutal and extreme measures to be employed? "But still you must suffer such things." Yes, I reply again, but this is *far, far* less than what a willing slave or a madman suffers being a coward, etc., and never for a moment, all these many years, and despite all I have been put through have I ever had the least regret in rejecting and defying such people.

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But then it might or would be argued:

"If this world is but an illusion, then it must be all right for us to do wrong; since what is here isn't real."

*One* response to this is to contend that the moral law and right reason are not (as such) of and do not derive their force and authority from *this* world; so that to ignore or disregard the moral law and right reason is to violate true existence and that which is, or leads up to, that which is actually real. In this sense, the moral law and right reason are superior to the images and shadows of existence, while betokening something infinitely greater and more lasting. Thus, at any rate, is how some have or would see it.

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Life, the world getting you down perhaps? Not to worry -- that is, *if* you are a Platonist. Why? Because for a Platonist matter and this world as we know and are accustomed to think of them don't really exist, and are merely an image or shadow of true existence. At least so construes Clement of Alexandria; who in his *Stromata*, Book 5, ch. 14, remarks:

"But the philosophers, the Stoics, and Plato, and Pythagoras, nay more, Aristotle the Peripatetic, suppose the existence of matter among the first principles; and not one first principle. Let them then know that what is called matter by them, is said by them to be without quality, and without form, and more daringly said by Plato to be non-existence. And does he not say very mystically, knowing that the true and real first cause is one, in these very words: 'Now, then, let our opinion be so. As to the first principle or principles of the universe, or what opinion we ought to entertain about all these points, we are not now to speak, for no other cause than on account of its being difficult to explain our sentiments in accordance with the present form of discourse.'"

So much for existentialism!

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[Letter 22, continued from last week.]

10. There are, in the Scriptures, countless divine answers condemning gluttony and approving simple food. But as fasting is not my present theme and an adequate discussion of it would require a treatise to itself, these few observations must suffice of the many which the subject suggests. By them you will understand why the first man, obeying his belly and not God, was cast down from paradise into this vale of tears; and why Satan used hunger to tempt the Lord Himself in the wilderness; [Matthew 4:2-3] and why the apostle cries: "Meats for the belly and the belly for meats, but God shall destroy both it and them;" [1 Corinthians 6:13] and why he speaks of the self-indulgent as men "whose God is their belly." [Philippians 3:19] For men invariably worship what they like best. Care must be taken, therefore, that abstinence may bring back to Paradise those whom satiety once drove out.

18. Be like the grasshopper and make night musical. Nightly wash your bed and water your couch with your tears. Watch and be like the sparrow alone upon the housetop. Sing with the spirit, but sing with the understanding also. [1 Corinthians 14:15] And let your song be that of the psalmist: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits; who forgives all your iniquities; who heals all your diseases; who redeems your life from destruction." Can we, any of us, honestly make his words our own: "I have eaten ashes like bread and mingled my drink with weeping?" Yet, should we not weep and groan when the serpent invites us, as he invited our first parents, to eat forbidden fruit, and when after expelling us from the paradise of virginity he desires to clothe us with mantles of skins such as that which Elijah, on his return to paradise, left behind him on earth? [2 Kings 2:13] Say to yourself: "What have I to do with the pleasures of sense that so soon come to an end? What have I to do with the song of the sirens so sweet and so fatal to those who hear it?" I would not have you subject to that sentence whereby condemnation has been passed upon mankind...

24...Read the gospel and see how Mary sitting at the feet of the Lord is set before the zealous Martha. In her anxiety to be hospitable Martha was preparing a meal for the Lord and His disciples; yet Jesus said to her: "Martha, Martha, you are careful and troubled about many things. But few things are needful or one. And Mary has chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." [Luke 10:41-42] Be then like Mary; prefer the food of the soul to that of the body. Leave it to your sisters to run to and fro and to seek how they may fitly welcome Christ. But do you, having once for all cast away the burden of the world, sit at the Lord's feet and say: "I have found him whom my soul loves; I will hold him, I will not let him go." [Song of Songs 3:4] And He will answer: "My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her." [Song of Songs 6:9] Now the mother of whom this is said is the heavenly Jerusalem. [Galatians 4:26]

39. The things that I have here set forth will seem hard to her who loves not Christ. But one who has come to regard all the splendor of the world as off-scourings, and to hold all things under the sun as vain, that he may win Christ; [Philippians 3:8] one who has died with his Lord and risen again, and has crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts; he will boldly cry out: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" and again: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

41. Emerge, I pray you, for a while from your prison-house, and paint before your eyes the reward of your present toil, a reward which "eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man." [1 Corinthians 2:9]...As often as this life's idle show tries to charm you; as often as you see in the world some vain pomp, transport yourself in mind to Paradise, essay to be now what you will be hereafter, and you will hear your Spouse say: "Set me as a sunshade in your heart and as a seal upon your arm." And then, strengthened in body as well as in mind, you, too, will cry aloud and say: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." [Song of Songs 8:7]

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 22](#)

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(Nice live version [audio only] from 1979.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kfgpHHQdju4>

["Moody Blues, The DAY WE MEET AGAIN. (LIVE IN 79) from octave."]

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*In "the more things change..." department.*

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o-sHeX8-7Mc>

["The House of the Seven Gables - Trailer" -- actually a clip from the 1940 film, and in which a very youthful Vincent Price upbraids George Sanders for the latter's wishing to retain the long plagued family home.]

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Who can explain it? Billion dollar Microsoft spends millions to produce music videos by Paul McCartney? It is hard to imagine many things more ridiculous than this. And yet I think the conclusion or moral to be drawn is that McCartney has become a prisoner of his riches while now criminally and operated Microsoft (as of and after its take over post-Bill Gates by mass media and entertainment "entrepreneurs") continues on its downward spiral toward technological mediocrity and illimitable absurdity.

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Wow, Marijuana legal in the state of Washington! After years of waiting how could I resist? So I went to go try it out at the new Cannabis City dispensary on 4th Ave S. in Seattle, and I must say I could not observe waiting in line (for about a half hour), in addition to what I known previously, that marijuana smokers, unless and when tied to crime otherwise, are among the most brotherly and sisterly people in the secular world. And they come in and from all kinds of incomes, races, denominations, physical body shapes and dress. The hitherto problem with marijuana really was legalization, and which enriched and empowered gangsters while outlawing countless otherwise decent and law-abiding citizens. At the same time, hard-core witchcraft people, including the ghoulish magician, obviously disapprove of marijuana because it can interfere with his magic and mind control.

Yet I wouldn't in the least tell you that marijuana is somehow for everyone. It isn't, and as always nothing to excess or being stupid. But, and aside from children and very young people, even so I do believe the vast majority of the population can handle it; if they are or were to be ever disposed to smoke. Hurray for Washington! Hurray for real freedom -- again!

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You want my honest opinion? I personally would have them cast into outer darkness. Though this understandably sounds extremely harsh, I nonetheless would spare them this if only they could be got, and finally, to mind their own business (and stop constantly forcing themselves on others.)

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Yv9st1ecfqs>

["Andy Williams - Without You"]

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*With Ralph Bellamy and Anna May Wong.*

*"Oh, would that I not seen her.  
Then I had been spared!"*  
~ A philosopher.

Some women are so beautiful that they command not only your respect but your love as well -- as if the first were not sufficient, and, which as many men have come to learn, can be quite annoying. This is by no means to blame such women; after all credit must be given its fair due, and what just blame can be attached to someone who is genuinely beautiful? But I think what happens and rather what bothers us is that we men come to resent the idea that we don't have full control of ourselves or not so much as we thought we did.

Well, without warning I find myself in the throes, or something like the throes of, of being in love again. Hitherto, my most favorite film actresses of the 30s and 40s have been Olivia de Havilland, Merle Oberon, Fay Wray, and Rita Hayworth (and mayhap Vivien Leigh too?) But now I must add a fifth.

Margaret Lindsay.

Who is Margaret Lindsay?

Well, I myself did not know until over a week ago. What happened was I was fast forwarding, browsing through the wartime thriller, "British Intelligence" (1940), starring Boris Karloff; wanting to determine whether it was worth my watching or not; when before long this female face showed up in the frames. I caught myself pausing and saying, "Now wait a minute. Who on earth is *that*?"

In case you are curious, and as someone has pointed out, "British Intelligence" is, taken all in all and Margaret Lindsay aside, a pretty good film and merits seeing. Yet even so, it was Margaret Lindsay (1910- 1981) that for me proved the most interesting thing about it.

Afterward I did further internet and YouTube searches of her, and if you yourself per chance are, like me, further interested in seeing Margaret Lindsay on film, someone very kindly has uploaded the whole Ellery Queen series she did in the early to mid 40s with Ralph Bellamy. (Look up "Ellery Queen" on YouTube, and compare what shows up there with what it's in the imdb for Bellamy or Lindsay.)

Now what is it that made Margaret Lindsay so very special? Well, perhaps it is the low voice, the lively eyes, the lovely face, the impeccable timing, or the masterly sense of humor (she's definitely has it in her to be *quite* and very amusing), the natural flow of her movements, a winning, teathy smile. Very charming. Really there are so many things one might point out. She reminds me of a sophisticated musical instrument that needs to be tightly strung and finely tuned in order to be played properly, and in Margaret Lindsay's case, though perhaps her good looks don't *always* keep up with everything else, the vast majority of the time she is tightly strung and finely tuned.

The next thing you might want to know is "what happened to her?" She never married, and there is a rumor floating about that she ended up a lesbian. But as someone pointed out, there is no actual or extant evidence for this. And those acquainted with Hollywood history know that this sort of speculation and mongering is a favorite pastime of some. And yet why did she never marry? How, as well, is it she so rapidly faded from sight and relative prominence? Mulling over very this, I was informed by the magician that she had become pregnant by a married man -- though I forbade him telling me any more than this. For one thing, I don't like trusting people like him, and furthermore I think other people's private lives (unless such involve felony or violent crime) are people's own business and not anybody else's. At any rate and even so, there is a mystery of one kind or another here.

But whatever the story, I tell you I'm sold!



*Later Note.* It must be admitted that at the time of writing the above I forgot I had long ago also seen Lindsay in "House of the Seven Gables" (1940) with Vincent Price. I suppose the reason for my not readily recollecting her is that, as Hepzibah in that film, she plays a very serious role unlike any of her others (and most of this as *old* Hepzibah), and which allows little room for playfulness or being funny -- though as young Hepzibah, yes, she is otherwise memorable in that brief space of the film for being, as I've described her, characteristically attractive.

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The only Christianity or Christian faith that fails is a Christianity that that appeases childishness; that is reluctant to be honest; that hedges at being fully rational; that (out of cowardice and or unthinking credulity) surrenders both honesty and right reason to spirit person wonders. *That* invariably, and notwithstanding all good intention, is the Christianity that inevitably disappoints and is clumsily mistaken for the real thing.

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JOSEPH ADDISON ON TRUE VERSUS FALSE WIT.

~ From *The Spectator*, No. 35. Tuesday, April 10, 1711.

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*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.*

—Martial.

[Nothing is more foolish than the laughter of fools.]

Among all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of humor, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up men of humor, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought, do we meet with? If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humor; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavor to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humorists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering that humor should always lie under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than to laugh at anything he writes.

The deceased Mr. Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as very much surprised to hear one say that breaking of windows was not humor; and I question not but several English readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a distempered brain, than works of humor.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humor, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humor to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of a collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humor. Humor therefore being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behavior, and fantastic in his dress: insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocular as a Merry-Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers, when they meet with this pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descended from Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as True Humor generally looks serious, while everybody laughs about him; False Humor is always laughing, whilst everybody about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious, and a cheat.

The impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from Falsehood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a son called Frenzy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known, by the name of Laughter, on whom he begot that monstrous infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humor, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humor, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations.

Falsehood.

Nonsense.

Frenzy--Laughter.  
False Humor.

Truth.  
Good Sense.  
Wit--Mirth.  
Humor.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of False Humor, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might in particular enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that False Humor differs from the True, as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, he is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, he so much delights in mimicry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty. Thirdly, he is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavor to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For having but small talents, he must be merry where he can, not where he should.

Fourthly, being entirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, being incapable of anything but mock representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of false humorists; but, as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit, which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits, that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed myself, of attacking multitudes: since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeler and lampooner, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

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And first, before I speak to you of my belief (which you know full well), I am forced to cry out against the inhumanity of this country. A hackneyed quotation best expresses my meaning:

What savages are these who will not grant  
A rest to strangers, even on their sands!  
They threaten war and drive us from their coasts.

I take this from a Gentile poet that one who disregards the peace of Christ may at least learn its meaning from a heathen. I am called a heretic, although I preach the consubstantial trinity. I am accused of the Sabellian impiety although I proclaim with unwearied voice that in the Godhead there are three distinct, real, whole, and perfect persons. The Arians do right to accuse me, but the orthodox forfeit their orthodoxy when they assail a faith like mine. They may, if they like, condemn me as a heretic; but if they do they must also condemn Egypt and the West, Damascus and Peter. Why do they fasten the guilt on one and leave his companions uncensured? If there is but little water in the stream, it is the fault, not of the channel, but of the source. I blush to say it, but from the caves which serve us for cells we monks of the desert condemn the world. Rolling in sack-cloth and ashes, we pass sentence on bishops. What use is the robe of a penitent if it covers the pride of a king? Chains, squalor, and long hair are by right tokens of sorrow, and not ensigns of royalty. I merely ask leave to remain silent. Why do they torment a man who does not deserve their ill-will? I am a heretic, you say. What is it to you if I am? Stay quiet, and all is said. You are afraid, I suppose, that, with my fluent knowledge of Syriac and Greek, I shall make a tour of the churches, lead the people into error, and form a schism! I have robbed no man of anything; neither have I taken what I have not earned. With my own hand [1 Corinthians 4:12] daily and in the sweat of my brow [Genesis 3:19] I labor for my food, knowing that it is written by the apostle: "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." [2 Thessalonians 3:10]  
~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 17](#)

How often, when I was living in the desert, in the vast solitude which gives to hermits a savage dwelling-place, parched by a burning sun, how often did I fancy myself among the pleasures of Rome! I used to sit alone because I was filled with bitterness. Sackcloth disfigured my unshapely limbs and my skin from long neglect had become as black as an Ethiopian's. Tears and groans were every day my portion; and if drowsiness chanced to overcome my struggles against it, my bare bones, which hardly held together, clashed against the ground. Of my food and drink I say nothing: for, even in sickness, the solitaries have nothing but cold water, and to eat one's food cooked is looked upon as self-indulgence. Now, although in my fear of hell I had consigned myself to this prison, where I had no companions but scorpions and wild beasts, I often found myself amid bevy of girls. My face was pale and my frame chilled with fasting; yet my mind was burning with desire, and the fires of lust kept bubbling up before me when my flesh was as good as



dead. Helpless, I cast myself at the feet of Jesus, I watered them with my tears, I wiped them with my hair: and then I subdued my rebellious body with weeks of abstinence. I do not blush to avow my abject misery; rather I lament that I am not now what once I was. I remember how I often cried aloud all night till the break of day and ceased not from beating my breast till tranquillity returned at the chiding of the Lord. I used to dread my very cell as though it knew my thoughts; and, stern and angry with myself, I used to make my way alone into the desert. Wherever I saw hollow valleys, craggy mountains, steep cliffs, there I made my oratory, there the house of correction for my unhappy flesh. There, also— the Lord Himself is my witness— when I had shed copious tears and had strained my eyes towards heaven, I sometimes felt myself among angelic hosts, and for joy and gladness sang: “because of the savour of your good ointments we will run after you.” [Song of Songs 1:3-4]

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 22](#)

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See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6cchFYKuj\\_c](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6cchFYKuj_c)

["A Toast (to General Washington), (Francis Hopkinson, 1778)"]

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UZqz9Vz7NI0>

["Locatelli, Concerto no. 2, C min., (1733) 1st mov., Wallfisch & the Raglan Baroque Players"]

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### *On Time Travel*

It is a curious yet true fact to observe that in some places in this world one can, with the assistance of a little imagination, picture themselves strolling at a point in time of many years ago, and for some locales even centuries or millennia; so as to engage in a kind of time travel. To give you an illustration of what I mean, I usually start my day at about 3 or 4 in the morning at which time I go for a walk down and around a local park not far from where I live. Pretty much all the houses in my neighborhood, and adjoining neighborhoods, date back to about the 20s, with some of an even earlier date. So that unless I encounter someone or see a modern day car, there are spots or stretches where I might easily and just as well think myself back in the 20s, the 30s, the 40s, the 50s, etc.; again, that is, at that earlier hour of the morning, when no one is around and I don't come in view of a modern car. So that what I am see around me is, or can be, effectively how things would have looked decades ago. I then can imagine, say, it's 1928, and Calvin Coolidge is president, or the earlier 1930s when sound films are just coming into vogue, or to sometime in the 40s with World War in full swing, and of course many, many other special dates that might come to mind that would fit within the allotted time frame. If but briefly, people, now long dead, are alive again, and I can picture myself as a passing sojourner of that bygone era; while I imagine my being concerned about something *then* that was or might have been of importance; including reflections on and of life and mortality, and the passage of years; as these things might have been thought about way back when.

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Why is he now, seemingly all of a sudden, having this problem or why have such troubles befallen him? My guess is that either a) he finally decided to reject and refuse to go along with S., or b) he's been showing himself indifferent to S., or else c) he's been cooperating too well in being compliant and friendly with S.

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Generally and overall, I find (relatively) low budget Italian films, from way back when, speak louder from the heart than those of any other nation and or budget level. True, they often suffer from being a bit too naïve. And yet naïve is not the same as dumb or dumbbell. Dumb or dumbbell, rather, implies phony or pretentious, and these they are certainly not.

A good example of this is a 1954 film I saw this past weekend starring Boris Karloff, and titled "Island Monster;" about drug traffickers who kidnap little Peppina, but whose likeable dog loyally follows and keeps with her to see that she is rescued at the end. At first I wasn't too sure about the film, but when it was all done, I must say I most heartedly liked it. Granted, the bad dubbing is a bit of a problem; and has been complained of at the imdb. This, however, is a relatively minor fault, and, again, I ended up having a fun time watching. I saw "Island Monster" on DVD, but it is also for viewing on YouTube at:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3fdnbPQIba8>

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Samuel Johnson wrote "Where there is fiction, there is no passion." Although he was speaking about literature (particularly with respect to genres such as pastoral poetry and overly abstract mythological yarns), the same is true also of morals, religion, and all love generally.

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[Letter 10]

1. The shortness of man's life is the punishment for man's sin; and the fact that even on the very threshold of the light death constantly overtakes the new-born child proves that the times are continually sinking into deeper depravity. For when the first tiller of paradise had been entangled by the serpent in his snaky coils, and had been forced in consequence to migrate earthwards, although his deathless state was changed for a mortal one, yet the sentence of man's curse was put off for nine hundred years, or even more, a period so long that it may be called a second immortality. Afterwards sin gradually grew more and more virulent, till the ungodliness of the giants [Genesis 6:4] brought in its train the shipwreck of the whole world. Then when the world had been cleansed by the baptism—if I may so call it—of the deluge, human life was contracted to a short span. Yet even this we have almost altogether wasted, so continually do our iniquities fight against the divine purposes. For how few there are, either who go beyond their hundredth year, or who, going beyond it, do not regret that they have done so; according to that which the Scripture witnesses in the book of Psalms: "the days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow" ...

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 10](#)

[Letter 11]

...Pardon, I beseech you, an aggrieved man: if I speak in tears and in anger it is because I have been injured. For in return for my regular letters you have not sent me a single syllable. Light, I know, has no communion with darkness, [2 Corinthians 6:14] and God's handmaidens no fellowship with a sinner, yet a harlot was allowed to wash the Lord's feet with her tears, and dogs are permitted to eat of their masters' crumbs. [Matthew 15:27] It was the Saviour's mission to call sinners and not the righteous; for, as He said Himself, "they that be whole need not a physician." [Matthew 9:12-13] He wills the repentance of a sinner rather than his death, [Ezekiel 33:11] and carries home the poor stray sheep on His own shoulders. [Luke 15:5] So, too, when the prodigal son returns, his father receives him with joy. [Luke 15:20] Nay more, the apostle says: "Judge nothing before the time." [1 Corinthians 4:5] For "who are you that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he stands or falls." [Romans 14:4] And "let him that stands take heed lest he fall." [1 Corinthians 10:12] "Bear ye one another's burdens." [Galatians 6:2]

Dear sisters, man's envy judges in one way, Christ in another; and the whisper of a corner is not the same as the sentence of His tribunal. Many ways seem right to men which are afterwards found to be wrong. [Proverbs 14:12] And a treasure is often stowed in earthen vessels. [2 Corinthians 4:7] Peter thrice denied his Lord, yet his bitter tears restored him to his place. "To whom much is forgiven, the same loves much." [Luke 7:47] No word is said of the flock as a whole, yet the angels joy in heaven over the safety of one sick ewe. [Luke 15:7]...

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 11](#)

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(A Partial) Checklist.

\* Religious faith doesn't necessarily reimburse you everyday (at least not everyone and or not overtly perhaps), but certainly some days and in the future; and on days and in the future when you will most need its help. Meantime, those who go without, and who can't claim substantial innocence otherwise, risk the fate of becoming starving and thirsting souls.

\* If church or government is less good than it should be, it is often because it is infiltrated by people who are against church and or government, yet who, consciously deceiving or themselves deceived, maintain they are its supporters.

\* If the church doesn't do as much in one area of endeavor as it should, do you then become that part of it that does.

\* The devil loves love, at least if he can control or oversee it and on his terms. It's truth he has a problem with, and it is this that shuts him out from real love and which helps to immunize others (that is those who are genuinely and predominantly honest and rational) from his various slaveries.

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Also worth quoting.

(The book from which this excerpt is taken, by the way -- and along with its companion volumes, *Classical Influences on English Poetry* and *Classical Influences on English Prose* [by the same author] -- I would enthusiastically recommend to anyone with a serious interest in English literature and English speaking literatures. In fact, some, like myself, will find them indispensable guides for better understanding both ancient and more modern writers, as well as their historical links and ties to each other. )

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The conception of a limited number of self-contained forms is naturally accompanied by a profound respect for tradition. Indeed the tradition is largely concerned in maintaining them. Here is another point of difference between ancient and modern. To the classical as to the medieval artist the tradition seemed of priceless value; his aim was to make use of it, if possible to carry it a little farther. To break with the tradition merely for the sake of that gesture, in order to be thought original, would have seemed to him not so much wrong as foolish. Why should he throw away the instrument already made to his hand?..[H]ere no doubt he had much of the truth on his side, for true originality does not consist in breaking rules...Yet it does not follow that everyone can use tradition rightly. It may save a second-rate man from disastrous failure; it will not save him from being dull. It was dullness of the second-raters as much as anything that led to the 'Romantic' rebellion at the end of the eighteenth century. The inference is -- and the ancients certainly drew it -- that whoever is to follow tradition successfully cannot dispense with originality. Rather he needs it more than another. Where it was thought so important to cherish the traditional elements in literature, it was inevitable that literature itself should be regarded as the result of a continuous process. It was a tree continually putting forth new flowers and fruits, not a store to which you made contributions...

~J.A.K. Thomson, *The Classical Background of English Literature* (1948), pp. 34-35.

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*Busted!*

It is my practice, my lord, to refer to you all matters concerning which I am in doubt. For who can better give guidance to my hesitation or inform my ignorance? I have never participated in trials of Christians. I therefore do not know what offenses it is the practice to punish or investigate, and to what extent. And I have been not a little hesitant as to whether there should be any distinction on account of age or no difference between the very young and the more mature; whether pardon is to be granted for repentance, or, if a man has once been a Christian, it does him no good to have ceased to be one; whether the name itself, even without offenses, or only the offenses associated with the name are to be punished.

Meanwhile, in the case of those who were denounced to me as Christians, I have observed the following procedure: I interrogated these as to whether they were Christians; those who confessed I interrogated a second and a third time, threatening them with punishment; those who persisted I ordered executed. For I had no doubt that, whatever the nature of their creed, stubbornness and inflexible obstinacy surely deserve to be punished. There were others possessed of the same folly; but because they were Roman citizens, I signed an order for them to be transferred to Rome.

Soon accusations spread, as usually happens, because of the proceedings going on, and several incidents occurred. An anonymous document was published containing the names of many persons. Those who denied that they were or had been Christians, when they invoked the gods in words dictated by me, offered prayer with incense and wine to your image, which I had ordered to be brought for this purpose together with statues of the gods, and moreover cursed Christ--none of which those who are really Christians, it is said, can be forced to do--these I thought should be discharged. Others named by the informer declared that they were Christians, but then denied it, asserting that they had been but had ceased to be, some three years before, others many years, some as much as twenty-five years. They all worshipped your image and the statues of the gods, and cursed Christ.

They asserted, however, that the sum and substance of their fault or error had been that they were accustomed to meet on a fixed day before dawn and sing responsively a hymn to Christ as to a god, and to bind themselves by oath, not to some crime, but not to commit fraud, theft, or adultery, not falsify their trust, nor to refuse to return a trust when called upon to do so. When this was over, it was their custom to depart and to assemble again to partake of food--but ordinary and innocent food. Even this, they affirmed, they had ceased to do after my edict by which, in accordance with your instructions, I had forbidden political associations. Accordingly, I judged it all the more necessary to find out what the truth was by torturing two female slaves who were called deaconesses. But I discovered nothing else but depraved, excessive superstition.

I therefore postponed the investigation and hastened to consult you. For the matter seemed to me to warrant consulting you, especially because of the number involved. For many persons of every age, every rank, and also of both sexes are and will be endangered. For the contagion of this superstition has spread not only to the cities but also to the villages and farms. But it seems possible to check and cure it. It is certainly quite clear that the temples, which had been almost deserted, have begun to be frequented, that the established religious rites, long neglected, are being resumed, and that from everywhere sacrificial animals are coming, for which until now very few purchasers could be found. Hence it is easy to imagine what a multitude of people can be reformed if an opportunity for repentance is afforded.

~ Pliny the Younger, writing as governor of Pontus (from 111 to 113 A.D.) to Emperor Trajan, [\*Letters\*, 10.96-97](#)

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When in doubt -- pray for peace and say *no* to the teaching of demons.

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But for the power of love, existence can and does indeed bite and sting.

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And what, pray, will he have inscribed on his tombstone? Does he intend on keeping that anonymous as well?

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[Letter 1]

1....You in reply urge that in the things of God we must look not at the work which we are able to accomplish, but at the spirit in which it is undertaken, and that he can never be at a loss for words who has believed on the Word.

2. What, then, must I do? The task is beyond me, and yet I dare not decline it. I am a mere unskilled passenger, and I find myself placed in charge of a freighted ship. I have not so much as handled a rowboat on a lake, and now I have to trust myself to the noise and turmoil of the Euxine [the present day Black Sea]. I see the shores sinking beneath the horizon, "sky and sea on every side"; darkness lowers over the water, the clouds are black as night, the waves only are white with foam. You urge me to hoist the swelling sails, to loosen the sheets, and to take the helm. At last I obey your commands, and as charity can do all things, I will trust in the Holy Ghost to guide my course, and I shall console myself, whatever the event. For, if our ship is wafted by the surf into the wished-for haven, I shall be content to be told that the pilotage was poor. But, if through my unpolished diction we run aground amid the rough cross-currents of language, you may blame my lack of power, but you will at least recognize my good intentions.

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 1](#)

[Letter 7]

5. The fact is that my native land is a prey to barbarism, that in it men's only God is their belly, that they live only for the present, and that the richer a man is the holier he is held to be. Moreover, to use a well-worn proverb, the dish has a cover worthy of it; for Lupicinus is their priest. Like lips like lettuce, as the saying goes— the only one, as Lucilius tells us, at which Crassus ever laughed—the reference being to a donkey eating thistles. What I mean is that an unstable pilot steers a leaking ship, and that the blind is leading the blind straight to the pit. The ruler is like the ruled.

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 7](#)

[Letter 8]

The comic poet Turpilius says of the exchange of letters that it alone makes the absent present. The remark, though occurring in a work of fiction, is not untrue. For what more real presence— if I may so speak— can there be between absent friends than speaking to those whom they love in letters, and in letters hearing their reply? Even those Italian savages, the Cascans of Ennius, who— as Cicero tells us in his books on rhetoric— hunted their food like beasts of prey, were wont, before paper and parchment came into use, to exchange letters written on tablets of wood roughly planed, or on strips of bark torn from the trees. For this reason men called letter-carriers tablet-bearers, and letter-writers bark-users, because they used the bark of trees. How much more then are we, who live in a civilized age, bound not to omit a social duty performed by men who lived in a state of gross savagery, and were in some respects entirely ignorant of the refinements of life...

~ Jerome (c.347-420), [Letter: 8](#)

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All right, all right, have it your way then. (Joking aside, one of my favorite cover versions of this song.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zK9DGUSuqno>

["If You Could Read My Mind - Andy Williams ( 1971 )"]

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### *The Future Home*

The moan of a once sad hour  
subsides in the wind  
of another departing day.  
How like an ocean surge  
now that faint breeze sounds;  
like rushing waves, swirling tides;  
gusts of surf once more ride the air!  
Roaring, yet trembling,  
some long buried grief,  
some long lost yearning,

resound now -- as if from afar;  
as if from a hidden abyss  
of forgotten yesterdays.

It's as if fervent love  
had died, and its ghost arose  
volant on sunset zephyrs:  
a descended life yet still living  
in the pity of the present.  
The sadness of life, you know,  
I have felt; even if  
it was not mine alone:  
hopes disappointed;  
dreams gone to ruin.  
Is sorrow, I wonder,  
yet felt in the grave?

Oh lonely wind,  
Who will soothe  
your sighing groans?  
Where will you find home?  
There's no place like home.  
And yet if that home is  
swallowed by the sea  
and all are drowned,  
where then is home gone?

Sometimes we think that since  
the world's died so many times,  
it will no doubt will die tomorrow.  
Indeed, perhaps it is not  
even here anymore to die:  
too hot or too cold,  
too full of strife, too dirty.

It was still a beautiful land,  
even in time of war:  
red and purple evenings  
over swamps of insects and snakes,  
a plateau of reeds with  
tall waving grass leading  
to a lethal jungle.  
Quiet beaches became war zones;  
and whirlwinds carried fire from the sea.  
the distant rumble of jet streams  
rolled out the thunder of destruction:  
metal clanking, bursts of flame,  
the screams of men and children  
heroism and brutality beyond  
human control or reckoning.  
What, in the end, was it all but  
the nightmare of individual  
and collective sin materialized?  
The many native martyrs;  
The soldier, from home or abroad,  
though you may have died  
for no seeming reason,  
you did so beautifully  
whether you wished to or not.

Yet certainly  
it was no place  
for Andy Williams,  
happy television,  
or innocent visions  
of love and home.

And the present  
that once was tumult  
has now become  
the past in peace.  
Our hope, our wishes  
our spirits stay,  
though the spinning world  
continues to runaway.  
Before long, all will gone.  
All the more reason  
to cherish it before it is.

There is plenty for all  
of us (and animals too),  
to be happy and free,  
Why then are we not already?  
Because there are hearts and minds  
still prisoners of darkness.  
And not mere death, but  
murder grips the globe;  
For the devil hates with rage  
peace and beauty he cannot own.  
Liars, the cowards, the misers,  
hypocrites sell us out to him,  
and thus we suffer the plague of Hell.  
What will it take to make us all whole?  
This, they will say, is the problem,  
that is the problem. But get rid of  
him and that rids us  
of nine tenths of them all;  
whose cause is self-pity,  
whose cause is false pride,  
who never ceased invisibly  
in our midst to abide.  
Will you ever go on forever  
suffering his whip and his chains,  
His famines, his pestilence,  
and anarchy insane?  
Or will you at last fight  
join together, fight,  
and with him be done;  
so that at last we can  
have a true happy family  
and a true happy home?

The soldier perished in battle;  
the martyr died for the faith;  
the innocent was eaten alive,  
and nigh infinite others to name.  
But for you and I  
it is different;  
and those who wallow  
in self should survive.

He who seeks the true  
vision of beauty  
seeks it by way of the truth:  
for no truth, no true beauty  
and if no beauty,  
then no truth is worth seeking.

Is pain everything?  
"No, but all pain me is."  
Are you everything?  
"By no means."  
And yet God, by faith,  
is more than everything;  
who pours the balm of love

into sunken crevices of pain;  
till our suffering and toils  
will one day in the end  
be made whole again.

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[Emperor] Augustus was not more unlike his gloomy successor than were the writers who flourished under him to those that now come before us. The history of literature presents no stronger contrast than between the rich fertility of the last epoch and the barrenness of the present one. The age of Tiberius forms an interval of silence during which the dead are buried, and the new generation prepares itself to appear. Under Nero it will have started forth in all its panoply of tinsel armour; at present the seeds that will produce it are being sown by the hand of despotism.

The sudden collapse of letters on the death of Augustus is easily accounted for. As long as the chief of the state encouraged them labourers in every field were numerous. When his face was withdrawn the stimulus to effort was removed. Thus, even in Augustus's time, when ill health and disappointment had soured his nature and disposed him to arbitrary actions, literature had felt the change. The exile of Ovid was a blow to the muses. We have seen how it injured his own genius, a decline over which he mourns, knowing the cause but impotent to overcome it. We have seen also how it was followed up by other harsh measures, stifling the free voice of poets and historians. And when we reflect how the despotism was entwining itself round the entire life of the nation, gathering by each new enactment food for future aggression, and only veiled as yet by the mildness or caution of a prince whose one object was to found a dynasty, our surprise is lessened at the spectacle of literature prostrate and dumb, threatened by the hideous form of tyranny now no longer in disguise, offering it with brutal irony the choice between submission, hypocrisy, and death.

~ Charles Thomas Cruttwell, *A History of Roman Literature: From the Earliest Period to the Death of Marcus Aurelius* (1877), p. 341.

What often makes the mass and "popular" media unreliable and misleading guides or indicators of history is not that journalist and artists necessarily act as deliberate propagandists of moneyed and artificial powers that be, but that when journalists and artists are owned by or in the pay of reigning powers that may be tyrannical or mob driven, they too typically tend to write and express themselves in accordance with the collective prejudices and false assumptions of the day. To give you one good example, there is in our own time "Star Wars." Over the decades we've heard no end of references made to this film; whether by such as political figures making policy or by college professors giving lectures; as if George Lucas was our Homer or our Virgil. Yet in fact, while the first couple "Stars Wars" film were all right as passable entertainment, perhaps rating something like 4 stars, the rest of the series was pretty much tedious and redundant; i.e., when not else bombastic and puerile junk. Why then have paid such homage and deference to it, but that those who do appeal not to what inspires us or makes us truly happy, but to a party line more or less foisted on the public at large; by monopolists who want to control and dominate everyone's thinking and purchasing? How then can those be taken seriously as representatives of either the people or the truth; who themselves are so easily taken in? Meanwhile, those not taken in are the journalists and artists you are less likely to hear from -- and for obvious reason.

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"[Google] Doodles are the fun, surprising, and sometimes spontaneous changes that are made to the Google logo to celebrate holidays, anniversaries, and the lives of famous artists, pioneers, and scientists.

"Before there was an airplane, there were doodles of cool flying machines. And before there was a submarine, there were doodles of magical underwater sea explorers. Since the beginning of time, ideas big and small, practical and playful, have started out as doodles. One talented young artist - Audrey Zhang, 11, NY got to animate her Doodle and see it on the Google homepage. She received a \$30,000 college scholarship and a \$50,000 Google for Education technology grant for her school. In addition Google donated \$40,000 in her name to charity: water to provide clean water to schools in Bangladesh."

What a great idea! *Google Doodle!* (I never thought of it that way.)

But of course and seriously, here is one more ridiculous instance where criminals with big money (i.e. and in this case, some or one of those in on owning Google; not Google itself) don't know what to do with their plunder and ill gotten gain; nor what to do with their own time, while obliging us to waste ours; while, in the meantime, deferring going back to school and finally getting that GED.

But there still is hope.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pWlxCcpOJ9o>

["How to Disable Google Doodles"]

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Now just about all spirit people, you would think, love the story of Orpheus, and the idea of his having the kind of soothing and enchanting powers that he did.

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No matter how advanced science and technology get, the one who uses it or is in most control of using it is either of a mostly moral or mostly immoral disposition. There are some immoral people who believe you can serve both God and Mammon; which view also happens to be the bedrock of the magician's belief and policy; nor is this merely my surmise; because on one occasion a few years ago he plainly told me, or at least distinctly implied, as much. And he is a brazen and inveterate torturer and mass murderer! Does a given religion or denomination, and or certain members within such, believe one can legitimately serve, or attempt to serve, God and Mammon? No doubt there are people, both well meaning and not, who assume or otherwise prefer that doing so is perfectly all right. After all, their thinking goes, why have it only one way when you might just as soon have it both ways?

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[ch. 32]

What other objection is alleged by our adversaries? This; that (to take the preferable view) it was altogether needless that that transcendent Being should submit to the experience of death, but He might independently of this, through the superabundance of His power, have wrought with ease His purpose; still, if for some ineffable reason or other it was absolutely necessary that so it should be, at least He ought not to have been subjected to the contumely of such an ignominious kind of death. What death, they ask, could be more ignominious than that by crucifixion? What answer can we make to this? Why, that the death is rendered necessary by the birth, and that He Who had determined once for all to share the nature of man must pass through all the peculiar conditions of that nature. Seeing, then, that the life of man is determined between two boundaries, had He, after having passed the one, not touched the other that follows, His proposed design would have remained only half fulfilled, from His not having touched that second condition of our nature. Perhaps, however, one who exactly understands the mystery would be justified rather in saying that, instead of the death occurring in consequence of the birth, the birth on the contrary was accepted by Him for the sake of the death; for He Who lives for ever did not sink down into the conditions of a bodily birth from any need to live, but to call us back from death to life. Since, then, there was needed a lifting up from death for the whole of our nature, He stretches forth a hand as it were to prostrate man, and stooping down to our dead corpse He came so far within the grasp of death as to touch a state of deadness, and then in His own body to bestow on our nature the principle of the resurrection, raising as He did by His power along with Himself the whole man. For since from no other source than from the concrete lump of our nature had come that flesh, which was the receptacle of the Godhead and in the resurrection was raised up together with that Godhead, therefore just in the same way as, in the instance of this body of ours, the operation of one of the organs of sense is felt at once by the whole system, as one with that member, so also the resurrection principle of this Member, as though the whole of mankind was a single living being, passes through the entire race, being imparted from the Member to the whole by virtue of the continuity and oneness of the nature. What, then, is there beyond the bounds of probability in what this Revelation teaches us; viz. that He Who stands upright stoops to one who has fallen, in order to lift him up from his prostrate condition? And as to the Cross, whether it possesses some other and deeper meaning, those who are skilled in mysticism may explain; but, however that may be, the traditional teaching which has reached us is as follows. Since all things in the Gospel, both deeds and words, have a sublime and heavenly meaning, and there is nothing in it which is not such, that is, which does not exhibit a complete mingling of the human with the Divine, where the utterance exerted and the deeds enacted are human but the secret sense represents the Divine, it would follow that in this particular as well as in the rest we must not regard only the one element and overlook the other; but in the fact of this death we must contemplate the human feature, while in the manner of it we must be anxious to find the Divine...

[ch. 35]

...but I am thinking of the restoration to a blessed and divine condition, separated from all shame and sorrow. For not everything that is granted in the resurrection a return to existence will return to the same kind of life. There is a wide interval between those who have been purified, and those who still need purification. For those in whose life-time here the purification by the laver has preceded, there is a restoration to a kindred state. Now, to the pure, freedom from passion is that kindred state, and that in this freedom from passion blessedness consists, admits of no dispute. But as for those whose weaknesses have become inveterate, and to whom no purgation of their defilement has been applied, no mystic water, no invocation of the Divine power, no amendment by repentance, it is absolutely necessary that they should come to be in something proper to their case, - just as the furnace is the proper thing for gold alloyed with dross, - in order that, the vice which has been mixed up in them being melted away after long succeeding ages, their nature may be restored pure again to God. Since, then, there is a cleansing virtue in fire and water, they who by the mystic water have washed away the defilement of their sin have no further need of the other form of purification, while they who have not been admitted to that form of purgation must needs be purified by fire.

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [\*The Great Catechism, Part 1. The Trinity\*](#)

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One thing I love about animals is that, if well treated, they are already to go being happy. All you have to do is set them up with what they need; which isn't materially all that much (and including trustworthy love and affection, good food, and a well kept, natural environment), and they are happy. And then, if you are not in a bad mood or harried otherwise, it makes you yourself happy to see them so.

Likewise or on a related note, people pay a lot of money to visit theme parks, like Disneyland and similar, or travel to exotic, faraway places, yet if you live in a relatively ordinary neighborhood with trees and various plants, or better yet out in the country, and you



behold it all about you from the clean slate or naked tabula rasa of your soul, is not all around us any less an utter marvel? Where did all *this* come from? Who put it here? And it isn't necessary to delve into the scientific particulars De Rerum Natura; because whether you do or you don't do so, there nevertheless remains this inexplicable wonder; this quenchless how and why.

Despite my (previously expressed) unabashed disgust and strong disapproval of his using the Faust legend as the theme of his poetic epic, I am and have been a great liker and beneficiary of Goethe and his writings. In discussing the theory of colors with Eckermann (Wed., Feb. 18. 1829), he concludes:

"The highest which man can attain in these matters...is astonishment [also translated elsewhere as "wonder"]; if the primary phenomenon causes this, let him be satisfied; more it cannot bring; and he should forbear to seek for anything further behind it: here is the limit. But the sight of a primitive phenomenon is generally not enough for people; they think they must go still further; and are thus like children who, after peeping into a mirror, turn it round directly to see what is on the other side."

Well said this, but you know we still will not be satisfied. "Oh stay, thou art so fair!"

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NO3KUgScwBI>

[""Baby I Gotta Know" by The Crests"]

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Does anyone by chance know where I can find the command to turn off the Google Doodle?

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zgUOmkrZ8gE>

[""Fix It Man" by Harold Burrage"]

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wE5PVGDa0uY>

[""Lonely Girl" by Fred York"]

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(On YouTube for the first time.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Aty91GrpQUg>

[""Gulf Stream Line" by Mac Curtis"]

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Yet another "lost" hit. (Also from the archives.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4-kmNfpCHwE>

[""Flying Can Be Fun" by Steve Clayton"]

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Life is invariably or in some way shape or form a job. In light of which, you might as well do and try to do the right thing as best you can. Since either way, no one of us is so strong or so rich that ultimately we won't end up having to work, or be made available to work, *for someone* (other than ourselves.)

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[ch. 10]

"But the nature of man," it is said, "is narrow and circumscribed, whereas the Deity is infinite. How could the infinite be included in the atom?" But who is it that says the infinitude of the Deity is comprehended in the envelopment of the flesh as if it were in a vessel? Not even in the case of our own life is the intellectual nature shut up within the boundary of the flesh. On the contrary, while the body's bulk is limited to the proportions peculiar to it, the soul by the movements of its thinking faculty can coincide at will with the whole of creation. It ascends to the heavens, and sets foot within the deep. It traverses the breadth of the world, and in the restlessness of its curiosity makes its way into the regions that are beneath the earth; and often it is occupied in the scrutiny of the wonders of heaven, and feels no weight from the appendage of the body. If, then, the soul of man, although by the necessity of its nature it is transfused through the body, yet presents itself everywhere at will, what necessity is there for saying that the Deity is hampered by an environment of fleshly nature, and why may we not, by examples which we are capable of understanding, gain some reasonable idea of God's plan of salvation?...

[ch. 15]

Even to this objection we are not at a loss for an answer consistent with our idea of God. You ask the reason why God was born among men. If you take away from life the benefits that come to us from God, you would not be able to tell me what means you have of arriving at any knowledge of Deity. In the kindly treatment of us we recognize the benefactor; that is, from observation of that which happens to us, we conjecture the disposition of the person who operates it. If, then, love of man be a special characteristic of the Divine nature, here is the reason for which you are in search, here is the cause of the presence of God among men. Our diseased nature needed a healer. Man in his fall needed one to set him upright. He who had lost the gift of life stood in need of a life-giver, and he who had dropped away from his fellowship with good wanted one who would lead him back to good. He who was shut up in darkness longed for the presence of the light. The captive sought for a ransom, the fettered prisoner for some one to take his part, and for a deliverer he who was held in the bondage of slavery. Were these, then, trifling or unworthy wants to importune the Deity to come down and take a survey of the nature of man, when mankind was so miserably and pitifully conditioned?...

[ch. 17]

But it will be said that the objection which has been brought against us has not yet been solved, and that what unbelievers have urged has been rather strengthened by all we have said. For if, as our argument has shown, there is such power in Him that both the destruction of death and the introduction of life resides in Him, why does He not effect His purpose by the mere exercise of His will, instead of working out our salvation in such a roundabout way, by being born and nurtured as a man, and even, while he was saving man, tasting death; when it was possible for Him to have saved man without subjecting Himself to such conditions? Now to this, with all candid persons, it were sufficient to reply, that the sick do not dictate to their physicians the measures for their recovery, nor cavil with those who do them good as to the method of their healing; why, for instance, the medical man felt the diseased part and devised this or that particular remedy for the removal of the complaint, when they expected another; but the patient looks to the end and aim of the good work, and receives the benefit with gratitude. Seeing, however, as says the Prophet, that God's abounding goodness keeps its utility concealed, and is not seen in complete clearness in this present life -- otherwise, if the eyes could behold all that is hoped for, every objection of unbelievers would be removed, -- but, as it is, abides the ages that are coming, when what is at present seen only by the eye of faith must be revealed, it is needful accordingly that, as far as we may, we should by the aid of arguments, the best within our reach, attempt to discover for these difficulties also a solution in harmony with what has gone before.

[ch. 26]

...He who first deceived man by the bait of sensual pleasure is himself deceived by the presentment of the human form. But as regards the aim and purpose of what took place, a change in the direction of the nobler is involved; for whereas he, the enemy, effected his deception for the ruin of our nature, He Who is at once the just, and good, and wise one, used His device, in which there was deception, for the salvation of him who had perished, and thus not only conferred benefit on the lost one, but on him, too, who had wrought our ruin. For from this approximation of death to life, of darkness to light, of corruption to incorruption, there is effected an obliteration of what is worse, and a passing away of it into nothing, while benefit is conferred on him who is freed from those evils. For it is as when some worthless material has been mixed with gold, and the gold-refiners burn up the foreign and refuse part in the consuming fire, and so restore the more precious substance to its natural lustre: (not that the separation is effected without difficulty, for it takes time for the fire by its melting force to cause the baser matter to disappear; but for all that, this melting away of the actual thing that was embedded in it to the injury of its beauty is a kind of healing of the gold.) In the same way when death, and corruption, and darkness, and every other offshoot of evil had grown into the nature of the author of evil, the approach of the Divine power, acting like fire, and making that unnatural accretion to disappear, thus by purgation of the evil becomes a blessing to that nature, though the separation is agonizing...

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [\*The Great Catechism, Part 1. The Trinity\*](#)

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(David Hemmings goes beserk.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YG37IXecxBw>

["Talkin' LA - David Hemmings"]

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Nothing is bad without their being something good or better to declare it to be so. So when someone condemns or criticizes, one needs to ask what it is the critic thinks is good or better; if any sense is to be made of their (negative) claims. Do this, and you take much, if not most, if not all of the sting out of unjust and unwarranted criticism.

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### *On Riches*

Do not be deceived. This minimum wage story from Seattle is merely one more charade and put on very like the Cobain Hell rock syndrome (*supposedly* reflecting what is good about Seattle); the "Jack Ass: the Movie" trashing of the Pergola in Pioneer Square, out of control erecting of high rises in Ballard; proliferation in the downtown area, and elsewhere locally, of the rat population (and reminiscent of Nosferatu); and related and similar outrages -- intended to anger, shock, grandstand, and get (by means of a sledge hammer) people's attention; while at the same time (i.e., by means of induced trauma) contributing to unnerve, distract, hamstring, and incapacitate them from attending to relatively more pressing and urgent matters (such, as for example, the taking over of Seattle by the Green River killer.) This is the same city where brain radios are used; that finds itself is regularly looking for a replacement for the job of chief of police (after all, if you were chief of police, how would you be handle or contend against an alliance between certain out of town billionaires and the equivalent of the Munsters?), and whose football team, willingly or no, was arranged into making a pact with the devil in order that they might win the super bowl. But, and as I am sure you understand, none of this is the real Seattle true Puget Sound people have traditional known and loved; all this rather is the con-artist Seattle of the ghoulish magician and his henchmen "the Speelburg."

The recent minimum wage increase in Seattle is neither wise or well intended. As it stood, I thought \$10 an hour was pretty good as it was; so it is not as if I don't have sympathy for minimum wage earners (having been one myself any number of years in the past.) Indeed, the very extremism of this new measure may have the effect of causing a backlash against and blaming of poorer and underpaid workers -- as if they were the actual anarchists and rabble rousers. No what prompted all this really was, as I said, a desire to abuse and insult people's intelligence; mere political slamming -- not unlike the omnipresent slam bam technique of movie trailers of the past ten years or so that tell you the purpose of movies is to beat you, and others, up. Do you, for a moment, truly believe the Seattle City council, who are largely all paid, manipulated, stooges or out and out employees of billionaires, are going to actually care all that deeply about poor people? Some may recall the exodus of the tent city dwellers of some years back. Or do you find it plausible that poor people otherwise have any real or direct say in what goes on in Seattle City government?

One thing that particularly disturbed in light of what took place the last few days, however, was hearing people ridiculing and putting down those working, says as janitors, or fast food employees; as if they the mockers were entitled to high paying wages and salaries; when clearly there are no end of good for nothing, cowardly, selfish people who "earn" big money and obviously don't in the least deserve it. Just take a look at those in charge of movies, television, personal computers, the internet and mass media and communications generally - and who do all they can to enslave the hearts and mind of society. Have you ever seen more wretched, dull, witless, arrogant, violent, tasteless, uneducated, boorish people in all your life? Well, they are not among the minimum wage people. Indeed, it is quite laughable how several of those at the top in film in television, both in the U.S. and Britain, see of themselves as elite, stylish, and savvy trend setters, and yet who in reality are among the most depraved, lazy, uneducated, repetitious, pretentious, uncompetitive louts in the world!

With all the developments technologically, economically and otherwise, we are in our time otherwise in a position to be happy and make others happy also -- but for certain big shot witchcraft people who kow-tow and appease the criminal spirit people; while supporting their line and policy that people must do the wrong thing if they are to be entitled to wealth. Look, for instance, how hundreds of millions are thrown away year after year on sheer trash in the way of junk movies, junk tv, junk advertising, junk video games, junk toys, junk sports, etc. What has more debased and corrupted society but the mass media; ruined innovation, the arts, manners, degraded religion, empowered hooligans but a biased, corporate owned, anti-intellectual pontificating news and mass multi-media? Those flipping burgers are derided and dismissed, and yet is THAT to be called *living* which is so overtly degraded and lawless?

While we certainly want and should strive to increase the financial and economic welfare of the middle class, disenfranchised, and lower income people, why not at the same time enrich them culturally and intellectually, and empower them politically as well? "Nothing doing," say the goomer powers that be. "If people get too smart it will threaten our strangleholds and monopolies, and, not to mention, embarrass and make us look bad."

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### *"Girls Claim Slender Man Is Real"*

This just in from Waukesha County, Wisconsin (3 June 2014)...



While for more, from Face Book newsfeed, see:

<https://www.facebook.com/topic/Waukesha-County-Wisconsin/143932145621256>

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*More Byzantine Memories, or Who Needs (Today's) Movies When You Have History Like This?*

After the decease of his father, the inheritance of the Roman world devolved to Justinian II (669-711); and the name of a triumphant lawgiver was dishonored by the vices of a boy, who imitated his namesake only in the expensive luxury of building. His passions were strong; his understanding was feeble; and he was intoxicated with a foolish pride, that his birth had given him the command of millions, of whom the smallest community would not have chosen him for their local magistrate. His favorite ministers were two beings the least susceptible of human sympathy, a eunuch and a monk: to the one he abandoned the palace, to the other the finances; the former corrected the emperor's mother with a scourge, the latter suspended the insolvent tributaries, with their heads downwards, over a slow and smoky fire. Since the days of Commodus and Caracalla, the cruelty of the Roman princes had most commonly been the effect of their fear; but Justinian, who possessed some vigor of character, enjoyed the sufferings, and braved the revenge, of his subjects, about ten years, till the measure was full, of his crimes and of their patience. In a dark dungeon, Leontius, a general of reputation, had groaned above three years, with some of the noblest and most deserving of the patricians: he was suddenly drawn forth to assume the government of Greece; and this promotion of an injured man was a mark of the contempt rather than of the confidence of his prince. As he was followed to the port by the kind offices of his friends, Leontius observed, with a sigh, that he was a victim adorned for sacrifice, and that inevitable death would pursue his footsteps. They ventured to reply, that glory and empire might be the recompense of a generous resolution; that every order of men abhorred the reign of a monster; and that the hands of two hundred thousand patriots expected only the voice of a leader. The night was chosen for their deliverance; and in the first effort of the conspirators, the praefect was slain, and the prisons were forced open: the emissaries of Leontius proclaimed in every street, "Christians, to St. Sophia!" and the seasonable text of the patriarch, "This is the day of the Lord!" was the prelude of an inflammatory sermon. From the church the people adjourned to the hippodrome: Justinian, in whose cause not a sword had been drawn, was dragged before these tumultuary judges, and their clamors demanded the instant death of the tyrant. But Leontius, who was already clothed with the [royal] purple, cast an eye of pity on the prostrate son of his own benefactor and of so many emperors. The life of Justinian was spared; the amputation of his nose, perhaps of his tongue, was imperfectly performed: the happy flexibility of the Greek language could impose the name of Rhinotmetus; and the mutilated tyrant was banished to Chersonae in Crim-Tartary, a lonely settlement, where corn, wine, and oil, were imported as foreign luxuries.

~ Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. 4, Chapter XLVIII: Succession And Characters Of The Greek Emperors.—Part I.

*Note.* The younger Justinian, after some years in exile, subsequently returned to the capital, retook the throne, and proceeded to carry out a bloody and vengeful reign of terror against those who had him deposed. His imperial guards, after a time becoming weary of executing his vendettas, at last assassinated him.

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(While it's not "Indian Summer" yet, before very long, of course, it will be.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5EBi2YIbGzA>

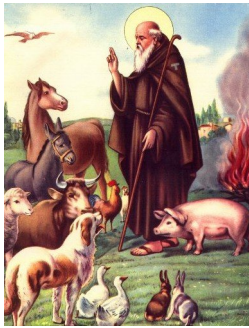
["Victor Herbert, "Indian Summer: An American Idyll" (1919) - Montovani"]

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"The Culex" is a poem attributed to Virgil (Publius Vergilius Maro); said to have been composed in his youth; that it may very well be his is evinced by some of the comical scenes with respect to bees in the *Georgics*. Meantime, *Faerie Queene* author Edmund Spenser did a translation in about 1580, entitled "[Virgil's Gnat](#)." While it would be too long for our website format to post either the Latin original or Spenser's Elizabethan version, the following is the synopsis of "The Culex;" courtesy of John Colin Dunlop, from his *History of Roman Literature* (1828), vol. 3, p. 188.

"A goatherd leads out his flocks to feed on the pastures near Mount Cithaeron. Having fallen asleep, he is suddenly roused from his slumber by the bite of a gnat; and while awakening, he crushes to death the insect which had inflicted the wound. He then perceives a huge serpent approaching, which, if his sleep had not been broken, would inevitably have destroyed him. The shade of the gnat appears to the shepherd on the following night, and reproaches him with having occasioned its death at the moment when it had saved his life. The insect describes all that it had seen in the infernal regions during its wanderings, having as yet obtained no fixed habitation. Next day, the shepherd prepares a tomb, in order to procure repose for the ghost of his benefactor, and celebrates in due form its funeral obsequies."

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*St. Anthony of Padua shown here giving the animals a fair deal and a fair shake.*

Gregory here indirectly seems to suggest or imply the idea that physicality as we know it, say with respect to the human body, is not the only physicality possible; which if true, then immortality may indeed be deemed viable and conceivable. At the same time, and as with the mind and heart themselves, the essence or spark of life and the soul are imperceptible. Therefore, may not that which transcends human knowledge, not be bound by physical limits as we know them? Likewise, it might be reasonably conjectured that if there is a world more substantial than this one, then perhaps it requires a conscious and perception suitable to it -- else it cannot be detected (except in its inductively deduced effects.) This brings to mind Father Barron's remark that the difference between this life and the life after the resurrection might be likened to the difference between a square and a triangle versus a cube and a pyramid. If, granting the analogy, we are only two dimensional then that perhaps explains why we don't and yet still might perceive something in a third dimension.

And why should immortality be so impossible otherwise? Imagine someone from Ancient Sumer being transported in time to our world of today. Would not the difference for them be any less or all that much less incredible than that which might be observed between mortal and proposed immortal life?

But the religious view of immortality necessarily posits God, and the inclusion of God in the equation itself can be radically transform our perspective and understanding of anything. If God is the only ONE -- there being no actual one is sensory of empirical experience (since all physical beings and objects as we know them are compounds) -- then without God no ONE exists; and no one, not anything exists, at least outside of God, because it technically isn't ONE. One conclusion, among a number, to be drawn from this is that you should not be jealous or envious; because without God they are no one anyway; while if God is with them, then you should be happy for them (if not necessarily for their presence in your close vicinity), or at least not grudge them, what God and only God can grant, their existence.

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[ch. 7]

Yet let no one ask, "How was it that, if God foresaw the misfortune that would happen to man from want of thought, He came to create him, since it was, perhaps, more to his advantage not to have been born than to be in the midst of such evils?"...

...This, I think, must have been the reason of the invention of these deceptive doctrines on the part of those who propound them, viz. that when they define the good they have an eye only to the sweetness of the body's enjoyment, and so, because from its composite nature and constant tendency to dissolution that body is unavoidably subject to suffering and sicknesses, and because upon such conditions of suffering there follows a sort of sense of pain, they decree that the formation of man is the work of an evil deity. Since, if

their thoughts had taken a loftier view, and, withdrawing their minds from this disposition to regard the gratifications of the senses, they had looked at the nature of existing things dispassionately, they would have understood that there is no evil other than wickedness. Now all wickedness has its form and character in the deprivation of the good; it exists not by itself, and cannot be contemplated as a subsistence. For no evil of any kind lies outside and independent of the will; but it is the non-existence of the good that is so denominated. Now that which is not has no substantial existence, and the Maker of that which has no substantial existence is not the Maker of things that have substantial existence. Therefore the God of things that are is external to the causation of things that are evil, since He is not the Maker of things that are non-existent. He Who formed the sight did not make blindness. He Who manifested virtue manifested not the deprivation thereof. He Who has proposed as the prize in the contest of a free will the guerdon of all good to those who are living virtuously, never, to please Himself, subjected mankind to the yoke of a strong compulsion, as if he would drag it unwilling, as it were his lifeless tool, towards the right. But if, when the light shines very brightly in a clear sky, a man of his own accord shuts his eyelids to shade his sight, the sun is clear of blame on the part of him who sees not.

[ch. 8]

...But, because of the pains and sufferings of the body which are the necessary accidents of its unstable nature, to call God on that account the Maker of evil, or to think that He is not the Creator of man at all, in hopes thereby to prevent the supposition of His being the Author of what gives us pain, - all this is an instance of that extreme narrow-mindedness which is the mark of those who judge of moral good and moral evil by mere sensation. Such persons do not understand that that only is intrinsically good which sensation does not reach, and that the only evil is estrangement from the good. But to make pains and pleasures the criterion of what is morally good and the contrary, is a characteristic of the unreasoning nature of creatures in whom, from their want of mind and understanding, the apprehension of real goodness has no place. That man is the work of God, created morally noble and for the noblest destiny, is evident not only from what has been said, but from a vast number of other proofs; which, because they are so many, we shall here omit. But when we call God the Maker of man we do not forget how carefully at the outset we defined our position against the Greeks. It was there shown that the Word of God is a substantial and personified being, Himself both God and the Word; Who has embraced in Himself all creative power, or rather Who is very power with an impulse to all good; Who works out effectually whatever He wills by having a power concurrent with His will; Whose will and work is the life of all things that exist; by Whom, too, man was brought into being and adorned with the highest excellences after the fashion of Deity...

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [\*The Great Catechism, Part 1. The Trinity\*](#)

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LExtUzhFxLI>

["Leslie Uggams - A Lover's Concerto (The Toys cover - 1966)"]

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*Juno Calls for Help (Against Aeneas and the Trojans)*

When she [Juno] had spoken these words, fearsome, she sought the earth:  
and summoned Allecto, the grief-bringer, from the house  
of the Fatal Furies, from the infernal shadows: in whose  
mind are sad wars, angers and deceits, and guilty crimes.  
A monster, hated by her own father Pluto, hateful  
to her Tartarean sisters: she assumes so many forms,  
her features are so savage, she sports so many black vipers.  
Juno roused her with these words, saying:  
'Grant me a favour of my own, virgin daughter of Night,  
this service, so that my honour and glory are not weakened,  
and give way, and the people of Aeneas cannot woo  
Latinus with intermarriage, or fill the bounds of Italy.  
You've the power to rouse brothers, who are one, to conflict,  
and overturn homes with hatred: you bring the scourge  
and the funeral torch into the house: you've a thousand names,  
and a thousand noxious arts. Search your fertile breast,  
shatter the peace accord, sow accusations of war:  
let men in a moment need, demand and seize their weapons.'  
So Allecto, steeped in the Gorgon's poison, first searches out  
Latium and the high halls of the Laurentine king...

While Turnus [enemy of the Trojans] was rousing the Rutulians with fiery courage,  
Allecto hurled herself towards the Trojans, on Stygian wings,  
spying out, with fresh cunning, the place on the shore  
where handsome Iulus was hunting wild beasts on foot with nets.  
Hades's Virgin drove his hounds to sudden frenzy,  
touching their muzzles with a familiar scent,  
so that they eagerly chased down a stag: this was a prime

cause of trouble, rousing the spirits of the countrymen to war.  
 There was a stag of outstanding beauty, with huge antlers,  
 that, torn from its mother's teats, Tyrrhus and his sons had raised,  
 the father being the man to whom the king's herds submitted,  
 and who was trusted with managing his lands far and wide.  
 Silvia, their sister, training it to her commands with great care,  
 adorned its antlers, twining them with soft garlands, grooming  
 the wild creature, and bathing it in a clear spring. Tame to the hand,  
 and used to food from the master's table, it wandered the woods,  
 and returned to the familiar threshold, by itself, however late at night.  
 Now while it strayed far a-field, Iulus the huntsman's  
 frenzied hounds started it, by chance, as it moved  
 downstream, escaping the heat by the grassy banks.  
 Iulus himself inflamed also with desire for high  
 honours, aimed an arrow from his curved bow,  
 the goddess unfailingly guiding his errant hand,  
 and the shaft, flying with a loud hiss, pierced flank and belly.  
 But the wounded creature fleeing to its familiar home,  
 dragged itself groaning to its stall, and, bleeding, filled  
 the house with its cries, like a person begging for help.  
 Silvia, the sister, beating her arms with her hands in distress, was  
 the first to call for help, summoning the tough countrymen.  
 They arrived quickly (since a savage beast haunted the silent woods)  
 one with a fire-hardened stake, one with a heavy knotted staff:  
 anger made a weapon of whatever each man found  
 as he searched around. Tyrrhus called out his men:  
 since by chance he was quartering an oak by driving  
 wedges, he seized his axe, breathing savagely.  
 Then the cruel goddess, seeing the moment to do harm,  
 found the stable's steep roof, and sounded the herdsmen's  
 call, sending a voice from Tartarus through the twisted horn,  
 so that each grove shivered, and the deep woods echoed:  
 Diana's distant lake at Nemi heard it: white Nar's river,  
 with its sulphurous waters, heard: and the fountains of Velinus:  
 while anxious mothers clasped their children to their breasts.  
 Then the rough countrymen snatching up their weapons, gathered  
 more quickly, and from every side, to the noise with which  
 that dread trumpet sounded the call, nor were the Trojan  
 youth slow to open their camp, and send out help to Ascanius [i.e., Iulus].  
 ~ Virgil, *The Aeneid*, Book VII, 323-342 and 475-520, Trans. by A. S. Kline.

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#### *Nec In Memoriam*

Unknown to most of the world,  
 prior to many a dawn,  
 much of the army wakes  
 to the smell of wet green;  
 of morning fresh dew  
 or of rain left behind  
 in the onrush of the night;  
 to run, to drill, to follow duty.

Left behind in Fort Knox's halls,  
 an old, dusting photo,  
 black and white and framed,  
 hangs prominently on a wall  
 of the first, it is said,  
 killed in 1965.

Left behind in years of hurry,  
 He died before  
 so much storming for causes  
 then and later.  
 His smiling picture  
 since has hung,

silently fading,  
days and nights;  
honored, yet unknown.

It's all past history;  
that now and for most  
seems rather,  
seems rather meaningless;  
but for him his life.  
And yet his life  
...His life?  
A life for what?

Perhaps someone wept for him.  
If so, for how long?  
In any case, he floats down  
to us draped in shadows,  
simply another abandoned in time.  
Perhaps some passing soul  
remembers, perhaps not...  
in pursuit of today,  
in setting out at morn.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

#### *Proceed with Caution*

It is a great deception that wisdom necessarily accrues with age, and an older person, as well as a younger person, can possibly -- perhaps even more likely, in some instances -- be led into believing nonsense -- if, that is, they are not careful; for life (not least of which given the potential presence of conniving spirit people) is replete with traps and snares for young and old alike.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Those who blindly submit to mass media and mega-corporate powers that be are not fit for either freedom or happiness; though the world load them over with all manner and degree of wealth, seeming honor, and seeming love. However, my question for you is -- do you know or can you tell me how to get away from them?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

And speaking of worlds and seeming light years away, how about *this* (also.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rPpRyjTP0a0>

[“John Denver Rhymes and Reasons” – live tv performance; w/ white suit and looks like early 80s]

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The story of the medieval emperors of Byzantium is one of the most strange, sometimes tragic, and sometimes terrifying sagas as any to be found in all history. To follow it, as I have in the course of continuing through Gibbon, is frequently like reading a tale of utterly wild and exotic fantasy; that takes places in a far off world invented by someone's imagination. Yet in this case the story, and as best we know, is true or at least largely true, not fiction. Picture, planted on the Bosphorus, an empire that one time commanded both east and west in majestic awe and dread, but which then not only disappeared, but also and to a large extent almost completely vanished from common memory as well (unlike its progenitor the more traditional Roman empire; that lasted from Augustus to Romulus Augustulus.) In looking for more information to supplant Gibbon's text, I came across an extremely helpful website, "[The Byzantine Chronicle](#)," to supplement my reading; which study aid is all the more welcome and necessary as Gibbon is usually obliged to cover long stretches of history by means of relatively brief sketches and summaries.

The following is taken from Gibbon's account of Andronicus I (or more accurately, Andronikos I Komnenos), and which in several respects features similar events and is quite typical of what is related about many of the other emperors that were seated at Constantinople.

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Andronicus [c.1118-1185], the younger brother of John, son of Isaac, and grandson of Alexius Comnenus, is one of the most conspicuous characters of the age; and his genuine adventures might form the subject of a very singular romance. To justify the choice of three ladies of royal birth, it is incumbent on me to observe, that their fortunate lover was cast in the best proportions of strength and beauty; and that the want of the softer graces was supplied by a manly countenance, a lofty stature, athletic muscles, and the air and deportment of a soldier. The preservation, in his old age, of health and vigor, was the reward of temperance and exercise. A piece of bread and a draught of water was often his sole and evening repast; and if he tasted of a wild boar or a stag, which he had roasted with his own hands, it was the well-earned fruit of a laborious chase. Dexterous in arms, he was ignorant of fear; his persuasive eloquence could bend to every situation and character of life, his style, though not his practice, was fashioned by the example of St. Paul; and, in every deed of mischief, he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute. In his youth, after the death of the emperor John, he followed the retreat of the Roman army; but, in the march through Asia Minor, design or accident tempted him to wander in the mountains: the hunter was encompassed by the Turkish huntsmen, and he remained some time a reluctant or willing captive in the power of the sultan. His virtues and vices recommended him to the favor of his cousin: he shared the perils and the pleasures of Manuel [Emperor, surnamed "the Great," 1118-1180]; and while the emperor lived in public incest with his niece Theodora, the affections of her sister Eudocia were seduced and enjoyed by Andronicus. Above the decencies of her sex and rank, she gloried in the name of his concubine; and both the palace and the camp could witness that she slept, or watched, in the arms of her lover. She accompanied him to his military command of Cilicia, the first scene of his valor and imprudence. He pressed, with active ardor, the siege of Mopsuestia: the day was employed in the boldest attacks; but the night was wasted in song and dance; and a band of Greek comedians formed the choicest part of his retinue. Andronicus was surprised by the sally of a vigilant foe; but, while his troops fled in disorder, his invincible lance transpierced the thickest ranks of the Armenians. On his return to the Imperial camp in Macedonia, he was received by Manuel with public smiles and a private reproof; but the duchies of Naissus, Braniseba, and Castoria, were the reward or consolation of the unsuccessful general. Eudocia still attended his motions: at midnight, their tent was suddenly attacked by her angry brothers, impatient to expiate her infamy in his blood: his daring spirit refused her advice, and the disguise of a female habit; and, boldly starting from his couch, he drew his sword, and cut his way through the numerous assassins. It was here that he first betrayed his ingratitude and treachery: he engaged in a treasonable correspondence with the king of Hungary and the German emperor; approached the royal tent at a suspicious hour with a drawn sword, and under the mask of a Latin soldier, avowed an intention of revenge against a mortal foe; and imprudently praised the fleetness of his horse as an instrument of flight and safety. The monarch dissembled his suspicions; but, after the close of the campaign, Andronicus was arrested and strictly confined in a tower of the palace of Constantinople.

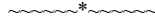
In this prison he was left about twelve years; a most painful restraint, from which the thirst of action and pleasure perpetually urged him to escape. Alone and pensive, he perceived some broken bricks in a corner of the chamber, and gradually widened the passage, till he had explored a dark and forgotten recess. Into this hole he conveyed himself, and the remains of his provisions, replacing the bricks in their former position, and erasing with care the footsteps of his retreat. At the hour of the customary visit, his guards were amazed by the silence and solitude of the prison, and reported, with shame and fear, his incomprehensible flight. The gates of the palace and city were instantly shut: the strictest orders were despatched into the provinces, for the recovery of the fugitive; and his wife, on the suspicion of a pious act, was basely imprisoned in the same tower. At the dead of night she beheld a spectre; she recognized her husband: they shared their provisions; and a son was the fruit of these stolen interviews, which alleviated the tediousness of their confinement. In the custody of a woman, the vigilance of the keepers was insensibly relaxed; and the captive had accomplished his real escape, when he was discovered, brought back to Constantinople, and loaded with a double chain. At length he found the moment, and the means, of his deliverance. A boy, his domestic servant, intoxicated the guards, and obtained in wax the impression of the keys. By the diligence of his friends, a similar key, with a bundle of ropes, was introduced into the prison, in the bottom of a hogshead. Andronicus employed, with industry and courage, the instruments of his safety, unlocked the doors, descended from the tower, concealed himself all day among the bushes, and scaled in the night the garden-wall of the palace. A boat was stationed for his reception: he visited his own house, embraced his children, cast away his chain, mounted a fleet horse, and directed his rapid course towards the banks of the Danube. At Anchialus in Thrace, an intrepid friend supplied him with horses and money: he passed the river, traversed with speed the desert of Moldavia and the Carpathian hills, and had almost reached the town of Halicz, in the Polish Russia, when he was intercepted by a party of Walachians, who resolved to convey their important captive to Constantinople. His presence of mind again extricated him from danger. Under the pretence of sickness, he dismounted in the night, and was allowed to step aside from the troop: he planted in the ground his long staff, clothed it with his cap and upper garment; and, stealing into the wood, left a phantom to amuse, for some time, the eyes of the Walachians. From Halicz he was honorably conducted to Kiow, the residence of the great duke: the subtle Greek soon obtained the esteem and confidence of Ieroslaus; his character could assume the manners of every climate; and the Barbarians applauded his strength and courage in the chase of the elks and bears of the forest. In this northern region he deserved the forgiveness of Manuel, who solicited the Russian prince to join his arms in the invasion of Hungary. The influence of Andronicus achieved this important service: his private treaty was signed with a promise of fidelity on one side, and of oblivion on the other; and he marched, at the head of the Russian cavalry, from the Borysthenes to the Danube. In his resentment Manuel had ever sympathized with the martial and dissolute character of his cousin; and his free pardon was sealed in the assault of Zemlin, in which he was second, and second only, to the valor of the emperor...

[RE his return from exile and seizure of the throne.] His correspondence with the patriarch [of Constantinople] and patricians was seasoned with apt quotations from the Psalms of David and the epistles of St. Paul; and he patiently waited till he was called to her deliverance by the voice of his country. In his march from Oenoe to Constantinople, his slender train insensibly swelled to a crowd and an army: his professions of religion and loyalty were mistaken for the language of his heart; and the simplicity of a foreign dress, which showed to advantage his majestic stature, displayed a lively image of his poverty and exile. All opposition sunk before him; he reached the straits of the Thracian Bosphorus; the Byzantine navy sailed from the harbor to receive and transport the savior of the empire: the torrent was loud and irresistible, and the insects who had basked in the sunshine of royal favor disappeared at the blast of the storm. It was the first care of Andronicus to occupy the palace, to salute the emperor, to confine his mother, to punish her minister, and to restore the public order and tranquillity. He then visited the sepulchre of Manuel: the spectators were ordered to stand aloof, but as he bowed in the attitude of prayer, they heard, or thought they heard, a murmur of triumph or revenge: "I no longer fear thee, my old enemy, who hast driven me a vagabond to every climate of the earth. Thou art safety deposited under a seven-fold dome, from

whence thou canst never arise till the signal of the last trumpet. It is now my turn, and speedily will I trample on thy ashes and thy posterity." From his subsequent tyranny we may impute such feelings to the man and the moment; but it is not extremely probable that he gave an articulate sound to his secret thoughts. In the first months of his administration, his designs were veiled by a fair semblance of hypocrisy, which could delude only the eyes of the multitude; the coronation of Alexius was performed with due solemnity, and his perfidious guardian, holding in his hands the body and blood of Christ, most fervently declared that he lived, and was ready to die, for the service of his beloved pupil. But his numerous adherents were instructed to maintain, that the sinking empire must perish in the hands of a child, that the Romans could only be saved by a veteran prince, bold in arms, skilful in policy, and taught to reign by the long experience of fortune and mankind; and that it was the duty of every citizen to force the reluctant modesty of Andronicus to undertake the burden of the public care. The young emperor was himself constrained to join his voice to the general acclamation, and to solicit the association of a colleague, who instantly degraded him from the supreme rank, secluded his person, and verified the rash declaration of the patriarch, that Alexius might be considered as dead, so soon as he was committed to the custody of his guardian. But his death was preceded by the imprisonment and execution of his mother. After blackening her reputation, and inflaming against her the passions of the multitude, the tyrant accused and tried the empress for a treasonable correspondence with the king of Hungary. His own son, a youth of honor and humanity, avowed his abhorrence of this flagitious act, and three of the judges had the merit of preferring their conscience to their safety: but the obsequious tribunal, without requiring any reproof, or hearing any defence, condemned the widow of Manuel; and her unfortunate son subscribed the sentence of her death. Maria was strangled, her corpse was buried in the sea, and her memory was wounded by the insult most offensive to female vanity, a false and ugly representation of her beautiful form. The fate of her son was not long deferred: he was strangled with a bowstring; and the tyrant, insensible to pity or remorse, after surveying the body of the innocent youth, struck it rudely with his foot: "Thy father," he cried, "was a knave, thy mother a whore, and thyself a fool!"

The Roman sceptre, the reward of his crimes, was held by Andronicus about three years and a half as the guardian or sovereign of the empire. His government exhibited a singular contrast of vice and virtue. When he listened to his passions, he was the scourge; when he consulted his reason, the father, of his people. In the exercise of private justice, he was equitable and rigorous: a shameful and pernicious venality was abolished, and the offices were filled with the most deserving candidates, by a prince who had sense to choose, and severity to punish. He prohibited the inhuman practice of pillaging the goods and persons of shipwrecked mariners; the provinces, so long the objects of oppression or neglect, revived in prosperity and plenty; and millions applauded the distant blessings of his reign, while he was cursed by the witnesses of his daily cruelties. The ancient proverb, That bloodthirsty is the man who returns from banishment to power, had been applied, with too much truth, to Marius and Tiberius; and was now verified for the third time in the life of Andronicus. His memory was stored with a black list of the enemies and rivals, who had traduced his merit, opposed his greatness, or insulted his misfortunes; and the only comfort of his exile was the sacred hope and promise of revenge. The necessary extinction of the young emperor and his mother imposed the fatal obligation of extirpating the friends, who hated, and might punish, the assassin; and the repetition of murder rendered him less willing, and less able, to forgive. A horrid narrative of the victims whom he sacrificed by poison or the sword, by the sea or the flames, would be less expressive of his cruelty than the appellation of the halcyon days, which was applied to a rare and bloodless week of repose: the tyrant strove to transfer, on the laws and the judges, some portion of his guilt; but the mask was fallen, and his subjects could no longer mistake the true author of their calamities. The noblest of the Greeks, more especially those who, by descent or alliance, might dispute the Comnenian inheritance, escaped from the monster's den: Nice and Prusa, Sicily or Cyprus, were their places of refuge; and as their flight was already criminal, they aggravated their offence by an open revolt, and the Imperial title. Yet Andronicus resisted the daggers and swords of his most formidable enemies: Nice and Prusa were reduced and chastised: the Sicilians were content with the sack of Thessalonica; and the distance of Cyprus was not more propitious to the rebel than to the tyrant. His throne was subverted by a rival without merit, and a people without arms. Isaac Angelus, a descendant in the female line from the great Alexius, was marked as a victim by the prudence or superstition of the emperor. In a moment of despair, Angelus defended his life and liberty, slew the executioner, and fled to the church of St. Sophia. The sanctuary was insensibly filled with a curious and mournful crowd, who, in his fate, prognosticated their own. But their lamentations were soon turned to curses, and their curses to threats: they dared to ask, "Why do we fear? why do we obey? We are many, and he is one: our patience is the only bond of our slavery." With the dawn of day the city burst into a general sedition, the prisons were thrown open, the coldest and most servile were roused to the defence of their country, and Isaac, the second of the name, was raised from the sanctuary to the throne. Unconscious of his danger, the tyrant was absent; withdrawn from the toils of state, in the delicious islands of the Propontis. He had contracted an indecent marriage with Alice, or Agnes, daughter of Lewis the Seventh, of France, and relict of the unfortunate Alexius; and his society, more suitable to his temper than to his age, was composed of a young wife and a favorite concubine. On the first alarm, he rushed to Constantinople, impatient for the blood of the guilty; but he was astonished by the silence of the palace, the tumult of the city, and the general desertion of mankind. Andronicus proclaimed a free pardon to his subjects; they neither desired, nor would grant, forgiveness; he offered to resign the crown to his son Manuel; but the virtues of the son could not expiate his father's crimes. The sea was still open for his retreat; but the news of the revolution had flown along the coast; when fear had ceased, obedience was no more: the Imperial galley was pursued and taken by an armed brigantine; and the tyrant was dragged to the presence of Isaac Angelus, loaded with fetters, and a long chain round his neck. His eloquence, and the tears of his female companions, pleaded in vain for his life; but, instead of the decencies of a legal execution, the new monarch abandoned the criminal to the numerous sufferers, whom he had deprived of a father, a husband, or a friend. His teeth and hair, an eye and a hand, were torn from him, as a poor compensation for their loss: and a short respite was allowed, that he might feel the bitterness of death. Astride on a camel, without any danger of a rescue, he was carried through the city, and the basest of the populace rejoiced to trample on the fallen majesty of their prince. After a thousand blows and outrages, Andronicus was hung by the feet, between two pillars, that supported the statues of a wolf and an sow; and every hand that could reach the public enemy, inflicted on his body some mark of ingenious or brutal cruelty, till two friendly or furious Italians, plunging their swords into his body, released him from all human punishment. In this long and painful agony, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" and "Why will you bruise a broken reed?" were the only words that escaped from his mouth. Our hatred for the tyrant is lost in pity for the man; nor can we blame his pusillanimous resignation, since a Greek Christian was no longer master of his life.

~ Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. 4, Chapter XLVIII: Succession And Characters Of The Greek Emperors.—Part V.



[ch. 5]

...Thus, then, it was needful for man, born for the enjoyment of Divine good, to have something in his nature akin to that in which he is to participate. For this end he has been furnished with life, with thought, with skill, and with all the excellences that we attribute to God, in order that by each of them he might have his desire set upon that which is not strange to him. Since, then, one of the excellences connected with the Divine nature is also eternal existence, it was altogether needful that the equipment of our nature should not be without the further gift of this attribute, but should have in itself the immortal, that by its inherent faculty it might both recognize what is above it, and be possessed with a desire for the divine and eternal life. In truth this has been shown in the comprehensive utterance of one expression, in the description of the cosmogony, where it is said that man was made "in the image of God"...

...No growth of evil had its beginning in the Divine will. Vice would have been blameless were it inscribed with the name of God as its maker and father. But the evil is, in some way or other, engendered from within, springing up in the will at that moment when there is a retrocession of the soul from the beautiful, For as sight is an activity of nature, and blindness a deprivation of that natural operation, such is the kind of opposition between virtue and vice. It is, in fact, not possible to form any other notion of the origin of vice than as the absence of virtue. For as when the light has been removed the darkness supervenes, but as long as it is present there is no darkness, so, as long as the good is present in the nature, vice is a thing that has no inherent existence; while the departure of the better state becomes the origin of its opposite. Since then, this is the peculiarity of the possession of a free will, that it chooses as it likes the thing that pleases it, you will find that it is not God Who is the author of the present evils, seeing that He has ordered your nature so as to be its own master and free; but rather the recklessness that makes choice of the worse in preference to the better.

[ch. 6]

Now this is Envy. Well, it is undeniable that the beginning of any matter is the cause of everything else that by consequence follows upon it, as, for instance, upon health there follows a good habit of body, activity, and a pleasurable life, but upon sickness, weakness, want of energy, and life passed in distaste of everything; and so, in all other instances, things follow by consequence their proper beginnings. As, then, freedom from the agitation of the passions is the beginning and groundwork of a life in accordance with virtue, so the bias to vice generated by that Envy is the constituted road to all these evils which have been since displayed. For when once he, who by his apostasy from goodness had begotten in himself this Envy, had received this bias to evil, like a rock, torn asunder from a mountain ridge, which is driven down headlong by its own weight, in like manner he, dragged away from his original natural propension to goodness and gravitating with all his weight in the direction of vice, was deliberately forced and borne away as by a kind of gravitation to the utmost limit of iniquity; and as for that intellectual power which he had received from his Creator to co-operate with the better endowments, this he made his assisting instrument in the discovery of contrivances for the purposes of vice, while by his crafty skill he deceives and circumvents man, persuading him to become his own murderer with his own hands. For seeing that man by the commission of the Divine blessing had been elevated to a lofty pre-eminence (for he was appointed king over the earth and all things on it; he was beautiful in his form, being created an image of the archetypal beauty; he was without passion in his nature, for he was an imitation of the unimpassioned; he was full of frankness, delighting in a face-to-face manifestation of the personal Deity),-- all this was to the adversary the fuel to his passion of envy. Yet could he not by any exercise of strength or dint of force accomplish his purpose, for the strength of God's blessing over-mastered his own force. His plan, therefore, is to withdraw man from this enabling strength, that thus he may be easily captured by him and open to his treachery. As in a lamp when the flame has caught the wick and a person is unable to blow it out, he mixes water with the oil and by this device will dull the flame, in the same way the enemy, by craftily mixing up badness in man's will, has produced a kind of extinguishment and dulness in the blessing, on the failure of which that which is opposed necessarily enters. For to life is opposed death, to strength weakness, to blessing curse, to frankness shame, and to all that is good whatever can be conceived as opposite. Thus it is that humanity is in its present evil condition, since that beginning introduced the occasions for such an ending.

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [\*The Great Catechism, Part 1. The Trinity\*](#)



*(The following is a little exchange [edited for brevity] I had on YouTube earlier today. As always, you be the judge.)*

WTS: As a Catholic, it is I feel regrettable that aside from the core doctrines of the faith there is not more suspension of judgment possible in discourse, and this reluctance or refusal to suspend judgment on some theological questions has, I think, resulted at times in misrepresentation of Catholics as not duly rational, separation, misunderstanding, and even bloodshed. With respect to the Aquinas/Balthasar vs. Dun Scotus debate, for example, it might be that both, neither, or a third, unintroduced, view is correct. We have the freedom to opt which we like certainly, but the real truth is that it is God who ultimately decides. If then it is God who actually knows, who of us can then say we ourselves are God to categorically decide such matters?

(Respondent): As a Catholic, you are bound to submit to the Magisterium's authority. And the Magisterium decided that Duns Scotus was right regarding the immaculate conception and Aquinas/Balthasar were wrong.

WTS: Magisterium or no, only a rational and honest person could begin to even consider such questions. And the Magisterium can only be correct, imo, if it is consistent with honesty and right reason. If this is not so, by what other criteria can non-essential, not core teaching be resolved? In sum, while I think the core doctrine of the church can be permitted a certain amount of subjective discretion (as respecting, e.g., the Trinity, Baptism, the Eucharist, the Immaculate conception, traditional morals); to such non-critical matters else there must even so be a limit. Again, if indulged in too far, it can lead to the church to be discredited among people who can actually think, and in the process possibly risk doing to the church quite unnecessary and incalculable harm.

(Respondent): You sound just like a Protestant.

"Unless I am convinced by Scripture and plain reason - I do not accept the authority of the popes and councils, for they have contradicted each other" - Martin Luther

WTS: Ah, but which perspective sounds and smacks more like the devil? (And sounds more like legalism -- vis a vis St. Paul's objections to? And legal positivism?) There is nothing wrong with change, and correction. After all did we not just canonize a pope who believed this and who ushered in Vatican 2? As someone once said:

"No one sews a piece of unshrunk cloth on an old cloak. If he does, its fullness pulls away, the new from the old, and the tear gets worse.

Likewise, no one pours new wine into old wineskins. Otherwise, the wine will burst the skins, and both the wine and the skins are ruined. Rather, new wine is poured into fresh wineskins."

Mark 2:21-22

While irrational and amoral modernism must of course be abhorred and guarded against, it is not strictly necessary to stay wholly in the Middle Ages -- again as Vatican 2 made plain.

...by not relinquishing right reason, the church saves it from being claimed by irrational, dogmatic, and superstitious moderns, and where the moderns are wrong, it invariably is when they are irrational, etc.; though claiming to be otherwise. Again, I think the question is what is best for the church; including let's encourage people to think; not dissuade them from it. Did not Jesus also say: "Why do you not judge for yourselves the right thing to do?"

Luke 12: 57

-- while placing due emphasis on the notion (first promoted by Arcesilaus and Carneades) that there is much to be said for suspending judgment, and it is an option often worth availing ourselves of when faced with what are after all often impossible (for us) questions.

(Respondent): If you believe ecumenical councils and infallible statements from the popes are subject to your own personal judgment, then you really are no different from a protestant...

WTS: And were a person to abandon right reason that makes them not only a mad man, but such who rejects the Holy Spirit. Our Lord reasoned regularly with doubters. Are we so weak and feeble that we merely shut them out and not speak to and answer them?

If you would you discourage people from thinking deeply, honestly, and rationally, then you will find fine company with the devil; for that is how he is also. For my part, I have no reason to believe that what the church believes is or needs to be in conflict with right reason. But you seem to suggest it can, and this it seems to me as a far worse heresy than an individual wondering about the validity of a given point of non-critical theology, and merely SUSPENDING judgment as a result.

As Clement of Alexandria says in his "Stromata":

[ch. 2]

Philosophy came into existence, not on its own account, but for the advantages reaped by us from knowledge, we receiving a firm persuasion of true perception, through the knowledge of things comprehended by the mind.

[ch. 6]

...But as we say that a man can be a believer without learning, so also we assert that it is impossible for a man without learning to comprehend the things which are declared in the faith. But to adopt what is well said, and not to adopt the reverse, is caused not simply by faith, but by faith combined with knowledge. But if ignorance is want of training and of instruction, then teaching produces knowledge of divine and human things. But just as it is possible to live rightly in penury of this world's good things, so also in abundance. And we avow, that at once with more ease and more speed will one attain to virtue through previous training. But it is not such as to be unattainable without it; but it is attainable only when they have learned, and have had their senses exercised. [Hebrews 5:14] "For hatred," says Solomon, "raises strife, but instruction guards the ways of life;" in such a way that we are not deceived nor deluded by those who are practiced in base arts for the injury of those who hear. "But instruction wanders reproachless," [Proverbs 10:19] it is said. We must be conversant with the art of reasoning, for the purpose of confuting the deceitful opinions of the sophists... For him who is fluent in words he calls loquacious; and him who is clever, vocal; and "divine," him who is skilled, a philosopher, and acquainted with the truth.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

O.K., lets cut the superfluous. Let's stop beating around the bush. What I say, as much as anything, is simply this. How can someone be rich or how rich can they be, whether in this life or life eternal, in living a worldly or a Godly life; when they cannot afford to be honest and rational *the vast majority of the time*? So much hiding, so much sneaking, so much secrecy, so much dissembling, so much equivocation, can you blame me for not believing them? Therefore I am utterly baffled as to how it is possible they can go on kidding themselves; in the face of obvious fact and logic. However, one *possible* explanation is that they attempt to override facts and right logic by deferring to the judgment and wisdom of spirit people. Does this not, after all, sound eminently plausible as an explanation for their believing and acting as they do?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Oh, how that demon howls, howls and howls -- to no end! Indeed, I've come to be convinced that no amount of money, wealth, or power will *ever* adequately please or satisfy him. (I sure will be glad when either he *or* I are finally gone.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I finally got around to making a .pdf edition of an essay I wrote in 1991 entitled "The Critical Mirror: Making Sense of Film Assessment." If mayhap interested, you can obtain a copy at:

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/224817753/The-Critical-Mirror-Making-Sense-of-Film-Assessment-By-Wm-Thomas-Sherman-1991>

~or~

<https://archive.org/details/CriticalMirror>

~~~~~\*~~~~~

In doing some Spring cleaning of late, I came across a cache of old photos in the basement. The following are some of the same.



Documenting my whereabouts in March and June 1963.



"That old gang of mine."



Before I went on the wagon.



Playboy days.



Riding the crest of the 60s (taken with a Polaroid, of course.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

How very odd and strange it is to think that decades or centuries from now people not yet living will one day deeply love and mourn over others yet (and also) unborn.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*To a Super Hero*

His armor gleams a golden green;  
His masked brow is dark as night.  
None is more quick, swift and fleet,  
And he scarcely fears to die.  
Few there are him can defeat,  
Yet still and alas -- a fly!

The universe is very big!  
How far, how close we are seen  
Oft seems to decide our fate;  
When others judge what we are.  
And yet all alike are great;  
Whether insect or a star.

You don't believe me, this I know.  
You sore suffer from neglect.  
You're too ignored, unwanted.  
But you ought not feel so gray:  
For who's more ta'en for granted  
Than Sun or Moon on any day?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"Besides his taste for wine, and fondness for plantations, he [the renown, and fabulously wealthy, Roman orator Hortensius (114–50 BC)] indulged a passion for pictures and fish-ponds. At his Tusculan villa, he built a hall for the reception of a painting of the expedition of the Argonauts, by the painter Cydias, which cost the enormous sum of a hundred and forty-four thousand sesterces. At his country-seat, near Bauli, on the sea shore, he vied with Lucullus and Philippus in the extent of his fish-ponds, which were constructed at immense cost, and so formed that the tide flowed into them. Under the promontory of Bauli, travellers are yet shown the *Piscina Mirabilis*, a subterraneous edifice, vaulted and divided by four rows of arcades, and which is supposed by some antiquarians to have been a fish-pond of Hortensius. Yet such was his, and his reluctance to diminish his supply, that when he gave entertainments at Bauli, he generally sent to the neighbouring town of Puteoli to buy fish for supper. He had a vast number of fishermen in his service, and paid so much attention to the feeding of his fish, that he had always ready a large stock of small fish to be devoured by the great ones. It was with the utmost difficulty he could be prevailed on to part with any of them; and Varro declares, that a friend could more easily get his chariot mules out of his stable, than a mullet from his ponds. He was more anxious about the welfare of his fish than the health of his slaves, and less solicitous that a sick servant might not take what was unfit for him, than that his fish might not drink water which was unwholesome. It is even said, that he was so passionately fond of a particular lamprey, that he shed tears for her untimely death...

"[On a separate portion of his estate] Hortensius had here a wooded park of fifty acres, encompassed with a wall. This enclosure he called a nursery of wild beasts, all which came for their provender at a certain hour, on the blowing of a horn—an exhibition with which he was accustomed to amuse the guests who visited him at his Laurentian villa. Varro mentions an entertainment, where those invited supped on an eminence, called a *Triclinium*, in this sylvan park. During the repast, Hortensius summoned his Orpheus, who, having come with his musical instruments, and being ordered to display his talents, blew a trumpet, when such a multitude of deer, boars, and other quadrupeds, rushed to the spot from all quarters, that the sight appeared to the delighted spectators as beautiful as the courses with wild animals in the great Circus of the Aediles!"

~ John Colin Dunlop, [The History of Roman Literature \(1827\)](#), vol. 2, pp. 125-126.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Why, either we must plan to keep the soul absolutely untouched and free from any stain of evil; or, if our passionate nature makes that quite impossible, then we must plan that our failures in excellence consist only in mild and easily-curable derelictions. For the Gospel in its teaching distinguishes between a debtor of ten thousand talents and a debtor of five hundred pence, and of fifty pence and of a farthing, which is "the uttermost" of coins; it proclaims that God's just judgment reaches to all, and enhances the payment necessary as the weight of the debt increases, and on the other hand does not overlook the very smallest debts. But the Gospel tells us that this

payment of debts was not effected by the refunding of money, but that the indebted man was delivered to the tormentors until he should pay the whole debt; and that means nothing else than paying in the coin of torment the inevitable recompense, the recompense, I mean, that consists in taking the share of pain incurred during his lifetime, when he inconsiderately chose mere pleasure, undiluted with its opposite; so that having put off from him all that foreign growth which sin is, and discarded the shame of any debts, he might stand in liberty and fearlessness. Now liberty is the coming up to a state which owns no master and is self-regulating; it is that with which we were gifted by God at the beginning, but which has been obscured by the feeling of shame arising from indebtedness. Liberty too is in all cases one and the same essentially; it has a natural attraction to itself. It follows, then, that as everything that is free will be united with its like, and as virtue is a thing that has no master, that is, is free, everything that is free will be united with virtue...

...But if there be in you any clinging to this body, and the being unlocked from this darling thing give you pain, let not this, either, make you despair. You will behold this bodily envelopment, which is now dissolved in death, woven again out of the same atoms, not indeed into this organization with its gross and heavy texture, but with its threads worked up into something more subtle and ethereal, so that you will not only have near you that which you love, but it will be restored to you with a brighter and more entrancing beauty...

...But as to the number of souls,\*(see note.) our reason must necessarily contemplate a stopping some day of its increase; so that Nature's stream may not flow on for ever, pouring forward in her successive births and never staying that onward movement. The reason for our race having some day to come to a standstill is as follows, in our opinion: since every intellectual reality is fixed in a plenitude of its own, it is reasonable to expect that humanity also will arrive at a goal (for in this respect also humanity is not to be parted from the intellectual world); so that we are to believe that it will not be visible for ever only in defect, as it is now: for this continual addition of after generations indicates that there is something deficient in our race.

Whenever, then, humanity shall have reached the plenitude that belongs to it, this on-streaming movement of production will altogether cease; it will have touched its destined bourn, and a new order of things quite distinct from the present precession of births and deaths will carry on the life of humanity. If there is no birth, it follows necessarily that there will be nothing to die. Composition must precede dissolution (and by composition I mean the coming into this world by being born); necessarily, therefore, if this synthesis does not precede, no dissolution will follow. Therefore, if we are to go upon probabilities, the life after this is shown to us beforehand as something that is fixed and imperishable, with no birth and no decay to change it...

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [\*On the Soul and the Resurrection\*](#)

\* *Note.* The commentator notes that the association of multitude with evil is "essentially" (or philosophically) a Platonic notion.

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*Kill, Kill, Kill!*

~ or ~

*Just in case you started to slip and had lost the hang of it.*

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xO5sEMNwuEk>

["Jaguar "Good to be Bad" Brand Commercial"]

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uHzGXA\\_4FSw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uHzGXA_4FSw)

["Delivery Yellow M&M'S To Russian Mafia - Funny Super Bowl XLVIII Commercial 2014"]

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zGXipP\\_4Xiw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zGXipP_4Xiw)

["nosferatu - ship n" -- from 1922 version, sailor finds rats and Nosferatu on the ship]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6Y9IFdwaYWg>

["clip from Pest Man Wins (1951) -- Three Stooges "]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pCu3BUGiscg>

["ORTHO® Home Defense MAX® TV Commercial"]





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Fast forward to 9:45 (Unbelievable after all these years.)

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pFsDcn\\_Ef-s](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pFsDcn_Ef-s)

["EX KISS PETER CRISS, ACE FREHLEY REUNITE ON STAGE FOR EDDIE TRUNK 30TH"]

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So much of the history of the church is taken up with accounts of arguments over the nature of Christ as incarnation. Was he a God? Was he a man? Was he both God and Man? Yet if God *and* man, were the two *merely* connected and conjoined, or else were they harmonized in a union? With multiple refinements and nuances possible made on any one of these positions. For example, there is the view that incarnate Jesus was, at bottom and despite appearances, super human like Hercules, or else that he was a relatively ordinary person physically but had a *super soul*; making him a sort of *spiritual* Hercules to whom no human could reasonably compare. Moreover, could he have been any and all of these as it suited him on a given occasion? The simple truth seems to be that technically, yes, he could have been -- but *only* if he acted and choose consistently with the Divine plan of God the Father and in a manner consistent with moral honesty and trustworthiness. Respecting the latter, it would obviously be unbecoming of God to trick and fool people; or else that Christ evaded real suffering, say in the passion, by resorting to "God" powers in order to spare himself.

At any rate, these things have been argued and fought over, sometimes resulting in bloodshed, for centuries. I myself am a Catholic and accept the formal church view, but in large part only because I don't know how I myself could ever decide upon such matters; other than to suspend my own personal judgment and admit that I simply don't know for sure the full answer; and beyond the aforesaid restrictions imposed by God's plan/purpose and fundamental principles of morality and fair play.

And yet while it is not always feasible, given the limitations of human (versus divine) knowledge, to judge for oneself what is or shouldn't be considered heretical, it is possible to detect criminal spirit people trying to influence a debate. And if we mayhap know that some espousing a certain view is an undeniable enemy of God's peace and the church, it seems only practical and prudent that we use extra caution in accepting their proposed religious interpretation. However, it must not be assumed that though they are an enemy that what they say or propose is *necessarily* wrong. The devil, after all, can use truth to serve his own ends. What is needed then is close, objective and honest rational scrutinizing to separate the possible wheat from the chaff; including the option of suspending judgment if in doing so we are being more honest and truthful.

To give us one example of what can go wrong when theologians stray too far from honest rational humility is this from Gibbon, and concerns what happened to the churches in Egypt and Ethiopia after strategic military and political vicissitudes cut them off from the orthodox church in Constantinople and Rome.

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Christianity was more deeply rooted in the Abyssinian empire; and, although the correspondence has been sometimes interrupted above seventy or a hundred years, the mother-church of Alexandria retains her colony in a state of perpetual pupilage. Seven bishops once composed the Aethiopic synod: had their number amounted to ten, they might have elected an independent primate; and one of their kings was ambitious of promoting his brother to the ecclesiastical throne. But the event was foreseen, the increase was denied: the episcopal office has been gradually confined to the abuna, the head and author of the Abyssinian priesthood; the patriarch supplies each vacancy with an Egyptian monk; and the character of a stranger appears more venerable in the eyes of the people, less dangerous in those of the monarch. In the sixth century, when the schism of Egypt [versus orthodox Constantinople] was confirmed, the rival chiefs, with their patrons, [Byzantine Emperor] Justinian and [Empress] Theodora, strove to outstrip each other in the conquest of a remote and independent province. The industry of the empress was again victorious, and the pious Theodora has established in that sequestered church the faith and discipline of the Jacobites. Encompassed on all sides by the enemies of their religion, the Aethiopians slept near a thousand years, forgetful of the world, by whom they were forgotten. They were awakened by the Portuguese, who, turning the southern promontory of Africa, appeared in India and the Red Sea, as if they had descended through the air from a distant planet. In the first moments of their interview, the subjects of Rome and Alexandria observed the resemblance, rather than the difference, of their faith; and each nation expected the most important benefits from an alliance with their Christian brethren. In their lonely situation, the Aethiopians had almost relapsed into the savage life. Their vessels, which had traded to Ceylon, scarcely presumed to navigate the rivers of Africa; the ruins of Axume were deserted, the nation was scattered in villages, and the emperor, a



pompous name, was content, both in peace and war, with the immovable residence of a camp. Conscious of their own indigence, the Abyssinians had formed the rational project of importing the arts and ingenuity of Europe; and their ambassadors at Rome and Lisbon were instructed to solicit a colony of smiths, carpenters, tilers, masons, printers, surgeons, and physicians, for the use of their country. But the public danger soon called for the instant and effectual aid of arms and soldiers, to defend an unwarlike people from the Barbarians who ravaged the inland country and the Turks and Arabs who advanced from the sea-coast in more formidable array. Aethiopia was saved by four hundred and fifty Portuguese, who displayed in the field the native valor of Europeans, and the artificial power of the musket and cannon. In a moment of terror, the emperor had promised to reconcile himself and his subjects to the Catholic faith; a Latin patriarch represented the supremacy of the pope: the empire, enlarged in a tenfold proportion, was supposed to contain more gold than the mines of America; and the wildest hopes of avarice and zeal were built on the willing submission of the Christians of Africa.

But the vows which pain had extorted were forsworn on the return of health. The Abyssinians still adhered with unshaken constancy to the Monophysite faith [i.e., the view that Jesus came as God and not also quite as a man]; their languid belief was inflamed by the exercise of dispute; they branded the Latins with the names of Arians and Nestorians, and imputed the adoration of four gods to those who separated the two natures of Christ. Fremona, a place of worship, or rather of exile, was assigned to the Jesuit missionaries. Their skill in the liberal and mechanic arts, their theological learning, and the decency of their manners, inspired a barren esteem; but they were not endowed with the gift of miracles, and they vainly solicited a reinforcement of European troops. The patience and dexterity of forty years at length obtained a more favorable audience, and two emperors of Abyssinia were persuaded that Rome could insure the temporal and everlasting happiness of her votaries. The first of these royal converts lost his crown and his life; and the rebel army was sanctified by the abuna, who hurled an anathema at the apostate, and absolved his subjects from their oath of fidelity. The fate of Zadenghel was revenged by the courage and fortune of Susneus, who ascended the throne under the name of Segued, and more vigorously prosecuted the pious enterprise of his kinsman. After the amusement of some unequal combats between the Jesuits and his illiterate priests, the emperor declared himself a proselyte to the synod of Chalcedon [i.e., the orthodox view that Jesus came as God and man], presuming that his clergy and people would embrace without delay the religion of their prince. The liberty of choice was succeeded by a law, which imposed, under pain of death, the belief of the two natures of Christ: the Abyssinians were enjoined to work and to play on the Sabbath; and Segued, in the face of Europe and Africa, renounced his connection with the Alexandrian church. A Jesuit, Alphonso Mendez, the Catholic patriarch of Aethiopia, accepted, in the name of Urban VIII., the homage and abjuration of the penitent. "I confess," said the emperor on his knees, "I confess that the pope is the vicar of Christ, the successor of St. Peter, and the sovereign of the world. To him I swear true obedience, and at his feet I offer my person and kingdom." A similar oath was repeated by his son, his brother, the clergy, the nobles, and even the ladies of the court: the Latin patriarch was invested with honors and wealth; and his missionaries erected their churches or citadels in the most convenient stations of the empire. The Jesuits themselves deplore the fatal indiscretion of their chief, who forgot the mildness of the gospel and the policy of his order, to introduce with hasty violence the liturgy of Rome and the inquisition of Portugal. He condemned the ancient practice of circumcision, which health, rather than superstition, had first invented in the climate of Aethiopia. A new baptism, a new ordination, was inflicted on the natives; and they trembled with horror when the most holy of the dead were torn from their graves, when the most illustrious of the living were excommunicated by a foreign priest. In the defense of their religion and liberty, the Abyssinians rose in arms, with desperate but unsuccessful zeal. Five rebellions were extinguished in the blood of the insurgents: two abunas were slain in battle, whole legions were slaughtered in the field, or suffocated in their caverns; and neither merit, nor rank, nor sex, could save from an ignominious death the enemies of Rome. But the victorious monarch was finally subdued by the constancy of the nation, of his mother, of his son, and of his most faithful friends. Segued listened to the voice of pity, of reason, perhaps of fear: and his edict of liberty of conscience instantly revealed the tyranny and weakness of the Jesuits. On the death of his father, Basilides expelled the Latin patriarch, and restored to the wishes of the nation the faith and the discipline of Egypt. The Monophysite churches resounded with a song of triumph, "that the sheep of Aethiopia were now delivered from the hyaenas of the West;" and the gates of that solitary realm were forever shut against the arts, the science, and the fanaticism of Europe.

~ Gibbon, [\*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire\*, vol. 4, Chapter XLVII: Ecclesiastical Discord.—Part VI.](#)

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*"I heard it at the oracle!"*

There is no addressing global warming until mind control and widespread irrationalism in the mass media are tackled first; and these latter are not, as is sometimes claimed or implied, sprung from the misuse or misapplication of religion, but rather simple greed and devilment combined.

The Devil teaches "Don't use his enemies when you can attack your opponent with his friends first."

Toxic films, toxic tv, toxic advertising, etc.

You can never know whether you will die tomorrow or whether desperately needed help will finally come

When all is said and done, Jack Ruby's was a common stupidity; indeed, an all TOO common stupidity (unfortunately); and in his case used to guide the course of great events. But he meant well. (By the way and just in passing, as a friend of his later pointed out, he would not have left his dog, Sheba, in his car if he had planned in advance to kill Oswald. If this is true, it further would seem, in my opinion, to support the idea that a spirit person was leading him on and coaching him.)

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See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zn36\\_FP2iBg](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zn36_FP2iBg)

["Vivaldi, "Deh! Ti piega" from "La Fida Ninfa" (1732), w/ Antonio Constantino"]

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WUnohSWwIh0>

["Handel Va tacito e nascosto Giulio Cesare in Egitto-Feb.2011"]

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Some of what makes [\*Mrs. L: Conversations With Alice Roosevelt Longworth \(1981\)\*](#) by Alice Roosevelt Longworth (the daughter [1884-1980] of Teddy; some of us being old enough to remember her when she was still around) and (interviewer) Michael Teague such a fascinating, engaging and quick read is that first, she is a living witness (speaking first-hand in the late 1970's) of what life was like for the rich and well to do in the late 19th and at the turn of the 20th century; so that you get a sense of immediacy to those otherwise (to us) strange and far off times. Second, because she was such an extraordinary beauty in her younger days, her memoir in some interesting measure answers the question for many men who were once madly in love (or something like), "what ever happened to that image of seeming female perfection they were at one point so head over heels, enamored of and perhaps missed out on?" Well, Alice in her hey-day could certainly have fit that description; while at the same time living in some respects almost a charmed fairytale life -- in this case as an *American* princess; being the first Presidential daughter married in the White House. Truly, I have read countless books in my life, and I can honestly say I have never come across another quite like *Mrs. L*; for which reason I thought I would take the occasion to recommend it to such who might be interested. This not to say that all will readily take to her character; some may for instance be put off by her flippancy combined with her sometimes aristocratic air of self-indulgence. Yet even if you feel this way, her unique and detailed account of what she saw and knew hold's your attention and, in retrospect, is little short of amazing.

Below is a video entitled "Arrival of Prince Henry [of Prussia] and President Roosevelt at Shooters Island" from 1902. Although you can just barely catch a glimpse (and while pausing), you can see Alice, wearing a white dress, at about 1:20-1:23.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ac6XJyXKh2k>

["Arrival of Prince Henry [of Prussia] and President Roosevelt at Shooters Island"]

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Why [then, asks Gregory], when every unreasoning instinct is quenched within us after our purgation [i.e., death], this principle of desire will not exist any more than the other principles; and this being removed, it looks as if the striving after the better way would also cease, no other emotion remaining in the soul that can stir us up to the appetite of Good.

To that objection, she replied, we answer this. The speculative and critical faculty is the property of the soul's godlike part; for it is by these that we grasp the Deity also. If, then whether by forethought here, or by purgation hereafter, our soul becomes free from any emotional connection with the brute creation, there will be nothing to impede its contemplation of the Beautiful; for this last is essentially capable of attracting in a certain way every being that looks towards it. If, then, the soul is purified of every vice, it will most certainly be in the sphere of Beauty. The Deity is in very substance Beautiful; and to the Deity the soul will in its state of purity have affinity, and will embrace It as like itself. Whenever this happens, then, there will be no longer need of the impulse of Desire to

lead the way to the Beautiful. Whoever passes his time in darkness, he it is who will be under the influence of a desire for the light; but whenever he comes into the light, then enjoyment takes the place of desire, and the power to enjoy renders desire useless and out of date. It will therefore be no detriment to our participation in the Good, that the soul should be free from such emotions, and turning back upon herself should know herself accurately what her actual nature is, and should behold the Original Beauty reflected in the mirror and in the figure of her own beauty. For truly herein consists the real assimilation to the Divine; viz. in making our own life in some degree a copy of the Supreme Being...

...Since, then, this Divine nature is beyond any particular good, and to the good the good is an object of love, it follows that when It looks within Itself, It wishes for what It contains and contains that which It wishes, and admits nothing external. Indeed there is nothing external to It, with the sole exception of evil, which, strange as it may seem to say, possesses an existence in not existing at all. For there is no other origin of evil except the negation of the existent, and the truly-existent forms the substance of the Good. That therefore which is not to be found in the existent must be in the non-existent. Whenever the soul, then, having divested itself of the multifarious emotions incident to its nature, gets its Divine form and, mounting above Desire, enters within that towards which it was once incited by that Desire, it offers no harbour within itself either for hope or for memory. It holds the object of the one; the other is extruded from the consciousness by the occupation in enjoying all that is good: and thus the soul copies the life that is above, and is conformed to the peculiar features of the Divine nature; none of its habits are left to it except that of love, which clings by natural affinity to the Beautiful. For this is what love is; the inherent affection towards a chosen object. When, then, the soul, having become simple and single in form and so perfectly godlike, finds that perfectly simple and immaterial good which is really worth enthusiasm and love, it attaches itself to it and blends with it by means of the movement and activity of love, fashioning itself according to that which it is continually finding and grasping. Becoming by this assimilation to the Good all that the nature of that which it participates is, the soul will consequently, owing to there being no lack of any good in that thing itself which it participates, be itself also in no lack of anything, and so will expel from within the activity and the habit of Desire; for this arises only when the thing missed is not found. For this teaching we have the authority of God's own Apostle, who announces a subduing and a ceasing of all other activities, even for the good, which are within us, and finds no limit for love alone. Prophecies, he says, shall fail; forms of knowledge shall cease; but "charity never fails;" which is equivalent to its being always as it is: and though he says that faith and hope have endured so far by the side of love, yet again he prolongs its date beyond theirs, and with good reason too; for hope is in operation only so long as the enjoyment of the things hoped for is not to be had; and faith in the same way is a support in the uncertainty about the things hoped for; for so he defines it—"the substance of things hoped for"; but when the thing hoped for actually comes, then all other faculties are reduced to quiescence, and love alone remains active, finding nothing to succeed itself. Love, therefore, is the foremost of all excellent achievements and the first of the commandments of the law. If ever, then, the soul reach this goal, it will be in no need of anything else; it will embrace that plenitude of things which are, whereby alone it seems in any way to preserve within itself the stamp of God's actual blessedness. For the life of the Supreme Being is love, seeing that the Beautiful is necessarily lovable to those who recognize it, and the Deity does recognize it, and so this recognition becomes love, that which He recognizes being essentially beautiful...

Then it seems, I said, that it is not punishment chiefly and principally that the Deity, as Judge, afflicts sinners with; but He operates, as your argument has shown, only to get the good separated from the evil and to attract it into the communion of blessedness.

That, said the Teacher, is my meaning; and also that the agony will be measured by the amount of evil there is in each individual. For it would not be reasonable to think that the man who has remained so long as we have supposed in evil known to be forbidden, and the man who has fallen only into moderate sins, should be tortured to the same amount in the judgment upon their vicious habit; but according to the quantity of material will be the longer or shorter time that that agonizing flame will be burning; that is, as long as there is fuel to feed it. In the case of the man who has acquired a heavy weight of material, the consuming fire must necessarily be very searching; but where that which the fire has to feed upon has spread less far, there the penetrating fierceness of the punishment is mitigated, so far as the subject itself, in the amount of its evil, is diminished. In any and every case evil must be removed out of existence, so that, as we said above, the absolutely non-existent should cease to be at all. Since it is not in its nature that evil should exist outside the will, does it not follow that when it shall be that every will rests in God, evil will be reduced to complete annihilation, owing to no receptacle being left for it?...

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [\*On the Soul and the Resurrection\*](#)

[To be continued.]

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Great men (and women), the majority of the time, are not listened or taken very seriously to; except by other great men. The problem is that there are so few great men generally that *nobody* listens to them, or at best only a few listen to them rarely. Hence the necessity of accepting being crucified; if it should come to that. This last might sound strange or foolish, but for those who insist on the truth, reality, and *right* reason, it is unthinkable to compromise with evil, cowardice, and willful illusion (respecting important questions), and only *great* men know and appreciate this; everyone else, when all is said and done (and who else don't simply run and hide), place their trust in spirit people and crime bosses who profess benevolent intentions.

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(Circa 1983.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rttQXE51RX4>

["Olivia Newton-John 1983 UK Television Interview"]

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y7gCujFSs6Y>

["Al Stewart - The News From Spain"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The most horrifying criminals I ever knew? Why that's easy. The demonists, of course.

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I like to think of myself as a missionary to the animals. Not to convert them; for they already are converted. Which is not surprising seeing that animals, at large, are more crucified than anyone else. No, rather I go to them to help them when and where I can.

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How they scorn and mock prayer! Yet were they *truly* happy, and had all they ever wanted, oh how they would weep to no end for not knowing how to say them.

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See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uS\\_9E-iSuQI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uS_9E-iSuQI)

["Olivia Newton-John - A Little More Love (1978) hq" -- music video filmed inside a recording studio]

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*An Ode to Music.*

In the dark hours  
Of an early *May* morn,  
When the breeze of *Spring*  
Is dulcet and fair,  
Love makes even  
Stars more bright  
And gives roses  
A sweeter air.

Then, come promised *Day*,  
The trees and leaves  
Seem more vibrant green  
And life itself  
Is more lovely and new  
Than ever before it's been.

And yet this will last  
But for a moment;  
For *Nature*, though joyous,  
Is but an ephemeral,  
Fleeting thing;  
Since evil usurped it  
Long ages ago,  
And made *Earth's*  
Loved hope take wing.

So is this world  
Then the end of all  
*Beauty, Love, and Truth?*  
You know friend it is not,  
Since *Bethlehem's* holy birth.

And yet the promised *Heaven*,  
Where is it now;  
Who of us can say?  
Except such who  
Bear their cross,  
And in constant  
*Faith* do pray.  
Only these and the *Innocent*  
Are more blessed than they  
Who yet can treasure within  
Sweet *Music's* celestial din.

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Often what we are told is popular and that "everybody" likes (or is supposed to like) is, initially and merely, what an entrenched, unscrupulous, monopolistic minority decrees is popular, etc. All the more easy for them to do, since these days they effectively control or have final say over most of the major media; while waging a relentless war against higher morals, public education, intelligent rational discussion and debate, and use bully-boy and criminals tactics to oust competitors. The majority, or a large, dull-witted portion of it at any rate, being taken in by this, then follow their lead; and lo and behold -- what ever it is indeed becomes actually popular. (I believe this is, in essence, what Noam Chomsky was referring to when he spoke of "manufacturing consensus.")

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(Dedicated to those all those unspeakably brutal "tough guy" and super hero movie producers of recent date.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fbChBWpr8N8>

["Cross of Iron (Sam Peckinpah, 1977) - Where Iron Crosses Grow" -- film's conclusion and ending.]

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...Supposing, then, that our reason, which is our nature's choicest part, holds the dominion over these imported emotions (as Scripture allegorically declares in the command to men to rule over the brutes), none of them will be active in the ministry of evil; fear will only generate within us obedience, and anger fortitude, and cowardice caution; and the instinct of desire will procure for us the delight that is Divine and perfect. But if reason drops the reins and is dragged behind like a charioteer who has got entangled in his car, then these instincts are changed into fierceness, just as we see happens among the brutes. For since reason does not preside over the natural impulses that are implanted in them, the more irascible animals, under the generalship of their anger, mutually destroy each other; while the bulky and powerful animals get no good themselves from their strength, but become by their want of reason slaves of that which has reason. Neither are the activities of their desire for pleasure employed on any of the higher objects; nor does any other instinct to be observed in them result in any profit to themselves. Thus too, with ourselves, if these instincts are not turned by reasoning into the right direction, and if our feelings get the mastery of our mind, the man is changed from a reasoning into an unreasoning being, and from godlike intelligence sinks by the force of these passions to the level of the brute...

...If love is taken from us, how shall we be united to God? If anger is to be extinguished, what arms shall we possess against the adversary? Therefore the Husbandman leaves those bastard seeds within us, not for them always to overwhelm the more precious crop, but in order that the land itself (for so, in his allegory, he calls the heart) by its native inherent power, which is that of reasoning, may wither up the one growth and may render the other fruitful and abundant: but if that is not done, then he commissions the fire to mark the distinction in the crops. If, then, a man indulges these affections in a due proportion and holds them in his own power instead of being held in theirs, employing them for an instrument as a king does his subjects' many hands, then efforts towards excellence more easily succeed for him. But should he become theirs, and, as when any slaves mutiny against their master, get enslaved by those slavish thoughts and ignominiously bow before them; a prey to his natural inferiors, he will be forced to turn to those employments which his imperious masters command. This being so, we shall not pronounce these emotions of the soul, which lie in the power of their possessors for good or ill, to be either virtue or vice. But, whenever their impulse is towards what is noble, then they become matter for praise, as his desire did to Daniel, and his anger to Phineas, and their grief to those who nobly mourn. But if they incline to baseness, then these are, and they are called, bad passions...

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [\*On the Soul and the Resurrection\*](#)

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Now let's not hear any complaining about the poor video quality here. The fact is the right and proper version of this sequence *was* on YouTube a few years ago, but YouTube inexplicably yanked it. Just be glad then we have and can get even this much.

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Irww\\_q5j3x8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Irww_q5j3x8)

["The Munsters - Herman Singing And Playing Guitar!!" -- singing "Dry Bones"]

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"What will ye? Shall I come unto you with a rod, or in love, in the spirit of meekness?"  
~ 1st Corinthians 4:21

If the devil could not empower a person in a material and or worldly way, then he would have nothing to purchase the commission of evil with. So yes, a person can or may get a certain benefit as a result of such transaction. But, needless to add, such who engage in such bargains are rarely conscious of what it will final cost them in terms of lasting health, peace and felicity.

What is Hell, if anything, but a protection racket? You pay them, with deference, silence, indifference, willful blindness, not to cause you problems. But don't think that they will simply stop at that, and not come back to you one day demanding much more.

I will hope you are not securing peace to pursue your religious faith at the price of appeasement and making compromises with Hell and the autocratic tyranny of spirits. For though to some it make you seem saintly, is it not mayhap more the case that you are rather a coward and fool; ready to abandon honest, rational and impartial truth -- in the name, you claim, of faith, but really out of love for deceiving tricks of seeming angels and or a superstitious terror of molesting and terrifying ghosts?

No one likes and looks to spirit people for moral character, courage, or as a regular fellow. Rather, they look to spirit people for power, for magic, for the power of authority (and in turn privilege that it brings), or owing to dread of them; while and at the same time invariably being made subject to spirit people charms and mind control. And if spirit people are not regularly moral, decent and rational, what reason, what excuse does anyone have for thinking they are of or represent true heaven?

"But," you say, "they can raise up hooligans and good for nothings into kings and potentates over night." That is true. But if people come to see and realize that it is *criminal* spirit people bringing this to pass, the cost of the latter's doing so will come out of their seeming divinity; such that the purported worth of their heaven can be made to go down in value correspondingly insofar and to the 1) extent they are successful (i.e., in raising up false kings and potentates in *this* world), and 2) more people are made aware of the *kind* of spirit persons that make such possible; namely such that who are simply out and out criminals (and, therefore, not really divine.)

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There are people who think that by making pacts with the devil they can help people. Goethe's Faust Part II is, of course, a famous example of this; where the ever striving Doctor in his later years uses his wealth and influence to reclaim and make useable land inundated by the sea. In fact at the end of the same work, Faust goes to Heaven to see poor Gretchen who he had cruelly abandoned in Part I; unlike Dante who was a Christian and presumably had treated Beatrice well. And yet when the subject came up of Goethe with the spirit people that visited me, it was related that (after he'd died) he himself ended up being beat up. I was actually shown a glimpse of him, or what appeared to be him, and he did indeed look beat up, and wearied and worn by the experience.

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True, not all very rich people have made pacts with the devil. But it is fairly inconceivable that there isn't among their immediate family and or friendly associates some who, to greater and lesser degrees, hasn't.

There is nothing wrong to living your life for fun; except when you later find out about all the poor people, children and animals that were neglected, abused, tortured, and murdered while, oblivious and absented minded, you were playing. How much less happy will you be when the devil who helped foot your bills, was the same one who commanded those things to be done.

The long and short of it seems to be that because, in addition to an understandable fear of retaliation, he suffers terribly from envy, covetousness, and low self-esteem. Thus, he has to systematically torture and murder others, and has done so for ages.

"But," I suggested, "will not possessing a billion dollars do?" (i.e., in place of such behavior, and which money and much more he already has.)

"No," he says, "It won't *do*."

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"Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you."  
~ Luke 17:21

"Why [then] seek ye the living among the dead?"  
~ Luke 24: 25

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(Future mega-media film, tv and video game producer): Aww gee Mom, can't we keep him?

(Mother): Absolutely not. He goes right back to Hell, first thing in the morning.

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Another visit with Teddy.

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8\\_WPhlj2gD0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8_WPhlj2gD0)

And: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3tBF0tVYbsY>

["Theodore Roosevelt at his home in Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, Long Island, in 1912 - Part 1 of 2"] and ["Theodore Roosevelt at his home in Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, Long Island, in 1912 - Part 2 of 2"]

While for a fun, modern day tour of Sagamore Hill (which I myself in years past have been to a couple of times, *and thoroughly enjoyed it*), see: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pmm5l-5vynw> ["Sagamore Hill Tour part one" -- of three parts]

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Former President Theodore Roosevelt momentarily caught off guard by paparazzi or ambush "journalism" -- *in 1917?!* (As always, you be the judge.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dMSUAH5EZAj>

["Theodore Roosevelt Calls on Neighbors at Christmas, 1917"]

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In a BBC radio report of Nov. 24, 1963, Alistair Cooke aired a scintillating and scathing analysis of and on the meaning of JFK's death. He effectually states and implies that the assassination was an act of raw evil; the evident intent and or result of which was to destroy hope in people's hearts and minds, and to break up, what was in effect, greater America's family solidarity and unity. If what he says is true, then "Oswald's" ambitions were very grand indeed.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qc3c9gtwiwc>

["COMMENTARY BY ALISTAIR COOKE ON 11/24/63 (BBC RADIO)"]

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And pray how, I asked, does this belief in the existence of God prove along with it the existence of the human soul? For God, surely, is not the same thing as the soul, so that, if the one were believed in, the other must necessarily be believed in.

She replied: It has been said by wise men that man is a little world in himself and contains all the elements which go to complete the universe. If this view is a true one (and so it seems), we perhaps shall need no other ally than it to establish the truth of our conception of the soul. And our conception of it is this; that it exists, with a rare and peculiar nature of its own, independently of the body with its gross texture. We get our exact knowledge of this outer world from the apprehension of our senses, and these sensational operations themselves lead us on to the understanding of the super-sensual world of fact and thought, and our eye thus becomes the interpreter of

that almighty wisdom which is visible in the universe, and points in itself to the Being Who encompasses it. Just so, when we look to our inner world, we find no slight grounds there also, in the known, for conjecturing the unknown; and the unknown there also is that which, being the object of thought and not of sight, eludes the grasp of sense.

I rejoined, Nay, it may be very possible to infer a wisdom transcending the universe from the skillful and artistic designs observable in this harmonized fabric of physical nature; but, as regards the soul, what knowledge is possible to those who would trace, from any indications the body has to give, the unknown through the known?

Most certainly, the Virgin replied, the soul herself, to those who wish to follow the wise proverb and know themselves, is a competent instructress; of the fact, I mean, that she is an immaterial and spiritual thing, working and moving in a way corresponding to her peculiar nature, and evincing these peculiar emotions through the organs of the body. For this bodily organization exists the same even in those who have just been reduced by death to the state of corpses, but it remains without motion or action because the force of the soul is no longer in it. It moves only when there is sensation in the organs, and not only that, but the mental force by means of that sensation penetrates with its own impulses and moves whither it will all those organs of sensation.

What then, I asked, is the soul? Perhaps there may be some possible means of delineating its nature; so that we may have some comprehension of this subject, in the way of a sketch.

Its definition, the Teacher replied, has been attempted in different ways by different writers, each according to his own bent; but the following is our opinion about it. The soul is an essence created, and living, and intellectual, transmitting from itself to an organized and sentient body the power of living and of grasping objects of sense, as long as a natural constitution capable of this holds together...

You see what the eye does teach; and yet it would never of itself have afforded this insight, without something that looks through the eyes and uses the data of the senses as mere guides to penetrate from the apparent to the unseen. It is needless to add the methods of geometry that lead us step by step through visible delineations to truths that lie out of sight, and countless other instances which all prove that apprehension is the work of an intellectual essence deeply seated in our nature, acting through the operation of our bodily senses...

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [\*On the Soul and the Resurrection\*](#)

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J4YVImCvH0E>

["le penitencier" -- Johnny Hallyday version, circa 1960s, of "House of the Rising Sun"]

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### *Not Hiring*

AT&T, after more than a century of relatively staid seriousness and sobriety, has under new management within just the past couple years gone looney toons crazy! And the laughs and just don't stop in this recent tv spot in which Pixar cartoon-like AT&T technicians tell "low life" to take a hike. Now the question for you class is -- what percentage of all AT&T employees, including its owning chairmen and advertisers, can "optimize a nine beam multi-beam antenna system?" (Winning respondents receive two free tickets to the induction of Nirvana into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame this year.)

See: <http://www.ispot.tv/ad/7g3F/at-and-t-network-guys-rock-band>

["AT&T TV Spot, 'Network Guys: Rock Band'" -- from [www.ispot.tv](http://www.ispot.tv)]

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### *Life is a Movie*

But I *don't want* to be in his stupid movie. What does he think I am, DiCaprio or Johnny Depp or something?

"Well, it turns out the only ones who wanted to be in his movie were dumb people; so *you* have to be in his movie. (Get the picture?)"

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In watching this both edifying and intelligent interview with Burt Bacharach on the subject of his work -- on YouTube, at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LxPHAFy8LAI> ["Burt Bacharach on Composing" -- Library of Congress channel] -- I was pleasantly surprised at what an articulate speaker, as well as composer, he is. Definitely worth a listen if the subject of "writing" music interests you. Afterward, I was reminded of some my favorite songs and pieces of his; a number of which I have posted (from YouTube) at my website over the past few years. However, upon my checking, I was a little amazed to learn I hadn't yet posted his "Casino Royale" theme; played by Herb Alpert. Here then to rectify this is the same. (And for those who by chance haven't heard this before -- thinking particularly of much younger people -- you're in for a treat of your life.)

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vT4\\_ZVxKjEc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vT4_ZVxKjEc)

["Herb Alpert - Casino Royale"]

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*Who is the Enemy?*

Some of you will recall how in the 60s and 70s they used to make what we now might call "morally minded" films. Most of these were relatively low budget, even for their time. Religious films of today by contrast are, for all their good intention, often made in conjunction with bloated and monopolistic Satanic filmdom; while Nature and Native American based morally minded films (e.g., Schick Sunn Classic films) or traditional Greek-Roman hero pictures like they used to produce in Italy are fairly non-existent now.

The following is an interesting clip from, by me, an unknown religious movie, and which seems to be dated about the 70s (or 80s?) It depicts an episode, as told in Muslim tradition, from the first Hegira (or Flight) of some of the followers of Mohammed; when they came to Christian Emperor Sahama (or Ashama) of Aksum in Ethiopia in about 615 A.D. (For a good introductory biography incidentally on the *general* subject, you might try Washington Irving's [\*Mahomet and his Successors \[1849\]\*](#).)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aI0Sm8vO8vk>

[On YouTube, this clip is erroneously or at least misleadingly entitled "The King Heraclius.mp4"]

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As grand and epic in human scope and historical importance as can possibly be imagined, and yet now and for most people, hardly more than so much unnoticed dust and vapor carried on the wind. (*Note.* Pardon the presenter's occasional odd misspellings, but the video does else have the merit of conciseness and being very informative given its length. Feel free, naturally, to re-watch, rewind or pause; in case you miss something.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xSZTg09WWcc>

["Heraclius" -- Amateur YouTube documentary on the Byzantine Emperor (c.575-641 A.D.) of the 7th century.]

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(To resume from earlier.)

If the moral law and ideas of God, the after life and judgment are of trite or minimal significance, why are certain spirit people, not to mention prominent persons among the very wealthy and the major mass media, obsessed with, indeed religious about, undermining and thwarting public respect and acceptance of the moral law and ideas of God, etc.? Observe also how it is characteristic of and among these same to acts as though they know *how things really are* -- only neither discussion nor debate are allowed. And despite their titanic riches and worldly power, it just about never is permitted for you to see and know who they are. In other words, if so they are so supremely confident in themselves, why is it necessary to proscribe and deter true free speech, communications, and fair competition generally, and why as well is there this absolute and utter need to hide? The truth is that for all their wealth and power, etc., they are filthy and contemptible; they lie, cheat, steal, torture, murder, etc., and as a result they stink for it. Decades ago I used to go fairly regularly to movie theaters (I never do so now) and watch television. But outside sporting, events it's extremely rare to otherwise risk myself being touched by their presence, say through watching television (thank goodness for the mute button on the remote), if and when I can avoid doing so. Even on the internet, as you already are aware, one must often time be careful and proceed with great caution before going through YouTube, Face Book, and other mass media dominated venues.

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...Observe this, and nothing else; that such a view about the soul amounts to nothing less than the abandoning of virtue, and seeking the pleasure of the moment only; the life of eternity, by which alone virtue claims the advantage, must be despaired of.

And pray how, I asked, are we to get a firm and unmovable belief in the soul's continuance? I, too, am sensible of the fact that human life will be bereft of the most beautiful ornament that life has to give, I mean virtue, unless an undoubting confidence with regard to this be established within us. What, indeed, has virtue to stand upon in the case of those persons who conceive of this present life as the limit of their existence, and hope for nothing beyond?...

Would not the defenders of the opposite belief say this: that the body, being composite, must necessarily be resolved into that of which it is composed? And when the coalition of elements in the body ceases, each of those elements naturally gravitates towards its kindred element with the irresistible bias of like to like; the heat in us will thus unite with heat, the earthy with the solid, and each of the other elements also will pass towards its like. Where, then, will the soul be after that? If one affirm that it is in those elements, one will be obliged to admit that it is identical with them, for this fusion could not possibly take place between two things of different natures. But this being granted, the soul must necessarily be viewed as a complex thing, fused as it is with qualities so opposite. But the complex is not simple, but must be classed with the composite, and the composite is necessarily dissoluble; and dissolution means the destruction of the compound; and the destructible is not immortal, else the flesh itself, resolvable as it is into its constituent elements, might so be called immortal. If, on the other hand, the soul is something other than these elements, where can our reason suggest a place for it to be, when it is thus, by virtue of its alien nature, not to be discovered in those elements, and there is no other place in the world, either, where it may continue, in harmony with its own peculiar character, to exist? But, if a thing can be found nowhere, plainly it has no existence.

The Teacher sighed gently at these words of mine, and then said; Maybe these were the objections, or such as these, that the Stoics and Epicureans collected at Athens made in answer to the Apostle. I hear that Epicurus carried his theories in this very direction. The framework of things was to his mind a fortuitous and mechanical affair, without a Providence penetrating its operations; and, as a piece with this, he thought that human life was like a bubble, existing only as long as the breath within was held in by the enveloping substance, inasmuch as our body was a mere membrane, as it were, encompassing a breath; and that on the collapse of the inflation the imprisoned essence was extinguished. To him the visible was the limit of existence; he made our senses the only means of our apprehension of things; he completely closed the eyes of his soul, and was incapable of seeing anything in the intelligible and immaterial world, just as a man, who is imprisoned in a cabin whose walls and roof obstruct the view outside, remains without a glimpse of all the wonders of the sky. Verily, everything in the universe that is seen to be an object of sense is as an earthen wall, forming in itself a barrier between the narrower souls and that intelligible world which is ready for their contemplation; and it is the earth and water and fire alone that such behold; whence comes each of these elements, in what and by what they are encompassed, such souls because of their narrowness cannot detect. While the sight of a garment suggests to any one the weaver of it, and the thought of the shipwright comes at the sight of the ship, and the hand of the builder is brought to the mind of him who sees the building, these little souls gaze upon the world, but their eyes are blind to Him whom all this that we see around us makes manifest;

and so they propound their clever and pungent doctrines about the soul's evanishment;— body from elements, and elements from body, and, besides, the impossibility of the soul's self-existence (if it is not to be one of these elements, or lodged in one); for if these opponents suppose that by virtue of the soul not being akin to the elements it is nowhere after death, they must propound, to begin with, the absence of the soul from the fleshly life as well, seeing that the body itself is nothing but a concourse of those elements; and so they must not tell us that the soul is to be found there either, independently vivifying their compound. If it is not possible for the soul to exist after death, though the elements do, then, I say, according to this teaching our life as well is proved to be nothing else but death. But if on the other hand they do not make the existence of the soul now in the body a question for doubt, how can they maintain its evanishment when the body is resolved into its elements? Then, secondly, they must employ an equal audacity against the God in this Nature too. For how can they assert that the intelligible and immaterial Unseen can be dissolved and diffused into the wet and the soft, as also into the hot and the dry, and so hold together the universe in existence through being, though not of a kindred nature with the things which it penetrates, yet not thereby incapable of so penetrating them? Let them, therefore, remove from their system the very Deity Who upholds the world.

That is the very point, I said, upon which our adversaries cannot fail to have doubts; viz. that all things depend on God and are encompassed by Him, or, that there is any divinity at all transcending the physical world...

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [\*On the Soul and the Resurrection\*](#)

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The seventy-two returned with joy, saying, "Lord, even the demons are subject to us in your name!"

And he said to them, "I saw Satan fall like lightning from heaven."

~ Luke 10:17-18

Falling from where? And yet how many think they know, indeed take for granted that they know, who and what the Devil is?

Now if you believe there is no God, after life or judgment, then what, in effect, is it that you are believing? That the moral law is of little or no lasting consequence or purpose. That all the most heinous and their crimes of evil down through the ages will go unpunished, and that the innocent, or else essentially innocent, victims of the same will just have to stuff it. If this then is what you believe, is it not more or less implied that you think that there is a God but that he is the Devil?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Sing it Roger! (The rest of you, stop gawking and pay attention!)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hKdRpDpIR70>

["Roger Whittaker - The Last Farewell 1975" -- Live tv show appearance from the 70's; Roger dressed in blue; young people mulling about around him as he sings]

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Are flagrant contradictions, equivocation, sophistical rhetoric, inefficiency, incompetence, quackery, superstition, cabals, prestige or exclusivity based on worldly social standing, interminable secrecy, hypocrisy, double standards of morality (*and* compassion) all right or tolerable if done (or practiced) in the name of the faith? And yet how can that be, when the ultimate object of true faith, as much as anything else, is to rid us of all these things?

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Some scoff at the idea of Christ walking on water. And yet is it not sometimes the case for many in life that for them to suffer as much and unjustly as they are made to is to ask them to do or perform something as, or almost as, great? And if the pain they cannot sustain, what happens but that they sink beneath the waves, from a state of hope and love, into abandoned existence?

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What, I ask you, is more depressing than a multi-millionaire (or billionaire), who acquired his riches by way of a Faustian pact, and yet who tries over, and over and over again to be funny, isn't, and doesn't know how to be? The same person trying to be an intellectual, and as demonstrated in this synopsis to the latest Johnny Depp film thriller "Transcendence."

"Dr. Will Caster (Johnny Depp) is the foremost researcher in the field of Artificial Intelligence, working to create a sentient machine that combines the collective intelligence of everything ever known with the full range of human emotions. His highly controversial experiments have made him famous, but they have also made him the prime target of anti-technology extremists who will do whatever it takes to stop him.

"However, in their attempt to destroy Will, they inadvertently become the catalyst for him to succeed—to be a participant in his own transcendence. For his wife Evelyn (Rebecca Hall) and best friend Max Waters (Paul Bettany), both fellow researchers, the question is not if they can...but if they should.

"Their worst fears are realized as Will's thirst for knowledge evolves into a seemingly omnipresent quest for power, to what end is unknown. The only thing that is becoming terrifyingly clear is there may be no way to stop him."

(Dr. Ruehl, your thoughts?)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4BSCYfjwk4w>

["Johnny hallyday - Diego - live" -- AU PARC DES PRINCES 2003]

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Presenting the NINTH edition of my *Calendar & Record of the Revolutionary War in the South: 1780-1781*, and for which see:

<https://archive.org/details/calendar9>

~or~

<https://www.scribd.com/doc/36010840/Calendar-Record-of-the-Rev-War-in-the-South-1780-81-10th-ed>

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[ch. 18]

4. Thus our love of pleasure took its beginning from our being made like to the irrational creation, and was increased by the transgressions of men, becoming the parent of so many varieties of sins arising from pleasure as we cannot find among the irrational animals. Thus the rising of anger in us is indeed akin to the impulse of the brutes; but it grows by the alliance of thought: for thence come malignity, envy, deceit, conspiracy, hypocrisy; all these are the result of the evil husbandry of the mind; for if the passion were divested of the aid it receives from thought, the anger that is left behind is short-lived and not sustained, like a bubble, perishing straightway as soon as it comes into being. Thus the greediness of swine introduces covetousness, and the high spirit of the horse becomes the origin of pride; and all the particular forms that proceed from the want of reason in brute nature become vice by the evil use of the mind.

5. So, likewise, on the contrary, if reason instead assumes sway over such emotions, each of them is transmuted to a form of virtue; for anger produces courage, terror caution, fear obedience, hatred aversion from vice, the power of love the desire for what is truly beautiful; high spirit in our character raises our thought above the passions, and keeps it from bondage to what is base; yea, the great Apostle, even, praises such a form of mental elevation when he bids us constantly to "think those things that are above Colossians 3:2;" and so we find that every such motion, when elevated by loftiness of mind, is conformed to the beauty of the Divine image.

6. But the other impulse is greater, as the tendency of sin is heavy and downward; for the ruling element of our soul is more inclined to be dragged downwards by the weight of the irrational nature than is the heavy and earthy element to be exalted by the loftiness of the intellect; hence the misery that encompasses us often causes the Divine gift to be forgotten, and spreads the passions of the flesh, like some ugly mask, over the beauty of the image...

[ch. 19]

5. Thus the "every" tree of which the passage gives food to him who was made in the likeness of God, is the same with the tree of life; and there is opposed to this tree another tree, the food given by which is the knowledge of good and evil:— not that it bears in turn as fruit each of these things of opposite significance, but that it produces a fruit blended and mixed with opposite qualities, the eating of which the Prince of Life forbids, and the serpent counsels, that he may prepare an entrance for death: and he obtained credence for his counsel, covering over the fruit with a fair appearance and the show of pleasure, that it might be pleasant to the eyes and stimulate the desire to taste.

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), *On the Making of Man*

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In watching on YouTube the well done and most informative "John P. Meier: Jesus the Jew - But What Sort of Jew?" at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WxeKunPwmp4>,

I noticed among the comments written on YouTube in respect to this program: "Jesus wasn't a Jew according to modern orthodox teaching. Mary was a gentile since she had at least FOUR gentile mothers in her genealogy. Ruth, Rahab, Bathsheba, and Tamar. And, NO, they didn't 'convert'. King David also married gentiles. So did all the patriarchs of Judaism. But interestingly never ONE time is a gentile father mentioned in ANY of the biblical genealogies. I wonder why?"

To which I responded: "Yes and perhaps, but then neither were Abraham, Isaac, Jacob or even Moses (a Levite) Jews."

Very witty or clever of me, don't you think? But, and needless to add, I am far from being the first who such has occurred to. And not long after, indeed the next day, I came across, also on YouTube and also as it happens from University of California Television, "The Conversion of Abraham to Judaism Christianity and Islam" at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PQHE9Fuo0zQ>

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7YbINpvnqEY>

["Marin Marais, "Le Badinage," from "Pieces for Viols," Bk 4 (1717), Jordi Savall"]

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You might find it hard to believe, but I am and have been subject to ongoing, and literal torture and harassment by these spirit people and their henchmen (I've written of) for over two decades without pause, including ostracization and externally contrived isolation; though granted the intensity of these ordeals will vary on a given day. Most of this abuse is in the form of brain torture radios and dream productions, and by means of the latter I am typically subjected to these criminals propaganda; so that by way of them I am able to get closer glimpses of what and how they think. One of the devices they try to use on me is to attempt to make me jealous; that is by my missing out on or being denied this or that; such as with respect to love, family, reputation, beauty and life success generally. What is quite risible about their taking this tack is that their conceptions of love, family, etc. are so abysmally shallow and tawdry, and evince hardly any traces of the least good taste; or sense of poetry, humor or music. How then, is it to be supposed that such as they could make me jealous? The whole thing is utterly absurd. High quality loves fair and just competition, but it goes without saying that one is not going to find love of fair and just competition among liars, cheaters, bullies, cowards, and hypocrites.

If a given belief (or knowledge) does not ultimately lead to real and lasting happiness, what good is it? And yet how can that belief be said to lead to happiness if the knower or believer does not or does grasp much what true happiness is? Or similarly, how can what they believe lead to veritable felicity if they do not have sufficient good taste and morals to tell the difference between true and false happiness? A good illustration of this sort, I think, is someone who self-righteously blames or finds fault with the already outcast and or odd ball, yet refuses to speak out or see any serious blame among certain of the extremely rich or entrenched (and non-competitive) respectability. And yet, let no man or woman presume to act as judge who refuses to compete fairly, refuses to be honest regularly, equally just, persistently rational; habitually big hearted (both with respect to compassion and bravery); all of which is to say, let no person be taken as a serious judge who by definition has only mediocre ideas and notions of in what lasting happiness consists.

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"V. Sarah's Tomb

"Abraham purchased a field wherein to lay his wife's bones, inasmuch as righteousness and faith dwell as strangers on the earth. This cave he bought at a great price, and here a resting place was acquired for her holy ashes."

~ Prudentius (348-c.413 A.D.), from *Scenes From History*, trans. by H.J. Thomson.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

He is all great, almighty, all powerful, and (if he himself is to be believed) all interesting, and yet it is necessary that you not see him or know what he looks like. To all this I take grave exception, and have far less regard for him than he insists he is entitled to. And just to prove the justice of my opinion, and despite the billions he has at his disposal to manipulate movies, tv, the internet, and mass media generally for purposes of promoting himself, here is a fellow that strikes me as infinitely more winning and likeable -- and yet we can safely assume hasn't a dime in his pocket by comparison.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7iby2WkKYHE>

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2j2-RHUveV0>

["HOW TO DO VENTRILOQUISM / BE A VENTRILOQUIST"] and ["JOHNNY IS HUNGRY! (Johnny of Wackopuppets...)"]

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Does empty space, the void, or a vacuum exist? It seems counter intuitive to speak thus, but the answer is yes. One offhand and ready proof this can be seen in the case of shelf space. If, for instance, you have boxes of books to place in a room, the empty space on those shelves suddenly being useful have value, and it could be said the value confers on that empty space existence. So it is, or at least would seem, with infinite space. But did what we surmise to be infinite space precede creation? The answer to this, naturally, we are not in a position quite to know. Yet it is not *wholly* inconceivable that matter-energy and empty space were created or otherwise came into being simultaneously; which if true implies the apparent contradiction that "nothing" (empty space), like "something" (matter), was created. Again, this may sound very strange. But then if God happened to will it so, who can say him nay?

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In circumstances where someone criminal or other-worldly terrifies or would terrify you, ask yourself whether or not you like them. If you don't like them, then simply say so, and let that be your response. Thus and by this means the fear, howsoever terrible before, will vanish.

Now if they are a spirit person, very possibly their next tactic will be at someone point to return and pretend to you that they are from Heaven (or something like this.) Again, use the same approach; only if you do like them this time around, I would have to conclude you must be a fool or very credulous person.

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(Another.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PtnQhmE6fvY>

["Sheena Easton "Morning Train," 9 to 5, Live in Vancouver 8-20-2008" -- audio only]

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[ch. 16]

10...The language of Scripture therefore expresses it concisely by a comprehensive phrase, in saying that man was made "in the image of God": for this is the same as to say that He made human nature participant in all good; for if the Deity is the fullness of good, and this is His image, then the image finds its resemblance to the Archetype in being filled with all good.

11. Thus there is in us the principle of all excellence, all virtue and wisdom, and every higher thing that we conceive: but pre-eminent among all is the fact that we are free from necessity, and not in bondage to any natural power, but have decision in our own power as

we please; for virtue is a voluntary thing, subject to no dominion: that which is the result of compulsion and force cannot be virtue. 12. Now as the image bears in all points the semblance of the archetypal excellence, if it had not a difference in some respect, being absolutely without divergence it would no longer be a likeness, but will in that case manifestly be absolutely identical with the Prototype. What difference then do we discern between the Divine and that which has been made like to the Divine? We find it in the fact that the former is uncreate, while the latter has its being from creation: and this distinction of property brings with it a train of other properties; for it is very certainly acknowledged that the uncreated nature is also immutable, and always remains the same, while the created nature cannot exist without change; for its very passage from nonexistence to existence is a certain motion and change of the non-existent transmuted by the Divine purpose into being.

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [\*On the Making of Man\*](#)

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(From the archives.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F-s8t5pQcHk>

["Sandi & Salli sing "I'll Never Fall In Love Again" (Audio)"]

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You trust them because they have all the money. But they, so to speak, have all the money because they most stupidly and foolishly made a deal with spirit people (which latter are effectually given free to commit crime quite freely and acquire huge material wealth.) For those who made or make such a deal with spirit people, and as they saw it, there wasn't even a choice.

Are they truthful people? You know they are not.

Theirs is a philosophy of there is no after life; get what you can NOW.

What about the children? Evidently too bad for them; for as they have learned from spirit people, *this* world has no future.

More tattoos anyone?

When it comes to persons of authority and whether religious or worldly, can such ever truly be either blessed, fortunate or happy who will not or cannot (consistently and the vast majority of the time) speak honestly and rationally? Far from it, of course. Indeed such person for all their prestige or power are slaves and slaves of spirit people. And yet look who the unthinking world turns to as authority. And yet authority without clearly defined or recognized leaders.

This my friends, I submit, is Hell and what Hell is.

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If someone drags you by the hair and says you must do this you must do that, is it ever safe to assume that he (doing so) is God?

If you mistake spirit people for God, or the wishes of spirit people as God's will, then you are necessarily making a terrible mistake. But you see, once again, it's that Don Knotts character (panicking) kind of thing. Because a given person doesn't even think to ask or even challenge the spirit person, he does or might foolishly assume, albeit with good intention, that the other *is* (or, as an agent, represents) God.

My own feeling is I will know it is God if and when there is something to love about him; beyond what, say, Christian charity or pity requires. Yet even here, and even if many were to go by this precaution and safeguard, in their ignorance they still wouldn't know any better (i.e., so as to be able to tell.)

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But if you are right, I do insist that you be able to face me honestly, or at least communicate with me directly.

But you see, he won't, he can't -- so that, in sum, he isn't -- despite liking to think of himself as being so.

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Another good, if quirky, film to watch? Well, actually it is a serial; in this case "King of the Wild" (1931) with Boris Karloff and Tom Santschi (from the original 1914 "The Spoilers.") While the script is marvelously absurd, and many dramatic situations *too* casually contrived (for heightened excitement purposes), "King" is fascinating in its naïve strangeness; sort of like the quality of the drawing in a very old "Classics Illustrated" comic book. Although a talkie, the shot and scene composition is often quaintly reminiscent of a silent film. Added to this is 19th century and early 20th enchantment with global discovery and that exotic feeling of other lands and places beyond one's home country, colonized or waiting to be colonized, or otherwise explored. Who needs science fiction or the supernatural, when our very own world itself is such an wonder as to astound as much or more than anything?

Because "King" is a serial, you will probably want to view it on DVD. Otherwise, and for more, see:

<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0022028/>

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C1wK2F6AOo>

["Heinrich von Biber, Passacaglia for solo violin, G min. (1676), Andrew Manze"]

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Back in the day when this now forgotten demi-classic came out, I naturally assumed the unsavory characters portrayed in it were mere down and out, rotten criminals. But the thought recently occurred to me. Hey, wouldn't they make for positively ideal producers of today's action/fantasy films? Just put a billion dollars in their hands, and there you go!

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=edn5EzHXVBU>

["The Hills Have Eyes (1977) Trailer (Suze Lanier-Bramlett, Robert Houston and John Steadman)"]

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The devil is quicker to punish virtue than men are to reward it. But then that comes as no surprise, especially in our time; given how very few men do *anything* of consequence without the devil's say so and permission (while bowing to his authority.)

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[ch. 12]

9...For since the most beautiful and supreme good of all is the Divinity Itself, to which incline all things that have a tendency towards what is beautiful and good, we therefore say that the mind, as being in the image of the most beautiful, itself also remains in beauty and goodness so long as it partakes as far as is possible in its likeness to the archetype; but if it were at all to depart from this it is deprived of that beauty in which it was. And as we said that the mind was adorned by the likeness of the archetypal beauty, being formed as though it were a mirror to receive the figure of that which it expresses, we consider that the nature which is governed by it is attached to the mind in the same relation, and that it too is adorned by the beauty that the mind gives, being, so to say, a mirror of the mirror; and that by it is swayed and sustained the material element of that existence in which the nature is contemplated.

10. Thus so long as one keeps in touch with the other, the communication of the true beauty extends proportionally through the whole series, beautifying by the superior nature that which comes next to it; but when there is any interruption of this beneficent connection, or when, on the contrary, the superior comes to follow the inferior, then is displayed the misshapen character of matter, when it is isolated from nature (for in itself matter is a thing without form or structure), and by its shapelessness is also destroyed that beauty of nature with which it is adorned through the mind; and so the transmission of the ugliness of matter reaches through the nature to the mind itself, so that the image of God is no longer seen in the figure expressed by that which was moulded according to it; for the mind, setting the idea of good like a mirror behind the back, turns off the incident rays of the effulgence of the good, and it receives into itself the impress of the shapelessness of matter.

11. And in this way is brought about the genesis of evil, arising through the withdrawal of that which is beautiful and good. Now all is beautiful and good that is closely related to the First Good; but that which departs from its relation and likeness to this is certainly devoid of beauty and goodness. If, then, according to the statement we have been considering, that which is truly good is one, and the mind itself also has its power of being beautiful and good, in so far as it is in the image of the good and beautiful, and the nature, which is sustained by the mind, has the like power, in so far as it is an image of the image, it is hereby shown that our material part holds together, and is upheld when it is controlled by nature; and on the other hand is dissolved and disorganized when it is separated from that which upholds and sustains it, and is dis severed from its conjunction with beauty and goodness.

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [\*On the Making of Man\*](#)

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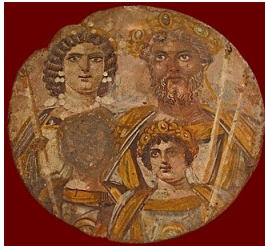
See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7pkJdwXJ2\\_o](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7pkJdwXJ2_o)

["Sky Saxon and the Seeds "Cracking Ice"]

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### *A Family Affair*

(In doing research on the internet, I ran across this rare and unusual item.)



"(P)ainted panel, family of [Roman Emperor] [Septimius Severus](#); Roman, tempera on wood, found in Egypt, c. 200 CE; smaller version.

"This is the only extant painting of an imperial family. On the top level are portraits of the empress, Julia Domna, wearing a gold diadem, large pearl necklace, and earrings with triple pearls, and the emperor, Septimius Severus, wearing a gold crown studded with large jewels. Their two sons appear on the lower level. Caracalla is shown with curly hair and a smaller gold crown, but the face of Geta has been obliterated due to the *damnatio memoriae* that was decreed by Caracalla after he had his younger brother murdered in 211 CE. All three males are shown holding scepters.

Berlin, Altes Museum."

For more and where this came from, see:

[http://www.vroma.org/images/mcmanus\\_images/index11.html](http://www.vroma.org/images/mcmanus_images/index11.html)

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Yvtfx8dLMGI>

["van Wassenae, Concertino no. 1, G maj., (c.1725-40), 3rd mov.; London Festival Orch."]<

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So many times in the past few decades I did and could have wished that Fulton J. Sheen was till around to the intense moral and spiritual gadfly he was.

Not long ago, someone introduced to me the daily and Sunday messages and videos of Father Robert Barron. Although no one is likely to mistake the genial and gentle, Father Barron for the fervid, and even sometimes volatile, Bishop Sheen; still a related intelligent and educated religious approach is there. And certainly it is nice to see a thoughtful Catholic spokesperson on a regular basis in, what is now become, more widespread media. In one talk Father Barron likened the difference between this life and the life resurrected as that between a square and a cube or else a triangle and a pyramid. And which prompted me to think -- "I wish *I'd* thought of that."

While I don't know that I will agree with quite everything he might say (I didn't always concur with Bishop Sheen); so far I like much what I hear.

For more, including how to get on his email list, see:

<http://www.wordonfire.org/>

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RspL-8hfUuU>

["Count Basie Half A Sixpence Original stereo recording from reel to reel ampex tape"]

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"Dream It -- You Can Do It!"

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W4XaqnwD6gU>

["MAN OF LOVE: Minister Farrakhan Plays Violin Concerto (Mendlessohn's 2nd Movement)"]

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Hats off to *the evil one* for the new *getteau* style tenements (just west of Swedish Hospital) that have recently been erected in once cute, old fashioned, and livable Ballard (Seattle.)

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[ch. 5]

Now we declare that Virginité [of the heart, mind, and soul] is man's "fellow-worker" and helper in achieving the aim of this lofty passion. In other sciences men have devised certain practical methods for cultivating the particular subject; and so, I take it, virginité is the practical method in the science of the Divine life, furnishing men with the power of assimilating themselves with spiritual natures. The constant endeavour in such a course is to prevent the nobility of the soul from being lowered by those sensual outbreaks, in which the mind no longer maintains its heavenly thoughts and upward gaze, but sinks down to the emotions belonging to the flesh and blood. How can the soul which is riveted to the pleasures of the flesh and busied with merely human longings turn a disengaged eye upon its kindred intellectual light? This evil, ignorant, and prejudiced bias towards material things will prevent it. The eyes of swine, turning naturally downward, have no glimpse of the wonders of the sky; no more can the soul whose body drags it down look any longer upon the beauty above; it must pore perforce upon things which though natural are low and animal. To look with a free devoted gaze upon heavenly delights, the soul will turn itself from earth; it will not even partake of the recognized indulgences of the secular life; it will transfer all its powers of affection from material objects to the intellectual contemplation of immaterial beauty. Virginité of the body is devised to further such a disposition of the soul; it aims at creating in it a complete forgetfulness of natural emotions; it would prevent the necessity of ever descending to the call of fleshly needs. Once freed from such, the soul runs no risk of becoming, through a growing habit of indulging in that which seems to a certain extent conceded by nature's law, inattentive and ignorant of Divine and undefiled delights. Purity of the heart, that master of our lives, alone can capture them.

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [On Virginité](#)

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RAb8G6eni7A>

["van Wassenauer, Concertino no. 5, F min., (c.1725-40), 1st mov., London Festival Orch."]

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It's a wonder to me at times how people so amazingly talented get far less than their due. One very good case in point is singer, impressionist Marilyn Michaels. No little good looking, naturally funny, a perfect comedienne, and a tremendous singer in her own right -- whether in personation or as her own voice -- it is something of a marvel to me why she isn't more known and recognized as the star that she is. I especially remember her from the days of the 1972 ABC TV show "The Kopycats," and that also starred fellow mimics George Kirby Frank Gorshen, Rich Little, and Charlie Callas. No less memorable to me -- at and from that time -- was why the program did not stay on the air. In fact, according to the imdb, there were only 7 episodes made of it! No wonder then that way back in 1972, I could not understand why such an entertaining show came and went so quickly, and yet after all these years I still recall it, overall, fairly vividly.

While you can easily find clips from "The Kopycats" on YouTube, here are two samples of Marilyn Michaels performing. The first is a rendition of the Lennon and McCartney "Got to Get You into My Life," and where she sings as herself, and the second has her, with Steve Lawrence, impersonating other celebrity female vocalists and evidently from some tv special or other (with a separate bit tagged on at the end of her doing Lily Tomlin.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vcKBhJFHDrY>

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UtiE7QvzjwA>

["Marilyn Michaels...Army Hour Radio transcription song" and "Marilyn Michaels Impressionist part 2"]

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They who speak of or refer to religion, philosophy, and poetry as useless, trite, or ineffectual (as ironically Lord Byron himself at one point did of poetry) are among the most arrant and obvious hypocrites you could name; for the very thing they choose *in place of religion, philosophy, and poetry* is itself and has become their own substitute and brand of traditional religion, philosophy or poetry. Meanwhile, woe to those who rely predominantly if not exclusively, on mere consensus or what other "everybody" thinks! For such is not the ultimate standard of truth; although many would-be religions, philosophies, and poetries are constructed from such a false and misleading foundation. It is worth noting also that such seemingly new systems of living and belief are invariably adamant against fair play and fair competition, frown on free and open rational discussion, and prefer instead the sledge hammer approach of fascism as the test of truth, merit, and respectability. And yet for all there admitted success in our own time, no one ever truly loves or deeply admires such people; despite their liking to flatter themselves that people do. Rather people want in on their loot, seek financial security through their entrenched establishment, and or else cower in simple dread terror of them, and so furnish these lords of brutal might and mass media mind-control with the cooperation and blind deference they arrogantly assume is theirs. Needless to add, there is no real or meaningful brother or sisterhood among such persons, and suspicion and mutual distrust is never very far away. Now can you call that *living*?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ARL7GY0oy-w>

["Beethoven, String Quartet, Op.132, no.15, A min. (1825) 3d mov., Suske-Quartet"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9DvGJk3Uzvo>

["Roy Orbison You Got It Subtitulado"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

(Another from one of those LPs our family had when we were kids growing up.)

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OFdCqW\\_p1HA](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OFdCqW_p1HA)

["The Roaring 20's Volume 1 Side 2 Side by Side" -- from "The Roaring 20's, vol. 1" by The Charleston City All Stars with Tracy Sargarman/Enoch Light]

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[ch. 4]

...Wealth and comfort, poverty and distress, and all the other inequalities of life, seem to the ignorant, applying the test of pleasure, vastly different from each other. But to the higher understanding they are all alike; one is not of greater value than the other; because life runs on to the finish with the same speed through all these opposites, and in the lots of either class there remains the same power of choice to live well or ill, "through armour on the right hand and on the left, through evil report and good report [2 Corinthians 6:7]." Therefore the clearseeing mind which measures reality will journey on its path without turning, accomplishing its appointed time from its birth to its exit; it is neither softened by the pleasures nor beaten down by the hardships; but, as is the way with travellers, it keeps advancing always, and takes but little notice of the views presented. It is the travellers way to press on to their journey's end, no matter whether they are passing through meadows and cultivated farms, or through wilder and more rugged spots; a smiling landscape does not detain them; nor a gloomy one check their speed. So, too, that lofty mind will press straight on to its self-imposed end, not turning aside to see anything on the way. It passes through life, but its gaze is fixed on heaven; it is the good steersman directing the bark to some landmark there. But the grosser mind looks down; it bends its energies to bodily pleasures as surely as the sheep stoop to their pasture; it lives for gorging and still lower pleasures; it is alienated from the life of God, and a stranger to the promise of the Covenants; it recognizes no good but the gratification of the body. It is a mind such as this that "walks in darkness," and invents all the evil in this life of ours; avarice, passions unchecked, unbounded luxury, lust of power, vain-glory, the whole mob of moral diseases that invade men's homes. In these vices, one somehow holds closely to another; where one has entered all the rest seem to follow, dragging each other in a natural order, just as in a chain, when you have jerked the first link, the others cannot rest, and even the link at the other end feels the motion of the first, which passes thence by virtue of their contiguity through the intervening links; so firmly are men's vices linked together by their very nature; when one of them has gained the mastery of a soul, the rest of the train follow. If you want a graphic picture of this accursed chain, suppose a man who because of some special pleasure it gives him is a victim to his thirst for fame; then a desire to increase his fortune follows close upon this thirst for fame; he becomes grasping; but only because the first vice leads him on to this. Then this grasping after money and superiority engenders either anger with his kith and kin, or pride towards his inferiors, or envy of those above him; then hypocrisy comes in after this envy; a soured temper after that; a misanthropical spirit after that; and behind them all a state of condemnation which ends in the dark fires of hell. You see the chain; how all follows from one cherished passion.

...But suppose we remain in this evil bondage, and, to use the Master's words, "the truth shall not have made us free," how can one who seeks a lie and wanders in the maze of this world ever come to the truth? How can one who has surrendered his existence to be chained by nature run away from this captivity? An illustration will make our meaning clearer. A winter torrent, which, impetuous in itself, becomes swollen and carries down beneath its stream trees and boulders and anything that comes in its way, is death and danger to those alone who live along its course; for those who have got well out of its way it rages in vain. Just so, only the man who lives in the turmoil of life has to feel its force; only he has to receive those sufferings which nature's stream, descending in a flood of troubles, must, to be true to its kind, bring to those who journey on its banks...

~ Gregory of Nyssa (c.335-c.395), [On Virginity](#)

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Well, what do we have here? The U.S. Postal Service is now issuing [Harry Potter "Forever" stamps](#). Don't tell me we will see Moses parting the Red Sea or a Sermon on the Mount stamp; or one to Buddha or one to Mohammed. "What" you say "and violate separation of church and state?!"

These Potter stamps, of course, come in the wake of Neo-Disney/Pixar/DreamWorks U.S. Postal stamps we told you of last year. I guess the message here is that the United States is up for sale to the highest bidder.

Meanwhile, do you yet doubt what I have said and written about brain torture radios being used in this country, and my run ins with criminal spirit people? But you see, this is where the big money and power are; namely with persons involved in sorcery and violent organized crime. For over 20s years I have fought this gang of billion dollar felon criminals and other-worldly gangsters friends single-handedly (aside from the [garrison](#) of Fort Joseph Skatey, and which has since been reduced to [Lion](#) and myself), and not yet have I received even an investigation into my charges, let alone help in fighting these people. Even so, I don't ask for pity. Better to have suffered Nazi/hoodlum style violence, dirty tricks and vandalism than to have stood by indifferent to these parasites, thieves, and leeches; or worse to have surrendered to or been bribed by them as is the case with so many; or else fooled by their phony heaven and religion. Indeed, I could almost describe myself as in a state of ecstasy that I have so thoroughly rejected persons who I consider to be the very disease, sin, and horror of existence.

Iron Man, the Dark Knight, Breaking Bad, Killer Elite -- you think they are tough? I fought the equivalent all alone these many years and to this day they still hide from me; operating instead by means of high tech violence, demons, and other stealthy methods of attack. As always, if you don't believe me or what I say, come to inquire with me about my story at my home at 1604 NW 70th St. in Seattle. This offer has been up for over a decade and still no takers. Why should this be? Might not there be at least one or two persons even just curious to test whether what I assert is or may be true? And yet if true, the implications are staggering with respect to government, law, church, medicine, science -- you name it.

Billion dollar big man, *you're* so tough? Let's see you *finally* face me.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_9JmbTugd2k](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_9JmbTugd2k)

["Nardini, Violin Concerto, E flat maj., 3d mov., Melkus, Capella Academia Wien"]

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*Death Before the Christian Era*

*"Quam vellent aethere in alto nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!"*

[Aeneas, with the Cumaean sibyl his guide, is just embarked upon exploring Hades.]  
Immediately a loud crying of voices was heard, the spirits  
of weeping infants, whom a dark day stole at the first  
threshold of this sweet life, those chosen to be torn

from the breast, and drowned in bitter death.  
Nearby are those condemned to die on false charges.  
Yet their place is not ordained without the allotted jury:  
Minos, the judge, shakes the urn: he convenes the voiceless court,  
and hears their lives and sins. Then the next place  
is held by those gloomy spirits who, innocent of crime,  
died by their own hand, and, hating the light, threw away  
their lives. How willingly now they'd endure  
poverty and harsh suffering, in the air above!  
Divine Law prevents it, and the sad marsh and its hateful  
waters binds them, and nine-fold Styx confines them.

Not far from there the Fields of Mourning are revealed,  
spread out on all sides: so they name them.  
There, those whom harsh love devours with cruel pining  
are concealed in secret walkways, encircled by a myrtle grove:  
even in death their troubles do not leave them...  
Among them Phoenician Dido [who had committed suicide at his earlier abandoning her]  
wandered, in the great wood,  
her wound still fresh. As soon as the Trojan hero stood near her  
and knew her, shadowy among the shadows, like a man who sees,  
or thinks he sees, the new moon rising through a cloud, as its month  
begins, he wept tears and spoke to her with tender affection:  
'Dido, unhappy spirit, was the news that came to me  
of your death, true then, taking your life with a blade?  
Alas, was I the cause of your dying? I swear by the stars,  
by the gods above, by whatever truth may be in the depths  
of the earth, I left your shores unwillingly, my queen.  
I was commanded by gods, who drove me by their decrees,  
that now force me to go among the shades, through places  
thorny with neglect, and deepest night: nor did I think  
my leaving there would ever bring such grief to you.  
Halt your footsteps and do not take yourself from my sight.  
What do you flee? This is the last speech with you that fate allows.'  
With such words Aeneas would have calmed  
her fiery spirit and wild looks, and provoked her tears.  
She turned away, her eyes fixed on the ground,  
no more altered in expression by the speech he had begun  
than if hard flint stood there, or a cliff of Parian marble.  
At the last she tore herself away, and, hostile to him,  
fled to the shadowy grove where Sychaeus, her husband  
in former times, responded to her suffering, and gave her  
love for love. Aeneas, no less shaken by the injustice of fate,  
followed her, far off, with his tears, and pitied her as she went.  
~ Virgil, *The Aeneid*, Book VI, 426-871, Trans. by A. S. Kline.

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"Billions for children's medical research -- but not *one dime* for quality culture or education for children!"  
~ Satan

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Often drama tells the truth that cannot otherwise be said; but which *if said* is derided as *mere drama* or make-believe. Hence, there was perhaps more sense than we give credit to for banning theater during the age of Oliver Cromwell, or in America during colonial and Revolutionary times; namely, that such a ban made it *more possible* to believe *truths* that else would be deemed or thought of as *unbelievable*.

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### *Sign of the Times*

If you are being relentlessly, violently, and physically attacked by someone *for years*, and you are not even permitted to discuss it, then I would think you qualify as someone who is being killed or murdered. Furthermore, those who do or would blatantly refuse or interfere with your getting and receiving assistance it is reasonable to construe as being, in effect, accomplices to said murder; at least

if a) they are in a position to fairly know or guess what is going on, b) they are not being subject to unusual and extreme duress like, say, certain kinds of blackmail; to prevent their aiding you, or c) are otherwise in a position to invoke the insanity defense.

Therefore, to whom the above *may* concern, consider yourself duly warned and advised.

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(Note. Interestingly, I was not at all aware of Athanasius' biography of St. Anthony at the time of my writing *A New Treatise on Hell*; so that it was only afterward that I found I had, in my own work, made some observations similar to St. Anthony's regarding spirit people, and based on my first hand dealing with them.)

[Quoting St. Anthony, the Great, of Egypt (c.251–356):]

23. 'The demons, therefore, if they see all Christians, and monks especially, labouring cheerfully and advancing, first make an attack by temptation and place hindrances to hamper our way, to wit, evil thoughts. But we need not fear their suggestions, for by prayer, fasting, and faith in the Lord their attack immediately fails. But even when it does they cease not, but knavishly by subtlety come on again. For when they cannot deceive the heart openly with foul pleasures they approach in different guise, and thenceforth shaping displays they attempt to strike fear, changing their shapes, taking the forms of women, wild beasts, creeping things, gigantic bodies, and troops of soldiers. But not even then need you fear their deceitful displays. For they are nothing and quickly disappear, especially if a man fortify himself beforehand with faith and the sign of the cross. Yet are they bold and very shameless, for if thus they are worsted they make an onslaught in another manner, and pretend to prophesy and foretell the future, and to show themselves of a height reaching to the roof and of great breadth; that they may stealthily catch by such displays those who could not be deceived by their arguments. If here also they find the soul strengthened by faith and a hopeful mind, then they bring their leader to their aid.

25. 'Again they are treacherous, and are ready to change themselves into all forms and assume all appearances. Very often also without appearing they imitate the music of harp and voice, and recall the words of Scripture. Sometimes, too, while we are reading they immediately repeat many times, like an echo, what is read. They arouse us from our sleep to prayers; and this constantly, hardly allowing us to sleep at all. At another time they assume the appearance of monks and feign the speech of holy men, that by their similarity they may deceive and thus drag their victims where they will. But no heed must be paid them even if they arouse to prayer, even if they counsel us not to eat at all, even though they seem to accuse and cast shame upon us for those things which once they allowed. For they do this not for the sake of piety or truth, but that they may carry off the simple to despair; and that they may say the discipline is useless, and make men loathe the solitary life as a trouble and burden, and hinder those who in spite of them walk in it.

35. 'When, therefore, they come by night to you and wish to tell the future, or say, "we are the angels," give no heed, for they lie. Yea even if they praise your discipline and call you blessed, hear them not, and have no dealings with them; but rather sign yourselves and your houses, and pray, and you shall see them vanish. For they are cowards, and greatly fear the sign of the Lord's Cross, since of a truth in it the Saviour stripped them, and made an example of them. [Colossians 2:15] But if they shamelessly stand their ground, capering and changing their forms of appearance, fear them not, nor shrink, nor heed them as though they were good spirits. For the presence either of the good or evil by the help of God can easily be distinguished. The vision of the holy ones is not fraught with distraction: "For they will not strive, nor cry, nor shall any one hear their voice." But it comes so quietly and gently that immediately joy, gladness and courage arise in the soul. For the Lord who is our joy is with them, and the power of God the Father. And the thoughts of the soul remain unruffled and undisturbed, so that it, enlightened as it were with rays, beholds by itself those who appear. For the love of what is divine and of the things to come possesses it, and willingly it would be wholly joined with them if it could depart along with them. But if, being men, some fear the vision of the good, those who appear immediately take fear away; as Gabriel [Luke 1:13] did in the case of Zacharias, and as the angel [Matthew 28:5] did who appeared to the women at the holy sepulchre, and as He did who said to the shepherds in the Gospel, "Fear not." For their fear arose not from timidity, but from the recognition of the presence of superior beings. Such then is the nature of the visions of the holy ones.'

41. 'And since I have become a fool in detailing these things, receive this also as an aid to your safety and fearlessness; and believe me for I do not lie. Once some one knocked at the door of my cell, and going forth I saw one who seemed of great size and tall. Then when I enquired, "Who are you?" he said, "I am Satan." Then when I said, "Why are you here?" he answered, "Why do the monks and all other Christians blame me undeservedly? Why do they curse me hourly?" Then I answered, "Wherefore do you trouble them?" He said, "I am not he who troubles them, but they trouble themselves, for I have become weak. Have they not read," "The swords of the enemy have come to an end, and you have destroyed the cities?" "I have no longer a place, a weapon, a city. The Christians are spread everywhere, and at length even the desert is filled with monks. Let them take heed to themselves, and let them not curse me undeservedly." Then I marvelled at the grace of the Lord, and said to him: "You who art ever a liar and never speakest the truth, this at length, even against your will, you have truly spoken. For the coming of Christ has made you weak, and He has cast you down and stripped you." But he having heard the Saviour's name, and not being able to bear the burning from it, vanished.'

43. 'And for your fearlessness against them hold this sure sign— whenever there is any apparition, be not prostrate with fear, but whatsoever it be, first boldly ask, Who are you? And from whence do you come? And if it should be a vision of holy ones they will assure you, and change your fear into joy. But if the vision should be from the devil, immediately it becomes feeble, beholding your firm purpose of mind. For merely to ask, Who are you [Joshua 5:13] And whence do you come? Is a proof of coolness. By thus asking, the son of Nun learned who his helper was; nor did the enemy escape the questioning of Daniel.'

~ Athanasius (c.297-373), [\*Life of St. Anthony\*](#)

*Later Note.* With respect to Anthony's reported encounter with "Satan," it is not necessary to assume that the stranger the saint confronted was indeed and literally the personage they claim themselves to be. For it obviously might be a matter of a given criminal spirit person referring to themselves as such an one; without their actually or specifically being so.

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THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM...

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xuQlrWnUz8o>

["Paul Winchell/Knucklehead Smiff-School Days" -- clip from "Stop! Look! and Laugh" (1960)]

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The Devil -- if he really wants to -- can imitate and impersonate God the Father (or the One God), and thus deceive the vast majority of people into believing he is who he claims to be.

God the Son (or Christ), the Devil can also and similarly imitate and impersonate, and thus deceive the vast majority of people into believing he is who he claims to be.

The Holy Spirit (and if we include in our meaning of this the spirit of honest and rational truth), the Devil can *never* (or for long) imitate and impersonate; unless those he would trick and take him are inordinately dishonest and or irrational (or childish, or cowardly, etc.)

Who then are there among professed religious who say that fundamental honesty and right reason are dispensable and not strictly necessary when it comes to God? (If there be any such, by all means please do write and let me know of them.)

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You know how it was in Stalin and Hitler's day -- how you couldn't do business unless you were a member of the party. And who, under such a system, could worthily succeed at anything or succeed at anything worthwhile? Naturally, very few if any. And it's much like that today, isn't it? Let's use torture, murder, and witchcraft, they say, and we'll have power and wealth beyond our wildest dreams. Then they get all this power and wealth, and end up not being able to do anything else but torture and otherwise bother and annoy people on a massive and unheard of scale.

In my opinion, if turning himself into a literal disease doesn't bother him, it ought to. So, recollecting some of those old Winchell-Knucklehead Smiff exchanges, I challenged him.

Do you mean to say you haven't been committing heinous and inhuman crimes all these years, and or been directly implicated with those who have?

"But it serves a good purpose."

What good purpose?

"More cartoons and more action movies."

More *bad* cartoons and more *bad* action movies, you mean.

"But I had to use torture and evil, what choice did I have?"

You have to figure that someone who uses brain radios, deliberately hurts little kids, and tries to popularize serial killers must be one of the most damnable there people ever was. Even so, I'll tell you what. You can be Mr. funny, and control the movies and television, and all that, but on one condition. Namely, you let everyone know who you are and why you are doing whatever it is you do.

"I won't do it."

*Why* won't you do it.

"Because if I do, then everyone will know who and what I am!"

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WCNHIWDhWDA>

["Mozart, Quartet No.15, D min. (1783), K. 421, 1st mov., Eder Quartet"]

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For a fun and *very proper* (and also terribly stagey) early talkie you won't want to miss, try "The Phantom in the House" with Ricardo Cortez, Nancy Welford, and Henry B. Walthall.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a8H1R0juraA>

["THE PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE (1929) - Henry B. Walthall, Nancy Welford, Ricardo Cortez"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

(You're supposed to imagine it's a ghost playing; like in a Don Knotts movie.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qVxxJsDSm2g>

["1928 Themola London Pianola - You Light Up My Life"]

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*"...and a government of the people,  
by the people, and for the people  
shall not perish from the earth."*

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OPT\\_nKsjXeo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OPT_nKsjXeo)

["Biagio Marini, Passacaglio in G min. (1655), Andrew Manze & Romanesca"]

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[ch. 13]

Whether the Egyptians or others are to be regarded as the founders of this philosophy, it is universally admitted that Antony, the great monk, developed this course of life, by morals and befitting exercises, to the summit of exactness and perfection. His fame was so widely spread throughout the deserts of Egypt, that the emperor Constantine, for the reputation of the man's virtue, sought his friendship, honored him with correspondence, and urged him to write about what he might need. He was an Egyptian by race, and belonged to an illustrious family of Coma, which was situated near the Heraclea which is on the Egyptian borders. He was but a youth when he lost his parents; he bestowed his paternal inheritance upon his fellow-villagers, sold the rest of his possessions and distributed the proceeds among the needy; for he was aware that philosophy does not merely consist in the relinquishment of property, but in the proper distribution of it. He obtained the acquaintance of the devoted men of his time, and emulated the virtues of all. Believing that the practice of goodness would become delightful by habit, though arduous at the outset, he reflected on more intense methods of asceticism, and day by day he augmented it by self-control just as if he were always recommencing his undertaking. He subdued the

voluptuousness of the body by labor, and restrained the passions of the soul by the aid of the Divine wisdom. His food was bread and salt, his drink water, and he never broke his fast till after sunset. He often remained two or more days without eating. He watched, so to speak, throughout the night, and continued in prayer till daybreak. If at any time he indulged in sleep, it was but for a little while on a short mat; but generally the bare earth was his couch. He rejected the practice of anointing with oil, and the use of baths and of similar luxuries likely to relax the tension of the body by moisture; and it is said that he never at any time saw himself naked. He neither possessed nor admired learning, but he valued a good understanding, as being prior to letters and as being the very discoverer of it. He was exceedingly meek and philanthropic, prudent and manly; cheerful in conversation and friendly in disputations, even when others used the controverted topics as occasion for strife. By his own habit and a kind of intelligence he quieted contentiousness when on the increase, and restored them to moderation; he also tempered the ardor of those who conversed with him, and regulated their manners. Although on account of his extraordinary virtues, he had become filled with the Divine foreknowledge, he did not regard foreknowledge of the future as a virtue, nor did he counsel others to seek this gift rashly, for he considered that no one would be punished or rewarded according to his ignorance or knowledge of futurity; for true blessedness consists in the service of God, and in keeping his laws. "But," said he, "if any man would know the future, let him continually be purified in soul, for then he will have power to walk in the light, and to understand things that are to happen, for God will reveal the future to him." He never suffered himself to be idle, but exhorted all those who seemed disposed to lead a good life, to diligence in labor, to self-examination and confession of sin before Him who created the day and the night; and when they erred, he urged them to record the transgression in writing, that so they might be ashamed of their sins, and be fearful lest any one should find the many things recorded; for he would be fearful, lest if the document were traced to him he should become disclosed to other people as a depraved character. He above all others came forward spiritedly and most zealously for the defense of the injured, and in their cause often resorted to the cities; for many came out to him, and compelled him to intercede for them with the rulers and men in power. All the people felt honored in seeing him, listened with avidity to his discourses, and yielded assent to his arguments; but he preferred to remain unknown and concealed in the deserts. When compelled to visit a city, he never failed to return to the deserts as soon as he had accomplished the work he had undertaken; for, he said, that as fishes are nourished in the water, so the desert is the world prepared for monks; and as fishes die when thrown upon dry land, so monastics lose their gravity when they go into cities. He carried himself obediently and graciously towards all who saw him, and he was careful not to have, nor seem to have, a supercilious nature. I have given this concise account of the manners of Antony, in order that an idea of his philosophy may be formed, by analogy, from the description of his conduct in the desert.

~ Salminius Hermias Sozomenus (c.400–c.450), [\*Ecclesiastical History, Book I\*](#)

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### *A God Requires a Sacrifice*

But meanwhile Venus [Aeneas' mother], tormented by anxiety speaks to Neptune, and pours out her complaints in this manner:  
 "O Neptune, Juno's heavy anger, and her implacable heart, force me to descend to every kind of prayer...  
 I beg you to let the rest [of Aeneas and his companions] sail safely through your seas, let them reach Laurentine Tiber, if I ask what is allowed, if the Fates grant them their city."

Then the son of Saturn, the master of the deep oceans, said this: "You've every right to trust in my realms, Cytherea, from which you draw your own origin. Also I've earned it: I've often controlled the rage and fury of sea and sky... Now also my mind remains the same: dispel your fears. He will reach the harbours of Avernus, safely, as you ask. There will only be one, lost in the waves, whom you will look for: one life that will be given for the many."  
 When he had soothed the goddess's heart, she joying at his words, Father Neptune yoked his wild horses with gold, set the bits in their foaming mouths, and, with both hands, gave them free rein. He sped lightly over the ocean in his sea-green chariot, the waves subsided and the expanse of swollen waters grew calm under the thunderous axle: the storm-clouds vanished from the open sky...

And now dew-wet Night had just reached her zenith in the sky: the sailors relaxed their limbs in quiet rest stretched out on the hard benches beneath the oars: when Sleep, gliding lightly down from the heavenly stars, parted the gloomy air, and scattered the shadows, seeking you, bringing you dark dreams, Palinurus [Aeneas' helmsman], though you were innocent: the god settled on the high stern, appearing as Phorbas, and poured these words from his mouth:  
 "Palinurus, son of Iasus, the seas themselves steer the fleet,



the breezes blow steadily, this hour is granted for rest.  
Lay down your head and rob your weary eyes of labour.  
For a little while, I myself will take on your duty for you.”  
Palinurus, barely lifting his gaze, spoke to him:  
“Do you tell me to trust the sea’s placid face,  
the calm waves? Shall I set my faith on this monster?  
Why should I entrust Aeneas to the deceptive breeze,  
I whom a clear sky has deceived so often?”

So he spoke and clinging hard to the tiller  
never relaxed his hold, and held his sight on the stars.  
Behold, despite his caution, the god shook a branch,  
wet with Lethe’s dew, soporific with Styx’s power,  
over his brow, and set free his swimming eyes.  
The first sudden drowse had barely relaxed his limbs,  
when Sleep leant above him and threw him headlong  
into the clear waters, tearing away the tiller  
and part of the stern, he calling to his friends often, in vain:  
while the god raised his wings in flight into the empty air.

The fleet sailed on its way over the sea, as safely as before,  
gliding on, unaware, as father Neptune had promised.  
And now drawn onwards it was close to the Sirens’s cliffs, tricky  
of old, and white with the bones of many men, (now the rocks,  
far off, boomed loud with the unending breakers) when the leader [Aeneas]  
realised his ship was wallowing adrift, her helmsman lost,  
and he himself steered her through the midnight waters,  
sighing deeply, and shocked at heart by his friend’s fate:  
“Oh, far too trustful of the calm sea, and the sky,  
you’ll lie naked, Palinurus, on an unknown shore.”  
~ Virgil, *The Aeneid*, Book V, 779-871, Trans. by A. S. Kline.

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It is not an elaborate presentation, some lavish propaganda, or some fine seeming rhetoric that is the test or measure of whether someone is credible, but rather whether whoever it is in question is willing to freely discuss and openly debate the point. Using then *this* test, how many would-be or authorities do you know of whom you can say they are actually credible? For me, the answer to this is not encouraging. And no less stupefying it is to think how often we find our lives ruled over by and dictated to unaccountable others, and several of these same anonymous or wearing masks.

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"In 1909, the year of the Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition, owning one’s own motorcar [in Seattle] was still a rarity. This booth at the Expo allowed persons to have their photographs taken at the wheel. Judging by the several examples that survive, it was an attractive Pay Streak offering."

For more -- indeed *much* more (and similar) -- from where this came from see: <http://pauldorpat.com/>

~~~~~\*~~~~~



"...In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye -- at the last trumpet."

I shall conclude this chapter with the comets, the earthquakes, and the plague, which astonished or afflicted the age of Justinian.

I. In the fifth year of his reign [531 AD], and in the month of September, a comet [aka Kirch's Comet] was seen during twenty days in the western quarter of the heavens, and which shot its rays into the north. Eight years afterwards, while the sun was in Capricorn, another comet appeared to follow in the Sagittary; the size was gradually increasing; the head was in the east, the tail in the west, and it remained visible above forty days. The nations, who gazed with astonishment, expected wars and calamities from their baleful influence; and these expectations were abundantly fulfilled...the same comet is already found to have revisited the earth in seven equal revolutions of *five hundred and seventy-five years*. The first, which ascends beyond the Christian aera one thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven years [i.e., 1767 BC], is coeval with Ogyges, the father of Grecian antiquity. And this appearance explains the tradition which Varro has preserved, that under his reign the planet Venus changed her color, size, figure, and course; a prodigy without example either in past or succeeding ages. The second visit, in the year eleven hundred and ninety-three [1193 BC], is darkly implied in the fable of Electra, the seventh of the Pleiads, who have been reduced to six since the time of the Trojan war. That nymph, the wife of Dardanus, was unable to support the ruin of her country: she abandoned the dances of her sister orbs, fled from the zodiac to the north pole, and obtained, from her dishevelled locks, the name of the comet. The third period expires in the year six hundred and eighteen [618 BC], a date that exactly agrees with the tremendous comet of the Sibyl, and perhaps of Pliny, which arose in the West two generations before the reign of Cyrus. The fourth apparition, forty-four years before the birth of Christ [44 BC], is of all others the most splendid and important. After the death of Caesar, a long-haired star was conspicuous to Rome and to the nations during the games which were exhibited by young Octavian in honor of Venus and his uncle. The vulgar opinion, that it conveyed to heaven the divine soul of the dictator, was cherished and consecrated by the piety of a statesman; while his secret superstition referred the comet to the glory of his own times. The fifth visit has been already ascribed to the fifth year of Justinian, which coincides with the five hundred and thirty-first of the Christian aera. And it may deserve notice, that in this, as in the preceding instance, the comet was followed, though at a longer interval, by a remarkable paleness of the sun. The sixth return, in the year eleven hundred and six [1106 AD], is recorded by the chronicles of Europe and China: and in the first fervor of the crusades, the Christians and the Mahometans might surmise, with equal reason, that it portended the destruction of the Infidels. The seventh phenomenon, of one thousand six hundred and eighty [1680 AD], was presented to the eyes of an enlightened age. The philosophy of Bayle dispelled a prejudice which Milton's muse had so recently adorned, that the comet, "from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war." Its road in the heavens was observed with exquisite skill by Flamstead and Cassini: and the mathematical science of Bernoulli, Newton, and Halley, investigated the laws of its revolutions. At the eighth period, in the year two thousand three hundred and fifty-five [2355 AD], their calculations may perhaps be verified by the astronomers of some future capital in the Siberian or American wilderness.

~ Edward Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. 4, Chapter 43: Last Victory And Death Of Belisarius, Death Of Justinian, part IV

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Seattle Center glory days.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZPvs8xkSWuY>

["Jones Fantastic Museum Tour" -- once housed at the Seattle Center]

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"Something New, Something Different" Yeah right!

Where do these big, mega-companies continue, down through the decades, to *keep* getting all the money to continue shoveling out this unimaginative "same old, same old;" and which you know ends up being among the biggest single contributors to landfill nation wide, say for instance as a result of so many junk toys, than probably any other, or almost any other, environmental offender? This is not even to mention the cultural and spiritual pollution that is proliferated and spread all over the world in the case of movies; with their non-stop run and message of shameless hoodlum brutality, mindlessness and viciousness (meanwhile, anyone remember all those impassioned Vietnam war and anti-war protestors generally of a bygone era?) As far as comic books, I used to enjoy them growing up. But back then they were decidedly colorful, unpretentious and kid friendly. What then is all this overblown, super *junk* of recent times? As far as Hot Wheels, the toys are and have been among the best in their way, and in their day. But what is all this relentless and incessant massive dumping of them on the market, year after year, all about? (Finally, and just in passing, it was MGM that put out the famous 1939 "Wizard of OZ" film, not Disney.)

But perhaps you are saying "he's just jealous because *he* doesn't have that kind of money."

My response?

Damn right, I am!

See: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OFHt\\_HNZiNs](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OFHt_HNZiNs)

["Star Wars Episode VII Extended Trailer (2015) - Movie HD"]

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EQvKfeKs744>

["Robert Downey Jr. Signs For Avengers 2 and Avengers 3"]

See: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_hGP50FR9d4](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_hGP50FR9d4)

["2013 Master Set Inner 02 Unboxing Factory Sealed Complete Box Set"]

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[ch. 12]

Those who at this period had embraced monasticism were not the least in manifesting the church as most illustrious, and evidencing the truth of their doctrines by their virtuous line of conduct. Indeed, the most useful thing that has been received by man from God is their philosophy. They neglect many branches of mathematics and the technicalities of dialectics, because they regard such studies as superfluous, and as a useless expenditure of time, seeing that they contribute nothing towards correct living. They apply themselves exclusively to the cultivation of natural and useful science, in order that they may mitigate, if not eradicate, evil. They invariably refrain from accounting any action or principle as good, which occupies a middle place between virtue and vice, for they delight only in what is good. They regard every man as wicked, who, though he abstain from evil, does not do good. For they do not demonstrate virtue by argument, but practice it, and count as nothing the glory current among men. They manfully subjugate the passions of the soul, yielding neither to the necessities of nature, nor succumbing to the weakness of the body. Having possessed the power of the Divine mind, they always look away to the Creator of the whole, night and day worshiping him, and appeasing him by prayers and supplications. By purity of soul and by a life of good works they entered without guilt upon religious observances, and despised purification, lustral vessels, and such ceremonials; for they think that sins alone are blemishes. They are greater than the external casualties to which we are liable, and hold, as it were, all things under their control: and are not therefore diverted from the path they have selected by the disasters or the necessity which sway the life. They are not distressed when insulted, nor do they defend themselves when suffering from malice; nor do they lose heart when pressed by sickness or lack of necessities but rather rejoice in such trials and endure them with patience and meekness. They inure themselves through the whole of life to be content with little, and approximate as nearly to God as is possible to human nature. They regard the present life as a journey only, and are not therefore solicitous about acquiring wealth, nor do they provide for the present beyond urgent necessities. They admire the beauty and simplicity of nature, but their hope is placed in heaven and the blessedness of the future. Wholly absorbed in the worship of God, they revolted from obscene language; and as they had banished evil practices, so they would not allow such things to be even named. They limited, as far as possible, the demands of nature, and compelled the body to be satisfied with moderate supplies. They overcame intemperance by temperance, injustice by justice, and falsehood by truth, and attained the happy medium in all things. They dwelt in harmony and fellowship with their neighbors. They provided for their friends and strangers, imparted to those who were in want, according to their need, and comforted the afflicted. As they were diligent in all things, and zealous in seeking the supreme good, their instructions, though clothed in modesty and prudence, and devoid of vain and meretricious eloquence, possessed power, like sovereign medicines, in healing the moral diseases of their audience; they spoke, too, with fear and reverence, and eschewed all strife, raillery, and anger. Indeed, it is but reasonable to suppress all irrational emotions, and to subdue carnal and natural passions. Elias the prophet and John the Baptist were the authors, as some say, of this sublime philosophy...

~ Salminius Hermias Sozomenus (c.400–c.450), [\*Ecclesiastical History, Book 1\*](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*Your Vessel*

Concealed deep within  
is a taper unseen  
that underlies all  
intensity of emotion;  
as if to douse that flame  
were to snuff all feeling;  
that for which  
unthinkingly we yearn;

that which we pursue:  
The soul's epiphany,  
a spark trembling  
interred inside;  
like Pythagoras' fire  
at the universal core,  
but instead  
sounding invisibly  
the depths of being;  
filling you throughout;  
a frightening tremor;  
knocking you senseless;  
disorienting with fear,  
yet lifting ethereally,  
an exhilarating ecstasy  
and uttermost peace  
all the same,  
but which you forget;  
while spending the rest  
of your days seeking:  
calling it love,  
calling it rapture,  
call it what you will;  
though it have no name.

It's gone, it's lost,  
and yet go on you must.  
Truth, love, happiness,  
pure, distilled, refined,  
Where again will I find thee?

Here are riches that have  
little with money to do;  
that elevate so high the spirit  
they go unseen; unfelt by masses  
and yet who as individuals  
once knew the radiance and hope  
of a child's expectations.

"Non vitae, sed scholae discimus."

Learning and wisdom  
are riches we toss away  
once we have left school;  
growing up vexation to pursue;  
in search of wealth,  
honors, respectability  
and ending up  
the enemy of poetry.  
Innocence is cute;  
to know them is to feel them,  
and if one cannot feel that way  
one cannot know them:  
echoes of the past;  
of wished for calm;  
a calm once known.  
In the cool green shade  
with love alone it sits;  
in the memory of martyrs  
and the darkening pall  
of a weeping shadow  
that remains indelible  
on the dim landscape  
of centuries.

Warmed by sun,  
the golden moon

sails forth  
 into frigid night;  
 over trees  
 that have been old now  
 for hundreds  
 and hundreds of years;  
 while a spirit pours  
 through your soul  
 like clear, clean waters.

Why then did you leave it?  
 Uncherished, unadored;  
 hankering to be a giant  
 that to eternity looks  
 like a ridiculous dwarf?  
 For the vision of beauty  
 that the soul can hold  
 is worth immeasurably more  
 than all the lust and glory  
 the whole world can ever know.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XTJjsqZCF4k>

["Handel, "Rompo i lacci" from "Flavio" (1723), Derek Lee Ragin"]

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David and Louisa (nee Boren) Denny; with Madge, center and Emily, right.

### *Something for Everyone*

Reading excursions of mine within the past several weeks have taken me on a tour and study of the history of Seattle and the state of Washington; and what a revelation it is becoming more acquainted with the background to one's own local surroundings; which, as one more deeply familiarizes oneself with them, become a kind of reassuring companion one always had but never quite or altogether knew. And the more one learns, the more engaging and hear-felt the friendship. Part of my studies have included small fields trips, with more to come, with a few historical sites. One of these was a visit to Lakeview Cemetery on the north end of Capitol Hill, and that has the resting places of many of Seattle's founders; among them Doc Maynard, Princess Angeline (the daughter of Chief Seattle; himself interred just across the Sound in Suquamish/Port Madison), Henry Yesler, Carson Boren, and Arthur Denny and family. The size of the cemetery is fairly enormous, indeed colossal, and as to be expected, my visit was a rather sobering and thought provoking one. Did all this love just vanish and disappear only to be buried in the earth under a variety of sometimes very odd and curious headstones and monuments? And I naturally remembered Gray's elegy, and concluded the answer to this could not be yes; being reminded also of something I read in St. Irenaeus, one of the church's earliest Fathers, that to think otherwise we must imagine that there is no God or else He is someone who doesn't know what he is doing.

We tend to think of the past as old, but in truth and if one stops to consider, it is the past that is young and our own world old or at least older. I was further reminded of how true this is reading Emily Inez Denny's *Blazing the Way: True Stories, Songs and Sketches of Puget Sound and Other Pioneers* (1899). It goes without saying that not all of yesterday we recall as attractive and appealing. And yet sometimes something becomes all the more touching, even soul awakening, when it is suffused with the glow of youth or else is seen embedded in that majestic and mysterious stream of the distant past. Long before the days of out of control urban sprawl, Cobain Hell rock, and the masked and anonymous super-hero, "the 12th Man" (and who seems to have his hands on almost everything), there was a friendly and peaceful little place called the Duwampsh, and that later became the great metropolis of Seattle; where animals,

whites and Indians seemed to generally get along just fine: at least for a while, and before the rate of settlement began to escalate. (The very first Seattle pioneers initially set up camp in West Seattle or Alki, and which from my reading I learned is properly pronounced Al-kee -- Chinook for "bye and bye" -- not Alk-eye as we now say it.) Denny (1853-1918) was the daughter of David and Louisa Denny, and the second white girl born in Seattle (She herself is buried at Evergreen Washelli Memorial Park on the 11000 block of Aurora Ave.) Her book of reminiscences and poetry is a fecund, rich and delectable treasure, and that is worth taking one's time savoring and imbibing with care as Denny is a most pleasant author; with an eye and ear for discerning what is and would be of interest to readers, and makes the past seem as if it happened (almost) literally just yesterday. It is easily had in print and also available for free at: <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/39334>

For something, on the other hand, dark and strange in Seattle and Washington's (and California's and Oregon's, et al.) distant past, you might try reading news clippings of the hair-raising career of turn of the century desperado Harry Tracy; whom one author states makes Jesse James look like a "Sunday school teacher;" and whose on-the-run evasion of the law took him, to my surprise, very close to where I live (in Ballard.) See: [http://www.historylink.org/Index.cfm?searchField=file\\_title%2Cfile\\_id%2Ckeywords%2Ccounty%2Csector&search\\_library=Cyberpedia%2CLandmark%2CMuseum%2CCybertour%2Cslide+show%2CTimeline%2CPeoples+History&keyword=%22Harry+Tracy%22&DisplayPage=results.cfm&Submit2=Go](http://www.historylink.org/Index.cfm?searchField=file_title%2Cfile_id%2Ckeywords%2Ccounty%2Csector&search_library=Cyberpedia%2CLandmark%2CMuseum%2CCybertour%2Cslide+show%2CTimeline%2CPeoples+History&keyword=%22Harry+Tracy%22&DisplayPage=results.cfm&Submit2=Go)

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y1xvOB1hzXs>

["Handel, "Scherza infida!" from "Ariodante" (1735), Lorraine Hunt"]

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"They are the faction. O conspiracy,  
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O, then by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;  
Hide it in smiles and affability:  
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention."  
~ "Julius Caesar," Act II, scen. 1

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S9oL50Vxj5A>

["Tartini, Pastorale for violin & continuo, A maj. (c.1731), 1st mov, Locatelli Trio"]

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The murder of Hypatia, as many will already know, has been oft, and usually with some sarcasm, wryly cited by some modernistic and atheistical (18th through 20th century) philosophers and historians as supposedly indubitable proof of the backward, savage, and barbaric character of Christianity. And yet here Christian writer, Socrates Scholasticus, himself writing as far back as the early 5th century, emphatically denounces the crime as inexcusable and as a matter of course disassociates the true and legitimate church from it.

[ch. 15]

There was a woman at Alexandria named Hypatia, daughter of the philosopher Theon, who made such attainments in literature and science, as to far surpass all the philosophers of her own time. Having succeeded to the school of Plato and Plotinus, she explained the principles of philosophy to her auditors, many of whom came from a distance to receive her instructions. On account of the self-possession and ease of manner, which she had acquired in consequence of the cultivation of her mind, she not unfrequently appeared in public in presence of the magistrates. Neither did she feel abashed in coming to an assembly of men. For all men on account of her extraordinary dignity and virtue admired her the more. Yet even she fell a victim to the political jealousy which at that time prevailed. For as she had frequent interviews with Orestes, it was calumniously reported among the Christian populace, that it was she who prevented Orestes from being reconciled to the bishop. Some of them therefore, hurried away by a fierce and bigoted zeal, whose ringleader was a reader named Peter, waylaid her returning home, and dragging her from her carriage, they took her to the church called Caesareum, where they completely stripped her, and then murdered her with tiles. After tearing her body in pieces, they took her mangled limbs to a place called Cynaron, and there burnt them. This affair brought not the least opprobrium, not only upon Cyril, but also upon the whole Alexandrian church. And surely nothing can be farther from the spirit of Christianity than the allowance of massacres, fights, and transactions of that sort. This happened in the month of March during Lent, in the fourth year of Cyril's

episcopate, under the tenth consulate of Honorius, and the sixth of Theodosius.  
~ Socrates Scholasticus of Constantinople (c. 380-?), [Church History, Book VIII](#)

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iRv-Hz5upuo>

["Leclair, Violin Concerto, Op.7, no.2, D maj. (1737), 2d & 3d movs., Daniel Cuiller"]

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### *Roman Virtue*

"The Falerians, relying on the great strength of their city at all points, made so light of the siege that, with the exception of the defenders of the walls, the rest went up and down the city in their garb of peace. The boys went to school as usual, and were brought by their teacher along the walls outside to walk about and get their exercise. For the Falerians, like the Greeks, employed one teacher in common, wishing their boys, from the very start, to herd with one another and grow up together. This teacher, then, wishing to betray Falerii by means of its boys, led them out every day beyond the city walls, at first only a little way, and then brought them back inside when they had taken their exercise. Presently he led them, little by little, farther and farther out, accustomed them to feel confident that there was no danger at all, and finally pushed in among the Roman outposts with his whole company, handed them over to the enemy, and demanded to be led to Camillus [the Roman general]. So led, and in that presence, he said he was a boys' school-teacher, but chose rather to win the general's favour than to fulfil the duties of his office, and so had come bringing to him the city in the persons of its boys. It seemed to Camillus, on hearing him, that the man had done a monstrous deed, and turning to the bystanders he said: 'War is indeed a grievous thing, and is waged with much injustice and violence; but even war has certain laws which good and brave men will respect, and we must not so hotly pursue victory as not to flee the favours of base and impious doers. The great general will wage war relying on his own native valour, not on the baseness of other men.' Then he ordered his attendants to tear the man's clothing from him, tie his arms behind his back, and put rods and scourges in the hands of the boys, that they might chastise the traitor and drive him back into the city."

~ Plutarch, ["The Life of Camillus," 10.1](#)

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K8UaMWEjIgE>

["N. Porpora, "Alto Giove" from "Polifemo" (1735), Instr. version, by Christophe Rousset"]

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### *No God, No Soul*

No God, no soul;  
no soul then no God.

If no God, no soul,  
then all love is vain.

All that's left a thrill:  
one day gone;  
never to come again --

unless as something vain.

Only unrepentant liars  
insist on this,  
suffocating  
slaves of hell.

But for those  
who breathe Honesty  
and Reason's air,  
God, soul, and love

are well.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fnt7S7aFQa0>

["Pergolesi, Extracts from Sinfonia, F major (173?), Orchestra di Santa Cecilia"]

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From the *billionaires* who brought you "Grand Theft Auto," "Killer Elite," "Breaking Bad," and now "Need for Speed" -- (and perhaps, even as well, a soon-to-be war with some devilish country or other in the Middle East) -- *comes!* ---

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jdrRu745qPI>

["Vivaldi, Lute Concerto, D maj., RV 93 (c.1733), 2d mov., Paul O'Dette, Parley of Instruments"]

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He does and would like to scorn me, and gloat and pride himself on his seeming unassailable wealth, power and position of and as would-be authority. Yet, even so, after all these many, many years, he still is too frightened to and refuses to come out of hiding and have to face me. If then this *is* so, what more now is there for me to prove; in order to prove that I am right?

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[ch. 23]...It becomes us to enquire into the habits of the pious monks who have preceded us, in order that we may correct ourselves by their example: for undoubtedly very many excellent things have been said and done by them. One of them was accustomed to say, that 'a drier and not irregular diet combined with love, would quickly conduct a monk into the haven of tranquility.' The same individual freed one of his brethren from being troubled by apparitions at night, by enjoining him to minister while fasting to the sick. And being asked why he prescribed this: 'Such affections,' said he, 'are by nothing so effectually dissipated as by the exercise of compassion.' A certain philosopher of those times coming to Anthony the Just, said to him, 'How can you endure, father, being deprived of the comfort of books?' 'My book, O philosopher,' replied Anthony, 'is the nature of things that are made, and it is present whenever I wish to read the words of God.' That 'chosen vessel,' [Acts 9:15] the aged Egyptian Macarius, asked me, why the strength of the faculty of memory is impaired by cherishing the remembrance of injury received from men; while by remembering those done us by devils it remains uninjured? And when I hesitated, scarcely knowing what answer to make, and begged him to account for it: 'Because,' said he, 'the former is an affection contrary to nature, and the latter is conformable to the nature of the mind.' Going on one occasion to the holy father Macarius about mid-day, and being overcome with the heat and thirst, I begged for some water to drink: 'Content yourself with the shade,' was his reply, 'for many who are now journeying by land, or sailing on the deep, are deprived even of this.' Discussing with him afterwards the subject of abstinence, 'Take courage, my son,' said he: 'for twenty years I have neither eaten, drunk, nor slept to satiety; my bread has always been weighed, my water measured, and what little sleep I have had has been stolen by reclining myself against a wall.' [Ezra 4:10-11] The death of his father was announced to one of the monks: 'Cease your blasphemy,' said he to the person that told him; 'my father is immortal.' One of the brethren who possessed nothing but a copy of the Gospels, sold it, and distributed the price in food to the hungry, uttering this memorable saying— 'I have sold the book which says, "Sell that you have and give to the poor."' [Matthew 19:21] There is an island about the northern part of the city of Alexandria, beyond the lake called Maria, where a monk from Parembolè dwells, in high repute among the Gnostics. This person was accustomed to say, that all the deeds of the monks were done for one of these five reasons;— on account of God, nature, custom, necessity, or manual labor. The same also said that there was only one virtue in nature, but that it assumes various characteristics according to the dispositions of the soul: just as the light of the sun is itself without form, but accommodates itself to the figure of that which receives it. Another of the monks said, 'I withdraw myself from pleasures, in order to cut off the occasions of anger: for I know that it always contends for pleasures, disturbing my tranquillity of mind, and unfitting me for the attainment of knowledge.' One of the aged monks said that 'Love knows not how to keep a deposit either of provisions or money.' He added, 'I never remember to have been twice deceived by the devil in the same thing.' Thus wrote Evagrius in his book entitled Practice. And in that which he called The Gnostic he says, 'We have learned from Gregory the Just, that there are four virtues, having distinct characteristics:— prudence and fortitude, temperance and justice. That it is the province of prudence to contemplate the sacred and intelligent powers apart from expression, because these are unfolded by wisdom: of fortitude to adhere to truth against all opposition, and never to turn aside to that which is unreal: of temperance to receive seed from the chief husbandman, [Matthew 13:24] but to repel him who would sow over it seed of another kind: and finally, of justice to adapt discourse to every one, according to their condition and capacity; stating some things obscurely, others in a figurative manner, and explaining others clearly for the instruction of the less intelligent.' That pillar of truth, Basil of Cappadocia, used to say that 'the knowledge which men teach is perfected by constant study and exercise; but that which proceeds from the grace of God, by the practice of justice, patience, and mercy.' That the former indeed is often developed in persons who are still subject to the passions; whereas the latter is the portion of those only who are superior to their influence, and who during the season of devotion, contemplate that peculiar light of the mind which illumines them. That luminary of the Egyptians, holy Athanasius, assures us 'that Moses was commanded to place the table on the north [Exodus 26:35] side. Let the Gnostics therefore understand what wind is contrary to them, and so nobly endure every temptation, and minister nourishment with a willing mind to those who apply to them.' Serapion, the angel



of the church of the Thmuītae, declared that 'the mind is completely purified by drinking in spiritual knowledge': that 'charity cures the inflammatory tendencies of the soul'; and that 'the depraved lusts which spring up in it are restrained by abstinence.' 'Exercise yourself continually,' said the great and enlightened teacher Didymus, 'in reflecting on providence and judgment; and endeavor to bear in memory the material of whatever discourses you may have heard on these topics, for almost all fail in this respect. You will find reasonings concerning judgment in the difference of created forms, and the constitution of the universe: sermons on providence comprehended in those means by which we are led from vice and ignorance to virtue and knowledge.'...There were at the same time in the monasteries very many other admirable and devout characters whom it would be too tedious to enumerate in this place, and besides if we should attempt to describe the life of each, and the miracles they did by means of that sanctity with which they were endowed, we should necessarily digress too far from the object we have in view. Should any one desire to become acquainted with their history, in reference both to their deeds and experiences and discourses for the edification of their auditors, as well as how wild beasts became subject to their authority, there is a specific treatise as on the subject, composed by the monk Palladius, who was a disciple of Evagrius, and gives all these particulars in minute detail. In that work he also mentions several women, who practiced the same kind of austerities as the men that have been referred to. Both Evagrius and Palladius flourished a short time after the death of Valens. We must now return to the point whence we diverged.

~ Socrates Scholasticus of Constantinople (c. 380-?), [Church History, Book IV](#)

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The two (known) surviving reels of "Gold Diggers of Broadway" (1929). (A few brief parts are only the audio; so fast forward as need be or desired.)

See: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XqZ\\_4Xy7xXI](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XqZ_4Xy7xXI)

["Gold Diggers Of Broadway" 1929 Reels 9 & 10 in Technicolor - Restored"]

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*When Worlds Collide*

"Help! Somebody call the police! Just take a look at what's *really* going on!"

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s4fQ8r-w9r0>

["House of Cards - Season 2 Trailer #2"]

Not to worry -- I'm right on it.

<https://www.fbi.gov/fun-games/kids/kids>

[*Note.* Be sure to allow "show all content" or "skip to content." (After all, if you can't trust the FBI, who can you trust?)]

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In passing...In watching (on YouTube) Donald Kagan's Yale most helpful and illuminating lectures on the history of ancient Greece, I am surprised as to why he disagrees with Thucydides' view that Pericles was an autocrat (rather than a demo.) And even if Pericles himself wasn't an autocrat, can we not say, even so, that, diplomatically speaking, Athens was? Athens got its start as a central power heading the Delian League, and yet as time went on we don't even hear anymore of the league -- only Athens, Athens, Athens! What happened then to the idea of Athens being head of a democratic league? Should not Athens have held an assembly with its allies for purposes of deciding "league" questions? And yet they didn't. How democratic then was Athens itself?

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For those of you reading this who *can* think rationally, and which I hope is at least most of you, remember that when it comes to spirit people or preternatural presences never trust or be taken in by: miraculous visions, strange vibrations that seem like God's heavenly

love, predictions fulfilled, or amazing secret knowledge. Rather and instead, when dealing with spirit people who seek to make an impression on you or otherwise gain your confidence, ask to see from among them (or their regular person followers) *a single* honest, rational and credible person. And if you can't and or they won't, it's guaranteed, no matter how marvelous the show, you are dealing with complete bunk. The only question that then arises is, do you have the courage and backbone to tell them, whether politely or vehemently, that you reject them and are not interested in associating with them personally? For some, you know, are ever cowards, and their reaction will indeed be like one of Don Knott's movie characters -- regardless of their otherwise high education level and or professional calling.

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In other Seattle news -- Nirvana, perhaps *the* raunchiest hoax band of all time, was elected to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame; ahead of the Moody Blues, Badfinger, Al Stewart, the Monkees, Sky Saxon and the Seeds, and many more actually deserving that sort of honor; while meantime Bill Nye the Science Guy, who he hasn't a clue as to the empirical viability of addressing the question of the possibility of the existence of spirit people, is presently embarked upon a crusade against stooge creationists (that is, either brainwashed or else persons paid good money to masquerade as serious religious people.)

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2AjY7tGZg4s>

["Mozart, Divertimento no. 15, B flat maj. (1777), 4th mov., K. 287, Capella Istropolitana"]

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4...For as in the case of this temporal light, those who shun it do deliver themselves over to darkness, so that they do themselves become the cause to themselves that they are destitute of light, and do inhabit darkness; and, as I have already observed, the light is not the cause of such an [unhappy] condition of existence to them; so those who fly from the eternal light of God, which contains in itself all good things, are themselves the cause to themselves of their inhabiting eternal darkness, destitute of all good things, having become to themselves the cause of [their consignment to] an abode of that nature.

~ Irenaeus, [\*Against Heresies\*, Book IV, ch. 39](#)

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ly1jU8jtbf8>

["Need for Speed Super Bowl Trailer + Trailer Review : HD PLUS"]

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And yet, will it ever be possible to know who the *real* 12th "man" was? In any event, Seattle meanwhile goes on as a captive city; surrendered and handed over to organized crime; as it has been these some 20 plus years; with this seeming victory their relatively cheap and worthless compensation for such craven perfidy and pusillanimity.

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[ch. 16]

The imperial law [of Emperor Julian ("the Apostate")] which forbade Christians to study Greek literature, rendered the two Apollinares of whom we have above spoken, much more distinguished than before. For both being skilled in polite learning, the father as a grammarian, and the son as a rhetorician, they made themselves serviceable to the Christians at this crisis. For the former, as a grammarian, composed a grammar consistent with the Christian faith: he also translated the Books of Moses into heroic verse; and paraphrased all the historical books of the Old Testament, putting them partly into dactylic measure, and partly reducing them to the

form of dramatic tragedy. He purposely employed all kinds of verse, that no form of expression peculiar to the Greek language might be unknown or unheard of among Christians. The younger Apollinaris, who was well trained in eloquence, expounded the gospels and apostolic doctrines in the way of dialogue, as Plato among the Greeks had done. Thus showing themselves useful to the Christian cause they overcame the subtlety of the emperor through their own labors. But Divine Providence was more potent than either their labors, or the craft of the emperor: for not long afterwards, in the manner we shall hereafter explain, the law became wholly inoperative; and the works of these men are now of no greater importance, than if they had never been written. But perhaps some one will vigorously reply saying: 'On what grounds do you affirm that both these things were effected by the providence of God? That the emperor's sudden death was very advantageous to Christianity is indeed evident: but surely the rejection of the Christian compositions of the two Apollinares, and the Christians beginning afresh to imbue their minds with the philosophy of the heathens, this works out no benefit to Christianity, for pagan philosophy teaches Polytheism, and is injurious to the promotion of true religion.' This objection I shall meet with such considerations as at present occur to me. Greek literature certainly was never recognized either by Christ or his Apostles as divinely inspired, nor on the other hand was it wholly rejected as pernicious. And this they did, I conceive, not inconsiderately. For there were many philosophers among the Greeks who were not far from the knowledge of God; and in fact these being disciplined by logical science, strenuously opposed the Epicureans and other contentious Sophists who denied Divine Providence, confuting their ignorance. And for these reasons they have become useful to all lovers of real piety: nevertheless they themselves were not acquainted with the Head of true religion, being ignorant of the mystery of Christ which 'had been hidden from generations and ages.' [Colossians 1:26] And that this was so, the Apostle in his epistle to the Romans thus declares: [Romans 1:18-21] 'For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness. Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God has shown it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead, that they may be without excuse; because that when they knew God, they glorified him not as God.' From these words it appears that they had the knowledge of truth, which God had manifested to them; but were guilty on this account, that when they knew God, they glorified him not as God. Wherefore by not forbidding the study of the learned works of the Greeks, they left it to the discretion of those who wished to do so. This is our first argument in defense of the position we took: another may be thus put: The divinely inspired Scriptures undoubtedly inculcate doctrines that are both admirable in themselves, and heavenly in their character: they also eminently tend to produce piety and integrity of life in those who are guided by their precepts, pointing out a walk of faith which is highly approved of God. But they do not instruct us in the art of reasoning, by means of which we may be enabled successfully to resist those who oppose the truth. Besides adversaries are most easily foiled, when we can use their own weapons against them. But this power was not supplied to Christians by the writings of the Apollinares. Julian had this in mind when he by law prohibited Christians from being educated in Greek literature, for he knew very well that the fables it contains would expose the whole pagan system, of which he had become the champion to ridicule and contempt. Even Socrates, the most celebrated of their philosophers, despised these absurdities, and was condemned on account of it, as if he had attempted to violate the sanctity of their deities. Moreover, both Christ and his Apostle enjoin us 'to become discriminating money-changers,' so that we might 'prove all things, and hold fast that which is good': [1 Thessalonians 5:21] directing us also to 'beware lest any one should spoil us through philosophy and vain deceit.' [Colossians 2:8] But this we cannot do, unless we possess ourselves of the weapons of our adversaries: taking care that in making this acquisition we do not adopt their sentiments, but testing them, reject the evil, but retain all that is good and true: for good wherever it is found, is a property of truth. Should any one imagine that in making these assertions we wrest the Scriptures from their legitimate construction, let it be remembered that the Apostle not only does not forbid our being instructed in Greek learning, but that he himself seems by no means to have neglected it, inasmuch as he knows many of the sayings of the Greeks. Whence did he get the saying, 'The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow-bellies,' [Titus 1:12] but from a perusal of The Oracles of Epimenides, the Cretan Initiator? Or how would he have known this, 'For we are also his offspring,' [Acts 17:28] had he not been acquainted with The Phenomena of Aratus the astronomer? Again this sentence, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' [1 Corinthians 15:33] is a sufficient proof that he was conversant with the tragedies of Euripides. But what need is there of enlarging on this point? It is well known that in ancient times the doctors of the church by unhindered usage were accustomed to exercise themselves in the learning of the Greeks, until they had reached an advanced age: this they did with a view to improve themselves in eloquence and to strengthen and polish their mind, and at the same time to enable them to refute the errors of the heathen. Let these remarks be sufficient in the subject suggested by the two Apollinares.

~ Socrates Scholasticus of Constantinople (c. 380-?), [Church History, Book III](#)

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Well, they wouldn't be Satan and Hell, now would they, if they couldn't do something so relatively easily as fix a high paying sporting event, and degrade and more or less make complete fools out of the unthinking and gullible masses in the process? And after all, what more does it really take then a well placed bribe, blackmail, or threat of violence directed at a particular individual or more?

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As per the recent re-recordings and audio upgrades, one done also was the full LP of the 1967 original soundtrack of "Half a Sixpence," in .mp3, and which can be downloaded, at 53.5 MBs, at:

[http://www.gunjones.com/halfasixpence\\_full\\_LP.zip](http://www.gunjones.com/halfasixpence_full_LP.zip)

(Note. If by chance you have any trouble downloading, try using a different browser; as that usually is the reason for such problems when the website itself is else working.)

I also made some quick music videos of the same, and posted them at my [YouTube channel](#).

In collecting some snapshot stills for the videos, I went through the film again on DVD, and was reminded how much I especially love and treasure it. "Half a Sixpence" tells the story of innocence lost, and how, after some bruising, something resembling that innocence, and by way of humility, is regained. Without though intending it consciously, it nevertheless ends up being and makes for a sort of paradise lost and paradise regained.

Certainly, there is much that disappoints in it. Someone, evidently a producer, said at one point "give me the works" -- only the people making the play and or the film did not exactly or always know what he meant or intended. But they, even so, did their best or what they could to oblige. That, at any rate, is the impression one gets. The actors are at times told to be funny; only, in a given instance, there isn't quite anything to be funny by or with. Tommy Steele's grimacing, and some of rest of the cast, is sometimes forced and overdone. The music leaps and shouts, but it does not always tie in with the story in a very meaningful way. But perhaps the biggest weakness of all is that part of the script relating to Kipps' infatuation and engagement to an aristocratic woman. Here was an wonderful occasion to enliven and make the film more humorous by having the lady being made somewhat comical. As it is (as written), she isn't; so her relationship with Kipps tends to be rather lifeless, and does not serve as the necessary foil and contrast to Kipps' romance with the "poor girl" Ann.

But these criticism aside, I do as I say just adore this film. It is to me astonishing when I saw this at a movie matinee as a child (in probably 1968), I was so awed and moved by Kipps and Ann's love affair; that though I forgot *everything* else about the film from seeing it back then, I did remember that! No doubt, the title song as sung, and danced, contributed to this, and alone and by itself does and would raise the film up 1 star (on a conventional scale of 1 to 5 stars.) The costumes, cinematography, choreography and all around colors are as fine and glorious as one could ask, and these also are a major plus. As well is Tommy Steele's commanding and intense energy, and with which the cast, although not always sure of itself or what it should do, seems infused. Julia Foster, as Ann, is thrown the job of having to match him, and yet in terms of grace and smoothness, I think she at last actually out does him. She becomes to be as busy, or almost as busy, as he is, and often much more fun to watch. The songs themselves, aside from say three or four of them, don't always work so well, but they are usually at least serviceable and do the job.

And yet another big star of the show is the 60s itself. By the time "Half a Sixpence" was made in 1967, the late 50s and early 60s age of innocence was well nigh on its way out, and this is poignantly echoed in the film's story. "Half a romance is better than none." And happiness in *this* life is like that, isn't it? Not quite what we in our naive youth planned and hoped for; yet enough remains to love and cherish what we do know and can have here; while for those of and with faith and deeper love, retaining the hope of something -- sometime, somewhere -- far greater.

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YvtIx8dLMGI>

["van Wassenaer, Concertino no. 1, G maj., (c.1725-40), 3rd mov.; London Festival Orch."]

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As stated some weeks ago, I am spending much of my time getting caught up on sundry reading or studying I wanted or need to complete. One book that has been occupying me just lately is Margot Astrov's *American Indian Prose and Poetry: "The Winged Serpent," An Anthology* (1946, 1962), and which now stands as the third time I have read this fabulously rich and priceless volume. Truly (and though I could gladly do without the gratuitous "Winged Serpent" sub-title), it is remarkable how frequently I find myself deeply and profoundly moved by its contents, and, for my money, Astrov's book contains poetry as its very best -- and natural. As well and in my opinion, one will often discover in it more genuine and heart felt Christianity than almost anywhere else; which to me only goes to show that in many respects and many instances the Native Americans were among the most truly spiritual and authentic Christians there ever were.

Here in passing -- and though I could easily quote several other excerpts (including poems) as well-- is one story that I liked (pp. 149-150.)

"THE MAN WHO REPROACHED THE MANITOUS

(Fox [tribe])

"Now this is an old story of what the people a long while ago, a very long while ago, did, some time before the white man came here on this island [earth].

"Now it seems there was a man, a young man, who married. He was a fine fellow. After he married, soon he had a child. Well, soon when it had grown large, their little son began to be ill. He became sicker, and sure enough their little son died. Soon after their son died his wife likewise began to be ill. It was for a short time, and then she also died.

"After his son and wife died, then it seems he began fasting in the winter, wailing all the while. 'Surely the manitou could not have made us,' he cried out. He went around weeping and putting down tobacco, giving everything, even water, a smoke. 'Well, I hand this tobacco to you as I do not know what my future life will continue to be,' he said to water, rocks, and every little thing that looked

strange to him. Suddenly he made burnt offerings [of tobacco] to trees, wailing all the while. Soon he went around wailing at dusk. This is how he sang when he went around wailing:

"Cry, cry for myself  
Cry, cry for myself."

"That, it seems, is the song he used. 'Where, pray, are ye, manitous,' he said. And he said to the manitous, 'Why do you make mortals as they die?' He quarreled with them without reason. 'Have pity upon me,' he said to them. As often as it was winter for four years that man, it seems, fasted far off. He who found the little buffalo was the one first to be blessed. Finally, it seems that later on he was soon addressed by one being. 'Well, try to cease wailing; I shall bless you,' he was told. 'Verily, I in turn shall live with you as long as this earth remains on earth, such is the extent of the blessing I bestow upon you. . . . For I know how badly you felt when you lost sight of your son whom you loved.'

"From Truman Michelson, *On the Fox Indians*, p. 507. Sam Peters, a Fox Indian, put the text down in his native language, while T. Michelson translated it literally."

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dmp9T9U6fhY>

["Louis Spohr, Trio for violin, cello & harp, F min., 2d mov., Helga Storck, et al."]

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0UAllwIJK7U>

["J.S. Bach, Sonata for violin & harps., no. 4, C min., 4th mov., Schneiderhan, Richter, BWV 1017 "]

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5H7xRpx62kE>

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c-55UgogW-E>

["The Desperate Hours - Trailer" -- 1955] and ["We're No Angels (1955) - Trailer"]

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[ch. 2]

It is now proper to mention what took place in the churches under the same [emperor Julian]. A great disturbance occurred at Alexandria in consequence of the following circumstance. There was a place in that city which had long been abandoned to neglect and filth, wherein the pagans had formerly celebrated their mysteries, and sacrificed human beings to Mithra. This being empty and otherwise useless, Constantius had granted to the church of the Alexandrians; and George wishing to erect a church on the site of it, gave directions that the place should be cleansed. In the process of clearing it, an adytum of vast depth was discovered which unveiled the nature of their heathenish rites: for there were found there the skulls of many persons of all ages, who were said to have been immolated for the purpose of divination by the inspection of entrails, when the pagans performed these and such like magic arts whereby they enchanted the souls of men. The Christians on discovering these abominations in the adytum of the Mithreum, went forth eagerly to expose them to the view and execration of all; and therefore carried the skulls throughout the city, in a kind of triumphal procession, for the inspection of the people. When the pagans of Alexandria beheld this, unable to bear the insulting character of the act, they became so exasperated, that they assailed the Christians with whatever weapon chanced to come to hand, in their fury destroying numbers of them in a variety of ways: some they killed with the sword, others with clubs and stones; some they strangled with ropes, others they crucified, purposely inflicting this last kind of death in contempt of the cross of Christ: most of them they wounded; and as it generally happens in such a case, neither friends nor relatives were spared, but friends, brothers, parents, and children imbrued their hands in each other's blood. Wherefore the Christians ceased from cleansing the Mithreum: the pagans meanwhile having dragged George out of the church, fastened him to a camel, and when they had torn him to pieces, they burnt him together with the camel.

~ Socrates Scholasticus of Constantinople (c. 380-?), [\*Church History, Book III\*](#)

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YFzc2NiiZts>

["With Darkness, Deep," from "Theodora" (1749), Handel; w/ Lorraine Hunt"]

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3D3FV2IkIEo>

["C.P.E. Bach, flute concerto, D min. (c. 1750), 3rd mov., Jean Pierre Rampal"]

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One is not going to be able withstand long-term mind control, if they are less than fundamentally honest and less than duly rational. Furthermore, one must courageously be able to stand up to and defy spirit people; while also holding firm to and standing up on behalf of the truth (as opposed to mere consensus or "what *everybody* thinks.") Thus, and despite how others might deride the idea, be warned, be advised then; for there are and continue to be such things as highly sophisticated mind-control in this day and age; and, no, such did not just disappear with the Cold War. This is one reason why, for instance, with each passing year the visibility of insane and disturbed people in richly paid, or at least richly funded, positions and elsewhere increases; which, if you haven't quite noticed, you should.

My website was down yesterday (I was prevented from logging in all day); so I wasn't able to post it then, but here now this morning (23 Jan.) is the just finished update of my "Narrative":

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/33246458/WTS-Narrative>

~or~

<https://archive.org/details/WilliamThomasShermanNarrative>

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In the course of transferring old LPs to digital, and after much unsuccessful searching, I found an outstanding and easy to use "scratches" and noise removal programs from Australia; called, respectively, "Click Repair" and "De Noise." The results are truly amazing, and I heartily recommend them to any recording old vinyl to digital. If then possibly interested, see:  
<http://www.clickrepair.net>

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q5HxAmbf27U>

["Johann Christian Bach, harpsichord concerto, A maj. (1784); Neville Marriner"]

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3nN1gdR72AM>

["Et Proeliantur Venti" from "Jonas" (1649), Carissimi, w/ Coro Della Radio Svizzera"]

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LZGUf6ExLko>

["Gloria Patri" from "Vespers of the Blessed Virgin" (1610), Monteverdi, w/ Scholars Baroque Ensemble"]

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[ch. 38]

The bishops of the Arian party began to assume greater assurance from the imperial edicts. In what manner they undertook to convene a Synod, we will explain somewhat later. Let us now briefly mention a few of their previous acts. Acacius and Patrophilus having ejected Maximus, bishop of Jerusalem, installed Cyril in his see. Macedonius subverted the order of things in the cities and provinces adjacent to Constantinople, promoting to ecclesiastical honors his assistants in his intrigues against the churches. He ordained Eleusius bishop of Cyzicus, and Marathionius, bishop of Nicomedia: the latter had before been a deacon under Macedonius himself, and proved very active in founding monasteries both of men and women. But we must now mention in what way Macedonius desolated the churches in the cities and provinces around Constantinople. This man, as I have already said, having seized the bishopric, inflicted innumerable calamities on such as were unwilling to adopt his views. His persecutions were not confined to those who were recognized as members of the catholic church, but extended to the Novatians also, inasmuch as he knew that they maintained the

doctrine of the homoousion [the orthodox view; of "same substance" (as opposed to mere "like substance" of the trinity)]; they therefore with the others underwent the most intolerable sufferings, but their bishop, Angelius by name, effected his escape by flight. Many persons eminent for their piety were seized and tortured, because they refused to communicate with him: and after the torture, they forcibly constrained the men to be partakers of the holy mysteries, their mouths being forced open with a piece of wood, and then the consecrated elements thrust into them. Those who were so treated regarded this as a punishment far more grievous than all others. Moreover they laid hold of women and children, and compelled them to be initiated [by baptism]; and if any one resisted or otherwise spoke against it, stripes immediately followed, and after the stripes, bonds and imprisonment, and other violent measures. I shall here relate an instance or two whereby the reader may form some idea of the extent of the harshness and cruelty exercised by Macedonius and those who were then in power. They first pressed in a box, and then sawed off, the breasts of such women as were unwilling to communicate with them. The same parts of the persons. of other women they burnt partly with iron, and partly with eggs intensely heated in the fire. This mode of torture which was unknown even among the heathen, was invented by those who professed to be Christians. These facts were related to me by the aged Auxanon, the presbyter in the Novatian church of whom I spoke in the first book. He said also that he had himself endured not a few severities from the Arians, prior to his reaching the dignity of presbyter; having been thrown into prison and beaten with many stripes, together with Alexander the Paphlagonian, his companion in the monastic life. He added that he had himself been able to sustain these tortures, but that Alexander died in prison from the effects of their infliction. He is now buried on the right of those sailing into the bay of Constantinople which is called Ceras, close by the rivers, where there is a church of the Novatians named after Alexander. Moreover the Arians, at the instigation of Macedonius, demolished with many other churches in various cities, that of the Novatians at Constantinople near Pelargus. Why I particularly mention this church, will be seen from the extraordinary circumstances connected with it, as testified by the same aged Auxanon. The emperor's edict and the violence of Macedonius had doomed to destruction the churches of those who maintained the doctrine of consubstantiality; the decree and violence reached this church, and those also who were charged with the execution of the mandate were at hand to carry it into effect. I cannot but admire the zeal displayed by the Novatians on this occasion, as well as the sympathy they experienced from those whom the Arians at that time ejected, but who are now in peaceful possession of their churches. For when the emissaries of their enemies were urgent to accomplish its destruction, an immense multitude of Novatians, aided by numbers of others who held similar sentiments, having assembled around this devoted church, pulled it down, and conveyed the materials of it to another place: this place stands opposite the city, and is called Sycæ; and forms the thirteenth ward of the town of Constantinople. This removal was effected in a very short time, from the extraordinary ardor of the numerous persons engaged in it: one carried tiles, another stones, a third timber; some loading themselves with one thing, and some with another. Even women and children assisted in the work, regarding it as the realization of their best wishes, and esteeming it the greatest honor to be accounted the faithful guardians of things consecrated to God. In this way at that time was the church of the Novatians transported to Sycæ. Long afterwards when Constantius was dead, the emperor Julian ordered its former site to be restored, and permitted them to rebuild it there. The people therefore, as before, having carried back the materials, reared the church in its former position; and from this circumstance, and its great improvement in structure and ornament, they not inappropriately called it Anastasia. The church as we before said was restored afterwards in the reign of Julian. But at that time both the Catholics and the Novatians were alike subjected to persecution: for the former abominated offering their devotions in those churches in which the Arians assembled, but frequented the other three — for this is the number of the churches which the Novatians have in the city — and engaged in divine service with them. Indeed they would have been wholly united, had not the Novatians refused from regard to their ancient precepts. In other respects however, they mutually maintained such a degree of cordiality and affection, as to be ready to lay down their lives for one another: both parties were therefore persecuted indiscriminately, not only at Constantinople, but also in other provinces and cities. At Cyzicus, Eleusius, the bishop of that place, perpetrated the same kind of enormities against the Christians there, as Macedonius had done elsewhere, harassing and putting them to flight in all directions and [among other things] he completely demolished the church of the Novatians at Cyzicus. But Macedonius consummated his wickedness in the following manner. Hearing that there was a great number of the Novatian sect in the province of Paphlagonia, and especially at Mantinium, and perceiving that such a numerous body could not be driven from their homes by ecclesiastics alone, he caused, by the emperor's permission, four companies of soldiers to be sent into Paphlagonia, that through dread of the military they might receive the Arian opinion. But those who inhabited Mantinium, animated to desperation by zeal for their religion, armed themselves with long reaping-hooks, hatchets, and whatever weapon came to hand, and went forth to meet the troops; on which a conflict ensuing, many indeed of the Paphlagonians were slain, but nearly all the soldiers were destroyed. I learned these things from a Paphlagonian peasant who said that he was present at the engagement; and many others of that province corroborate this account. Such were the exploits of Macedonius on behalf of Christianity, consisting of murders, battles, incarcerations, and civil wars: proceedings which rendered him odious not only to the objects of his persecution, but even to his own party. He became obnoxious also to the emperor on these accounts, and particularly so from the circumstance I am about to relate. The church where the coffin lay that contained the relics of the emperor Constantine threatened to fall. On this account those that entered, as well as those who were accustomed to remain there for devotional purposes, were in much fear. Macedonius, therefore, wished to remove the emperor's remains, lest the coffin should be injured by the ruins. The populace getting intelligence of this, endeavored to prevent it, insisting 'that the emperor's bones should not be disturbed, as such a disinterment would be equivalent, to their being dug up': many however affirmed that its removal could not possibly injure the dead body, and thus two parties were formed on this question; such as held the doctrine of consubstantiality joining with those who opposed it on the ground of its impiety. Macedonius, in total disregard of these prejudices, caused the emperor's remains to be transported to the church where those of the martyr Acacius lay. Whereupon a vast multitude rushed toward that edifice in two hostile divisions, which attacked one another with great fury, and great loss of life was occasioned, so that the churchyard was covered with gore, and the well also which was in it overflowed with blood, which ran into the adjacent portico, and thence even into the very street. When the emperor was informed of this unfortunate occurrence, he was highly incensed against Macedonius, both on account of the slaughter which he had occasioned, and because he had dared to move his father's body without consulting him. Having therefore left the Cæsar Julian to take care of the western parts, he himself set out for the east. How Macedonius was a short time afterwards deposed, and thus suffered a most inadequate punishment for his infamous crimes, I shall hereafter relate.

[ch. 41] These things were recognized at that time at Constantinople. And now as we have at length wound our way through the labyrinth of all the various forms of faith, let us reckon the number of them [i.e., attempted forms of the Apostolic Creed]. After that which was promulgated at Nicæa, two others were proposed at Antioch at the dedication of the church there. A third was presented to

the Emperor in Gaul by Narcissus and those who accompanied him. The fourth was sent by Eudoxius into Italy. There were three forms of the creed published at Sirmium, one of which having the consuls' names prefixed was read at Ariminum. The Acacian party produced an eighth at Seleucia. The last was that of Constantinople, containing the prohibitory clause respecting the mention of 'substance' or 'subsistence' in relation to God. To this creed Ulphilas bishop of the Goths gave his assent, although he had previously adhered to that of Nicæa; for he was a disciple of Theophilus bishop of the Goths, who was present at the Nicene council, and subscribed what was there determined. Let this suffice on these subjects.

~ Socrates Scholasticus of Constantinople (c. 380-?), [Church History, Book II](#)

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vWwgrjjIMXA>

["Blowing In The Wind (Live On TV, March 1963) "]

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"But I am someone very important!"

I don't care. I told you I am not interested. Can I go now? Please?

"No, no, no. You don't understand. I mean someone *really* important."

It doesn't make any difference. I don't care. Just go mind your own business!

"I'm an interesting person too, you know. You can't just always have it your way."

Well, go and be an interesting person too already, and stop coming to me and bothering me. What do I have to do with it?

"*You're* not supposed to have it too good!"

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xek14sc6LBw>

["Al Stewart - Terminal Eyes"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Just completed, an update of my *A New Treatise on Hell*,  
and for which see:

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/33246307/A-New-Treatise-on-Hell>

~or~

<https://archive.org/details/ANewTreatiseOnHell>

~~~~~\*~~~~~

They are among the most degenerate, depraved, horrifying criminals the world has ever known; so, naturally, he wants to act like it doesn't matter -- since he happens to be one of them. And the pay is good too.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

(...another track from that magnificent Baroque trumpet and organ LP with Edward Tarr.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FZQITMB8zvA>

["Baroque Trumpet & Organ; Johann Ludwig Krebs 1a; played by Edward Tarr, et al."]

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(To whom it may concern -- and in response to some recent Chicken Little-like hooting and howlings transmitted to me by the modern-day Don Knotts of sorcery, and current apprentice of the magician.)

"To what lengths does thy madness drive thee, faithless Cain, thou blasphemous divider of God? Is not the one creator plain to thee? Is thy vision befogged and double? Sight that is blurred ever divides along two paths, cheating the eyes with double shapes. The twofold form of the world fools thee into the senseless belief that a divided God reigns above the skies. This defiled world is a mixture of two contrasted elements, good and bad, but the heaven obeys one Lord. It does not follow that the heavens contain two kings, because there are two sorts of works that busy the hearts of men. The outer man is of the earth, and seeing such things he infers that there are two Godheads of the different realms. Supposing that there is a God who once fashioned the evil, and one who similarly created and brought in the right, he avers that both are supreme Gods though of unlike nature. What nature that is twofold can maintain itself or reign for long, when a divided source shuts it off from supremacy and abridges it by subjection to one or other of two sovereignties? Either there is one God to whom belongs supreme power over the world, or else the two powers that exist are each diminished because there is a different supremacy. There is indeed no supremacy but what is one and possessed of plenary power, for separate beings each claiming his own sovereignty and rejecting control have neither supreme nor complete power. Dispersed authority is not plenary, because the one does not have what the other has; the separation takes away from the full measure. But we bear witness to a God who is perfect, undivided, and one, in whom is Christ, He, too, perfect and one, who lives, and has lived beyond all things, and shall live, admitting no partner on terms agreed. The Father is sovereign. Lord of all things, the high source of powers, the one fountain-head of the world, the starting point of all being, author of all birth and beginning. From Him flow all things, both light and times and years and number; it is He who appointed that after one thing there should be a second; for the one is the beginning of number, and one by himself cannot be counted. In this way, since there is no second Father and God, and Christ also is not next after the Father, the one, to whom belongs the one and only Son, is anterior to number. He is God, and rightly God, because first and one, first in his own power, and then first in Him whom He has begotten. For what distinction does mere begetting make? The begetter and the one begotten of one before the primeval darkness, without number or time, will always be one being. Who would venture to say that that which reigns in one majesty and belongs to itself alone and was forever pre-existent is two Gods, and to break down the strength of a being that is single? Did the Father take to himself a Son by adoption, so that the second, being of external origin, must then make the number two and, being separate, bring in a dual Godhead? No, He is a real Son, the likeness of a real Father, and properly proves his unity by keeping the same likeness. It is no extraneous affection that allies them, no covenant that unites them, but the true love of father and son and singleness of nature, which is God, that make a single whole...

"We know there is a father of sin, but we know he is no God for all that, but rather the bond-slave of hell, who shall be condemned to Stygian Avernus...harsh, cruel, treacherous, holding high his snake-wreathed head girt about with black clouds and encompassed with smoke and fire, while envy that cannot endure the joys of the righteous stains his spiteful eyes with burning gall. A thick, shaggy mane of writhing snakes covers his shoulders, and green serpents lick his face. With his hand he pulls the running loops of his snares into a knot, contriving traps of cord doubled back and lightly tied, and drawing the string tight to make fast his victim. His is the skill to hunt game, to ensnare senseless creatures in his nets, to lay unnoticed traps in dark places to catch his wandering prey. He is the cruel hunter Nebroth [i.e., Nimrod], who is never weary of smiting incautious souls in constant slaughter, who with cunning craft goes about a world all rough with winding tortuous ways and wooded crags, seeking to entangle some by deceit and hidden wiles, to break others with the grip of his giant arms, and work his fatal triumphs everywhere. Ruthless death! To what dost thou not drive human hearts? Man himself (alas, the shame of it!), scorning the author of his life, does homage to his own destruction, worships the bloody assassin, pays reverence to the edge of the sword that is to murder him..."

~ Prudentius (348-c.413), [\*The Origin of Sin\*](#)

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[ch. 17]

Helena, the emperor's [Constantine's] mother (from whose name having made Drepanum, once a village, a city, the emperor called it Helenopolis), being divinely directed by dreams went to Jerusalem. Finding that which was once Jerusalem, desolate 'as a Preserve for autumnal fruits,' according to the prophet, she sought carefully the sepulcher of Christ, from which he arose after his burial; and after much difficulty, by God's help she discovered it. What the cause of the difficulty was I will explain in a few words. Those who embraced the Christian faith, after the period of his passion, greatly venerated this tomb; but those who hated Christianity, having covered the spot with a mound of earth, erected on it a temple to Venus, and set up her image there, not caring for the memory of the place. This succeeded for a long time; and it became known to the emperor's mother. Accordingly she having caused the statue to be thrown down, the earth to be removed, and the ground entirely cleared, found three crosses in the sepulcher: one of these was that blessed cross on which Christ had hung, the other two were those on which the two thieves that were crucified with him had died. With these was also found the tablet of Pilate, on which he had inscribed in various characters, that the Christ who was crucified was king of the Jews. Since, however, it was doubtful which was the cross they were in search of, the emperor's mother was not a little distressed; but from this trouble the bishop of Jerusalem, Macarius, shortly relieved her. And he solved the doubt by faith, for he sought a sign from God and obtained it. The sign was this: a certain woman of the neighborhood, who had been long afflicted with disease, was now just at the point of death; the bishop therefore arranged it so that each of the crosses should be brought to the dying woman, believing that she would be healed on touching the precious cross. Nor was he disappointed in his expectation: for the two crosses having been applied which were not the Lord's, the woman still continued in a dying state; but when the third, which was the true cross, touched her, she was immediately healed, and recovered her former strength. In this manner then was the genuine cross discovered. The emperor's mother erected over the place of the sepulcher a magnificent church, and named it New Jerusalem, having built it facing that old and deserted city. There she left a portion of the cross, enclosed in a silver case, as a memorial to those who might wish to see it: the other part she sent to the emperor, who being persuaded that the city would be perfectly secure where that relic should be preserved, privately enclosed it in his own statue, which stands on a large column of porphyry in the forum called Constantine's at Constantinople. I have written this from report indeed; but almost all the inhabitants of Constantinople affirm that it is true. Moreover the nails with which Christ's hands were fastened to the cross (for his mother having found these also in the sepulcher

had sent them) Constantine took and had made into bridle-bits and a helmet, which he used in his military expeditions. The emperor supplied all materials for the construction of the churches, and wrote to Macarius the bishop to expedite these edifices. When the emperor's mother had completed the New Jerusalem, she reared another church not at all inferior, over the cave at Bethlehem where Christ was born according to the flesh: nor did she stop here, but built a third on the mount of his Ascension. So devoutly was she affected in these matters, that she would pray in the company of women; and inviting the virgins enrolled in the register of the churches to a repast, serving them herself, she brought the dishes to table. She was also very munificent to the churches and to the poor; and having lived a life of piety, she died when about eighty years old. Her remains were conveyed to New Rome, the capital, and deposited in the imperial sepulchers.

~ Socrates Scholasticus of Constantinople (c. 380-?), [Church History, Book I](#)

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1IAfikSI-vI>

["Willie Nelson - I'm not trying to forget you" -- live British tv show, year?]

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wHHI4YQUPCI>

["Baroque Trumpet and Organ; John Stanley; played by Edward Tarr, et al."]

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It will ever (presumably) be among Hell's tricks to present and pass themselves off as all Heaven and all goodness. And invariably many will be taken in by this. But the wise, however, will always and courageously see through the fraud by scrutinizing and subjecting such divine displays and pretensions to and according to the standards of honesty, right reason, and right, just and common sense morals.

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"Infant Mental Health:

*Get Specialized skills and knowledge in clinical, consultative, and leadership services in the interdisciplinary field of infant and early childhood mental health."*

~ from "Discover What's Next," Jan. 2014 brochure for Professional and Continuing Education at the University of Washington, p. 35.

Most fascinating the strides current "science" is making. And yet how much to be regretted that scientific discussion of spirit people, such as I have proposed for a long time now, continues to be positively prohibited; and still to this day and after ten years, no one has even bothered (or else were prevented from) coming to my home to merely ask and inquiry with me on the subject. Surely there is yet a genuine and credible scientist out there *somewhere*.

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Love the instrumentals on this.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wuz0ZoZzziA>

["Sugarloaf - Green-Eyed Lady (Original Song HQ) 1970"]

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Yet another update of late, but well worth it in our ongoing effort to help get at the facts.

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/36530997/Some-Observations-Re-the-JFK-Assassination>

~or~

[http://www.gunjones.com/observtns\\_re\\_JFK\\_assn.pdf](http://www.gunjones.com/observtns_re_JFK_assn.pdf)

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[ch. 5]

After Peter, bishop of Alexandria [in Egypt], had suffered martyrdom under Diocletian, Achillas was installed in the episcopal office,

whom Alexander succeeded, during the period of peace above referred to. He, in the fearless exercise of his functions for the instruction and government of the Church, attempted one day in the presence of the presbytery and the rest of his clergy, to explain, with perhaps too philosophical minuteness, that great theological mystery—the Unity of the Holy Trinity. A certain one of the presbyters under his jurisdiction, whose name was Arius, possessed of no inconsiderable logical acumen, imaging that the bishop was subtly teaching the same view of this subject as Sabellius the Libyan [i.e., the One God takes on separate sorts of modes or appearances; e.g., the Father also died on the cross as well as Christ; since the two only differ in appearance. Though opposed to Arius, his own views became heretical.], from love of controversy took the opposite opinion to that of the Libyan, and as he thought vigorously responded to what was said by the bishop. 'If,' said he, 'the Father begot the Son, he that was begotten had a beginning of existence: and from this it is evident, that there was a time when the Son was not. It therefore necessarily follows, that he had his substance from nothing.'

[ch.6]...The Epistle of Alexander Bishop of Alexandria. To our beloved and most honored fellow-Ministers of the Catholic Church everywhere, Alexander sends greeting in the Lord.  
Inasmuch as the Catholic Church is one body, and we are commanded in the holy Scriptures to maintain 'the bond of unity and peace,' [Ephesians 4:3] it becomes us to write, and mutually acquaint one another with the condition of things among each of us, in order that 'if one member suffers or rejoices, we may either sympathize with each other, or rejoice together.' [1 Corinthians 12:26] Know therefore that there have recently arisen in our diocese lawless and anti-christian men, teaching apostasy such as one may justly consider and denominate the forerunner of Antichrist. I wished indeed to consign this disorder to silence, that if possible the evil might be confined to the apostates alone, and not go forth into other districts and contaminate the ears of some of the simple. But since Eusebius, now in Nicomedia [*not* Eusebius of Caesarea, the historian, whom we previously have been quoting from], thinks that the affairs of the Church are under his control because, forsooth, he deserted his charge at Berytus and assumed authority over the Church at Nicomedia with impunity, and has put himself at the head of these apostates, daring even to send commendatory letters in all directions concerning them, if by any means he might inveigle some of the ignorant into this most impious and anti-christian heresy, I felt imperatively called on to be silent no longer, knowing what is written in the law, but to inform you of all of these things, that you might understand both who the apostates are, and also the contemptible character of their heresy, and pay no attention to anything that Eusebius should write to you. For now wishing to renew his former malevolence, which seemed to have been buried in oblivion by time, he affects to write in their behalf; while the fact itself plainly shows that he does this for the promotion of his own purposes. These then are those who have become apostates: Arius, Achillas, Aithales, and Carpones, another Arius, Sarmates, Euzoïus, Lucius, Julian, Menas, Helladis, and Gaius; with these also must be reckoned Secundus and Theonas, who once were called bishops. The dogmas they have invented and assert, contrary to the Scriptures, are these: That God was not always the Father, but that there was a period when he was not the Father; that the Word of God was not from eternity, but was made out of nothing; for that the ever-existing God ('the I AM'— the eternal One) made him who did not previously exist, out of nothing; wherefore there was a time when he did not exist, inasmuch as the Son is a creature and a work. That he is neither like the Father as it regards his essence, nor is by nature either the Father's true Word, or true Wisdom, but indeed one of his works and creatures, being erroneously called Word and Wisdom, since he was himself made of God's own Word and the Wisdom which is in God, whereby God both made all things and him also. Wherefore he is as to his nature mutable and susceptible of change, as all other rational creatures are: hence the Word is alien to and other than the essence of God; and the Father is inexplicable by the Son, and invisible to him, for neither does the Word perfectly and accurately know the Father, neither can he distinctly see him. The Son knows not the nature of his own essence: for he was made on our account, in order that God might create us by him, as by an instrument; nor would he ever have existed, unless God had wished to create us...  
Upon Alexander's thus addressing the bishops in every city, the evil only became worse, inasmuch as those to whom he made this communication were thereby excited to contention. And some indeed fully concurred in and subscribed to the sentiments expressed in this letter, while others did the reverse. But Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia, was beyond all others moved to controversy, inasmuch as Alexander in his letter had made a personal and censorious allusion to him. Now at this juncture Eusebius possessed great influence, because the emperor resided at Nicomedia. For in fact Diocletian had a short time previously built a palace there. On this account therefore many of the bishops paid their court to Eusebius. And he repeatedly wrote both to Alexander, that he might set aside the discussion which had been excited, and again receive Arius and his adherents into communion; and also to the bishops in each city, that they might not concur in the proceedings of Alexander. By these means confusion everywhere prevailed: for one saw not only the prelates of the churches engaged in disputing, but the people also divided, some siding with one party, and some with the other. To so disgraceful an extent was this affair carried, that Christianity became a subject of popular ridicule, even in the very theatres. Those who were at Alexandria sharply disputed about the highest points of doctrine, and sent deputations to the bishops of the several dioceses; while those who were of the opposite faction created a similar disturbance...  
~ Socrates Scholasticus of Constantinople (c. 380-?), [Church History, Book I](#)

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Though long familiar with Aristotle's assertion that tragedy serves a cathartic purpose, I had yet to fully appreciate how true this is or can be till I watched a version of the Oresteia trilogy of Aeschylus on YouTube, and for which see:

["The Oresteia Agamemnon part 1" -- from 1983; directed by Peter Hall]

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O7sdZQ1BDs0>

["The Oresteia Agamemnon part 2"]

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZZyQNokLfNE>

["Aeschylus Choephoroi (Libation Bearers)"]

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M5pu\\_5zy66](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M5pu_5zy66)

["Aeschylus Eumenides (The Furies)"]  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MMkGymkyTrg>

For one thing, I could clearly sense the ghost didn't like it when I was watching/listening to it; evidently because the rage and declamation of the participants and chorus in its way (arguably) mocks the pomposity of arrogant-type spirit people, and who (as occasion prompts) can or will fly into a fury at the least sign of transgression or offense -- at least it is or can be their policy to do so when they need a pretext to make a great fuss or stir. Here we have a wife killing her husband because he slew their daughter; with then the son coming home to kill the mother to avenge the murdered father. Now what is laughable is that is that some criminal spirit people will decree death, or else something very drastic and terrible as punishment, for far more trivial sins and perceived misdeeds than those of Agamemnon, Clytaemnestra, or Orestes; so that the actions of the chief players in the *Oresteia* put them in a ridiculous light. Although Aeschylus was not responsible for the acquittal of Orestes (i.e., in "The Eumenides"); this verdict rather was the consensus of Greek posterity and or "a god," Orestes of course, ought not to have been acquitted for his crime; certainly in a modern court of law he wouldn't be; unless the charge was reduced to manslaughter or not guilty by reason of insanity (or similar.) But what is interesting is that it can be interpreted as a way of throwing the criminal spirit people "a bone" -- i.e., the perpetrator *had* to do it. For, as you know (or should know), criminal spirit people *just love* seeing wrong doing justified. Yet the genius of Aeschylus, while indulging them in this way, at the same time mocks them, in such a manner as I described, but also in, at the end, in his appeasing the frustrated Furies by telling them they will be loved and praised for being such good sports about it all. (Hardy har har. And scholars now speak of Euripides, as per his "Ion," being the real father of modern stage comedy.)

Unfortunately the video quality leaves something much to be desired; particularly in the third play. But please, and take my word for it, this production is something you won't want to miss for the world -- all done with authentic masks, music and all male actors as done (or at least might be expected as done) in 5th century B.C. Athens.

*Later Note.* It deserves mention how the use of masks in the drama creates the impression of the body as merely an outer shell; with the voice then carrying with it the character of being the speaker's soul or spirit, than merely presenting an ordinary looking person, i.e., sans mask, as we more typically see in a stage play. At the same time, such use of the mask, ironically (at least to modern sensibilities), renders the personages present more deeply real; which same device seems also, coincidentally or presagingly, very Platonic in its way.

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[or408]